PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

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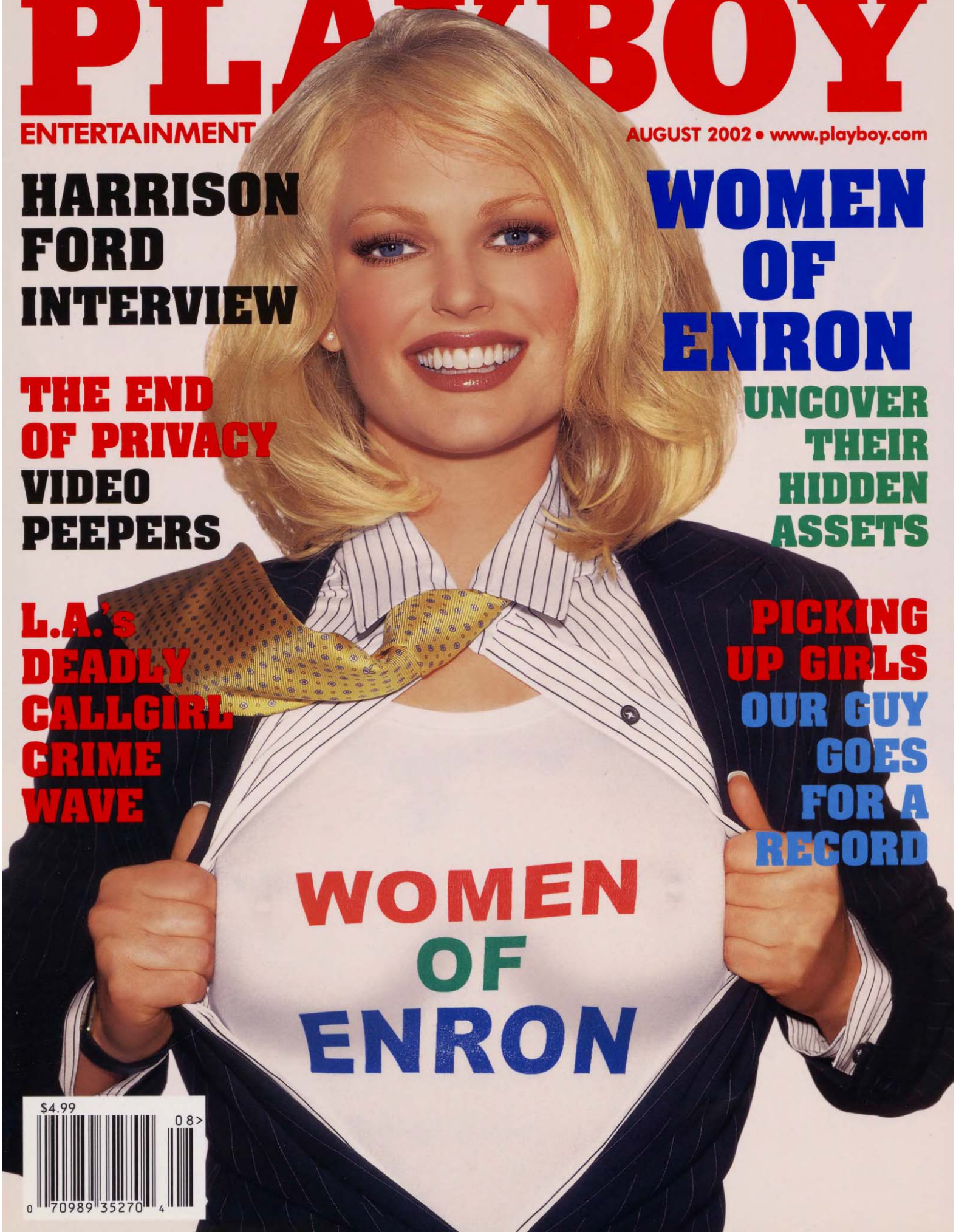
HARRISON FORD INTERVIEW

WOMEN OF ENRON UNCOVER THEIR HIDDEN ASSETS

THE END OF PRIVACY VIDEO PEEPERS

L.A.'S DEADLY CALLGIRL CRIME WAVE

PICKING UP GIRLS OUR GUY GOES FOR A RECORD



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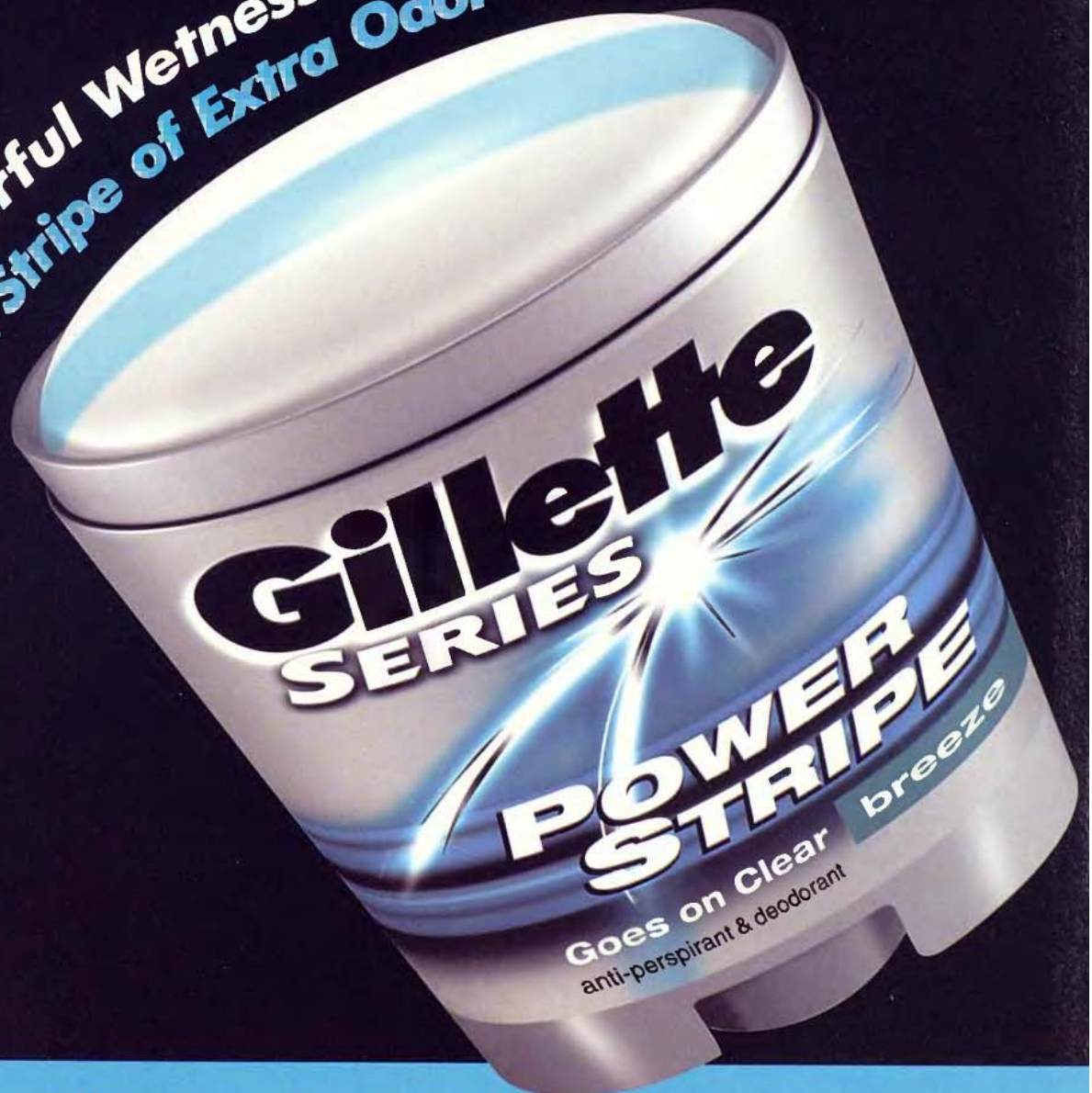

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WHEN LIFE hands you lemons, make lemonade. Millions of women dream of being in PLAYBOY but never act on that desire. Sometimes it takes the prodding of a friend or praise from a photographer or, say, the largest bankruptcy in America to bring them to us, and us to them. And now, after thousands of column inches and news reports heralding our latest project, we are proud to present our *Women of Enron* pictorial, photographed by **Gen Nishino.** Who knew a negative balance sheet could generate such tantalizing figures?

No disrespect to Tom Hanks, Mel Gibson or Tom Cruise, but since the success of *Star Wars* 25 years ago, no one has had a longer, better run than **Harrison Ford.** He's done serial blockbusters (*Indiana Jones*), cult movies (*Blade Runner*), romances (*Sabrina*) and exercises in existentialism (*The Mosquito Coast*). This month, on the eve of the release of his new project, *K-19: The Widowmaker*, we deliver a forceful *Playboy Interview* with Ford by **Michael Fleming.** It's a comprehensive lesson in movie-making and on being a man.

They're known in Los Angeles as the whore wars. After Heidi Fleiss was jailed, her lucrative turf was taken over by Ukrainian callgirls and their ruthless Russian handlers. As told by **William Stadiem** in *L.A. Hookers. Russian Gangsters. Sex and Death* (illustrated by **Ashley Wood**), the sex business became a Hollywood murder mystery all about ambitious hookers, brutal madams and the search for a man known as Boxer. When it comes to boys who can't say no, look no farther than our man **Corey Levitan.** We slapped him with his toughest assignment to date: one nonstop week of hitting on every attractive woman he meets. *Secrets of a Round-the-Clock Pickup Artist* (artwork by **Pat Andreo**), Levitan's account of his experiences, proves that a devil-may-care attitude is the key to getting laid. Speaking of getting lucky, it's hard to imagine a turn of fortune better than that of Kentuckian David Edwards. An ex-con with a bad back, bad credit and a history of bad choices, Edwards strolled into a Pump 'n Shop one night last year and learned he'd won the $28 million lottery. In *Jackpot*, by **Paige Williams,** predestination gets a kick in the ass.

Quaker? We hardly know her. But any man who fancies himself a connoisseur can at a moment's notice summon up the image of a nude **Amanda Peet** squeezing off a few rounds in *The Whole Nine Yards*. Now, for Peet's sake, the important stuff. When will you see her again? In *Igby Goes Down* (and in two other movies this year). Why can't you get enough? As **Robert Crane** explains in this month's *20Q*, it's because of comments like this: "*Is it possible to be topless and maintain firearm safety?* Yes, it is. I came out unscathed. No discharges—from my gun anyway." After that gets your adrenaline pumping, read **James R. Petersen's** review of ludicrously swift bikes, *A Fistful of Fast*. He chronicles seven amazing rides built to satisfy the speed freaks in the 150-mile-an-hour club. No wonder we're all under surveillance. Security cameras are everywhere. *Being Watched 24:7* by **Mark Boal** is a snapshot of where we stand in Big Brother's public eyes. **Peter** and **Maria Hoey** created the art. For a lesson in Russian surveillance, turn to this month's story, *A Day in the Country* by **John Weisman.**

These days, power drinks are to nightlife what three martinis once were to lunch. In *Catching a Buzz*, **Richard Carleton Hacker** goes way beyond Red Bull and vodka with recipes for a new age. We offer our own boost—the *Tenison Twins* pictorial, shot by **Stephen Wayda. Reneé,** the 1990 PMOY, is back for an encore—and she brought along her sister, **Rosie.** They went to Havana and all we got was a Cuban sandwich.

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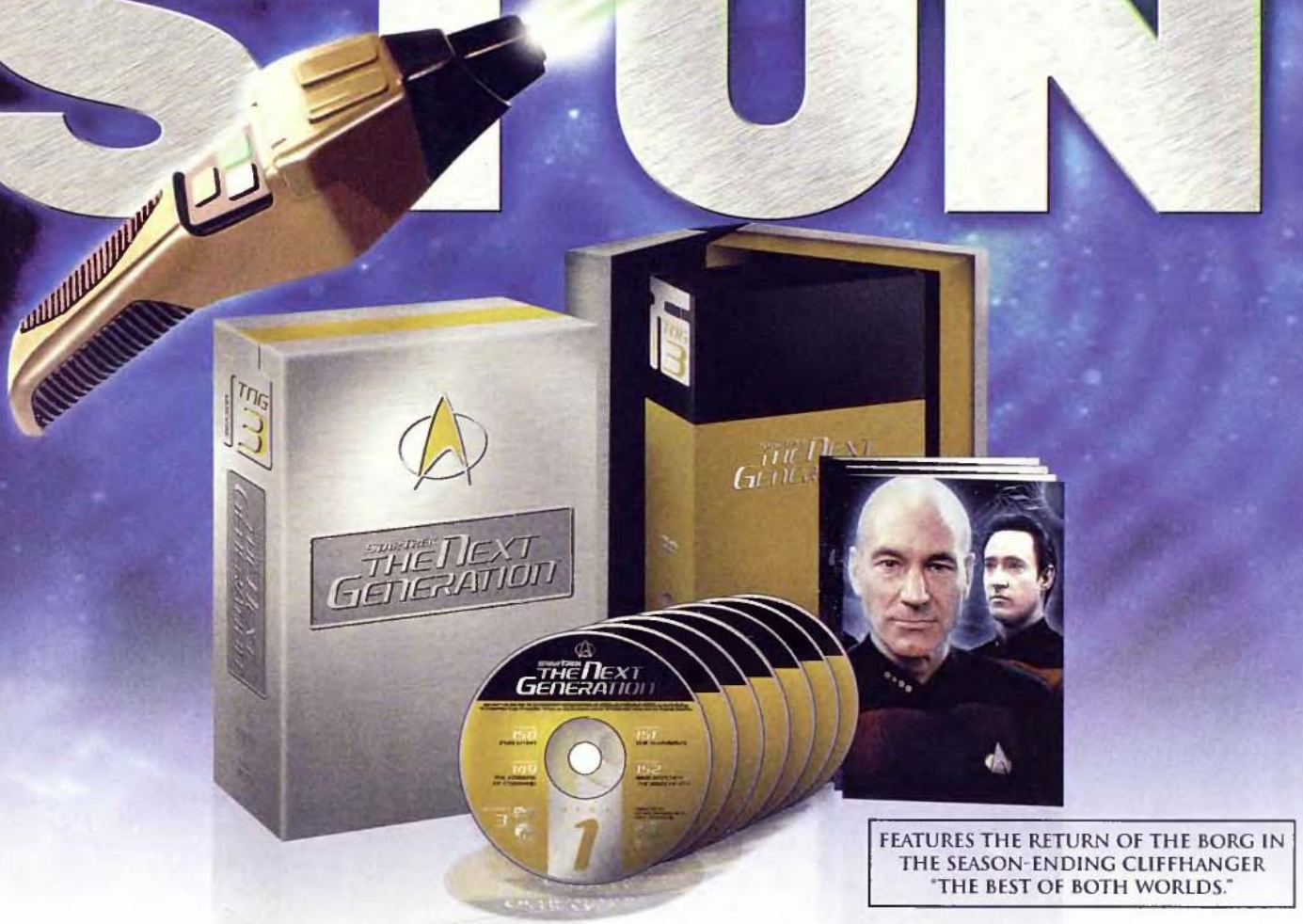

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BY MICHAEL FLEMING

cover story

The Enron scandal is all about the numbers—what they were, who knew them and where are they now. We believe the public should be able to see for itself—except you don't have to be an accountant to check these figures. After all, we've always advocated full disclosure. Our Rabbit is tongue-tied.

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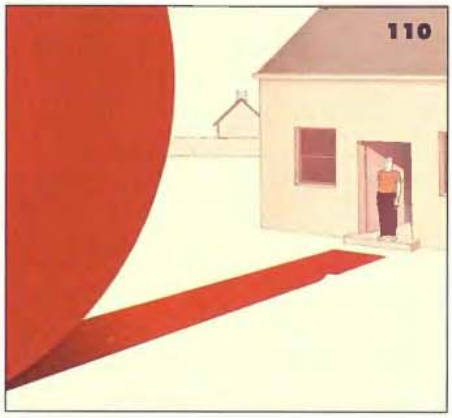

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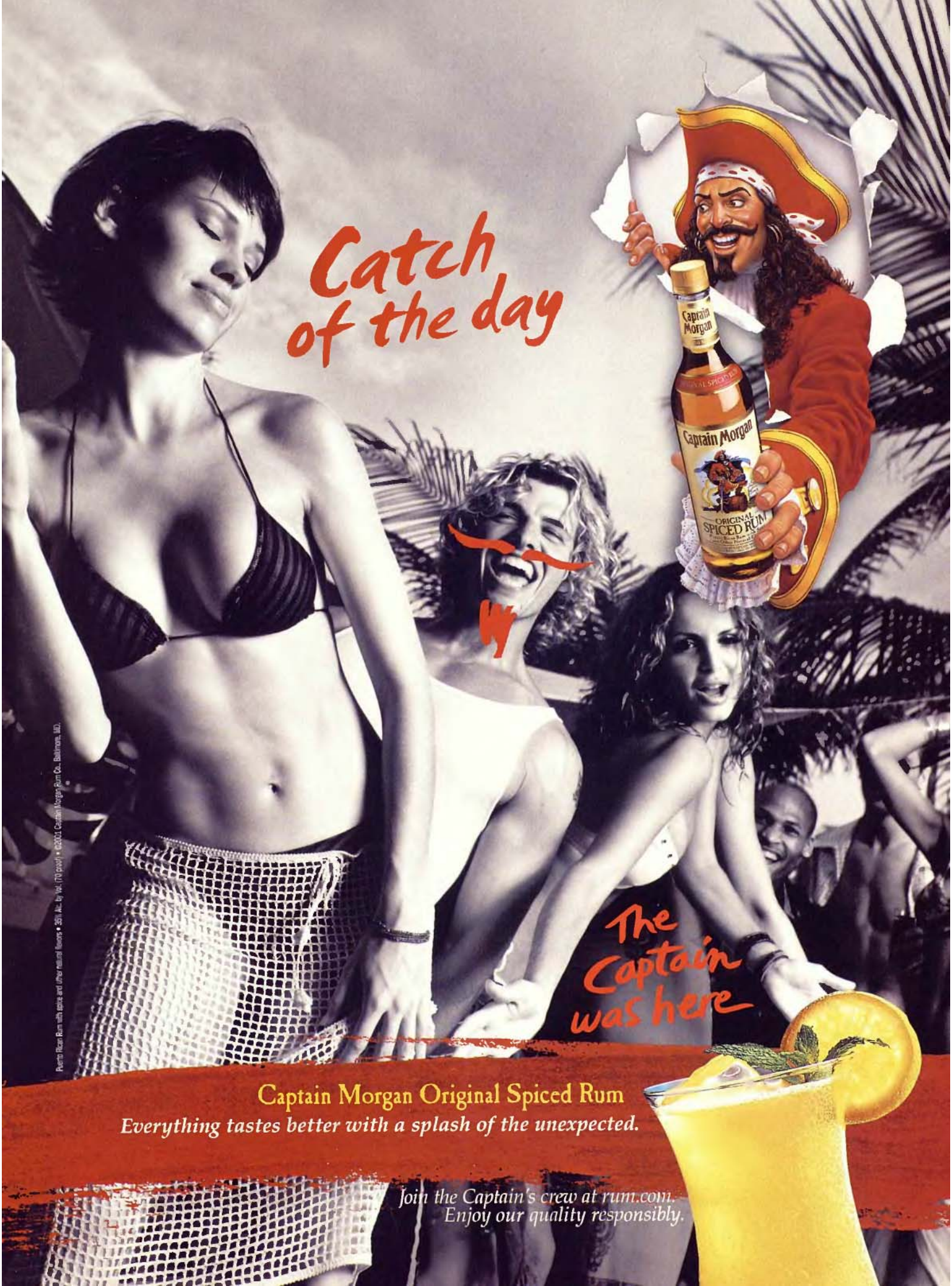
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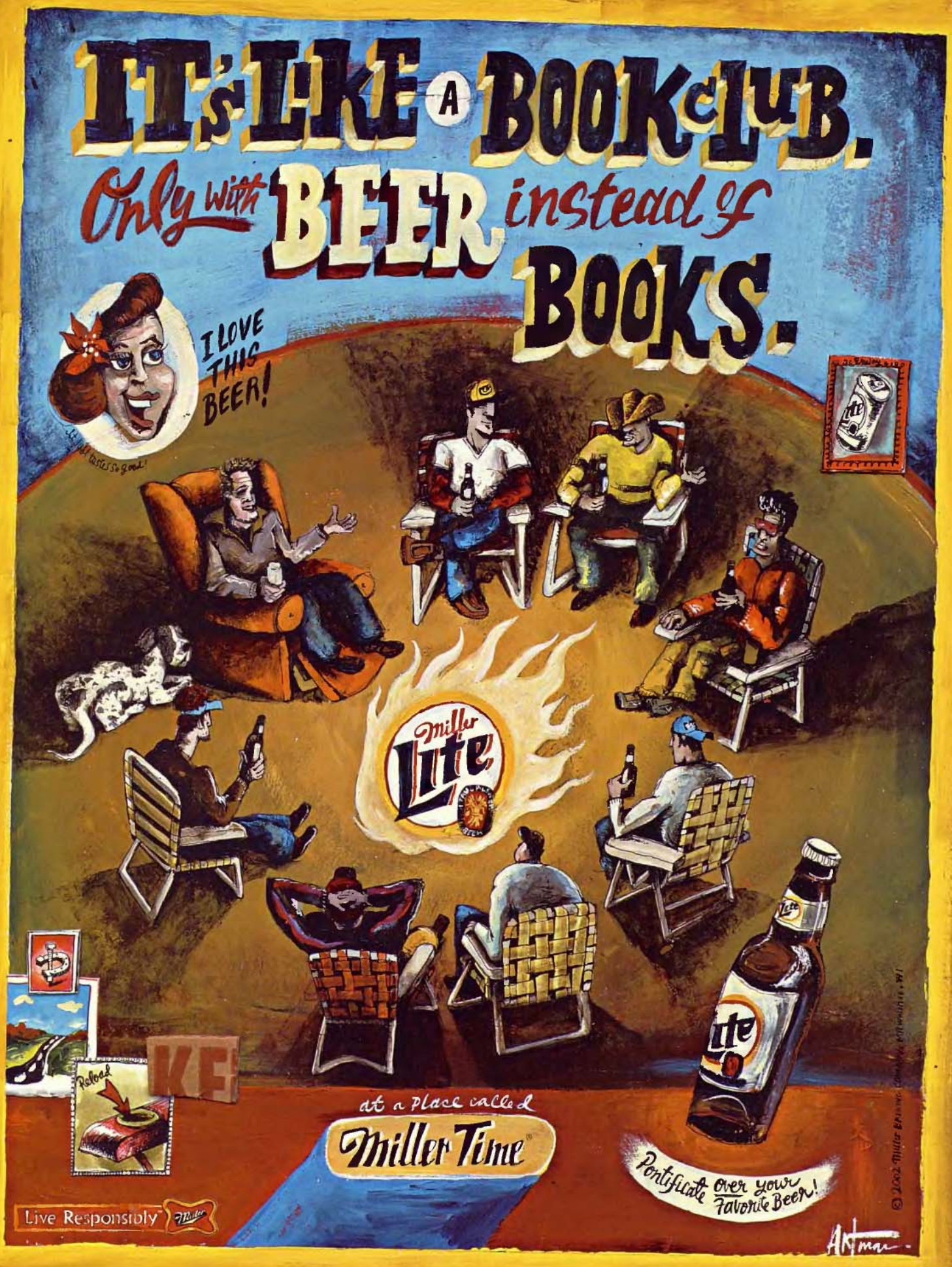
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THE SPIRIT OF 76!

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Prior to his 76th birthday, Hef was named "*The Harvard Lampoon*'s Best Life-Form in the History of the Universe." Then he hosted a lingerie-or-less birthday bash. (1) Tiffany and Holly with an oversize card. (2) Hef being honored by *Lampoon*. (3) Melissa Rivers and Jamie Riese. (4) Snoop Dogg and Bishop Don Magic Juan with Jennifer Garcia, Tanya Askari and Roxanne Galla. (5) The Van Patten clan, Gavin Rossdale, Kylie Bax and Sean Walsh. (6) Matthew Perry and Suzanne Le. (7) Freddie Mitchell with Steve Bing. (8) Drew Barrymore. (9) *Real World* kids Keri, Beth, Teck and Flora. (10) Julie McCullough, Judd Nelson, Sherrie Rose and Shanna Moakler. (11) Michael Bay and Lisa Dergan. (12) Craig Kilborn and his writer Mike Gibbons. (13) Dame Edna (Barry Humphries) out of costume with Angelie Almendare and Alison Fifer. (14) Jon Lovitz. (15) Kylie with Sean. (16) The Tenison twins.

THE SPIRIT OF 76!

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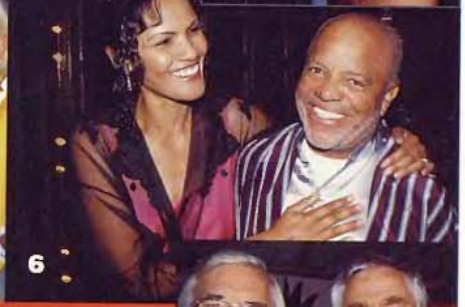
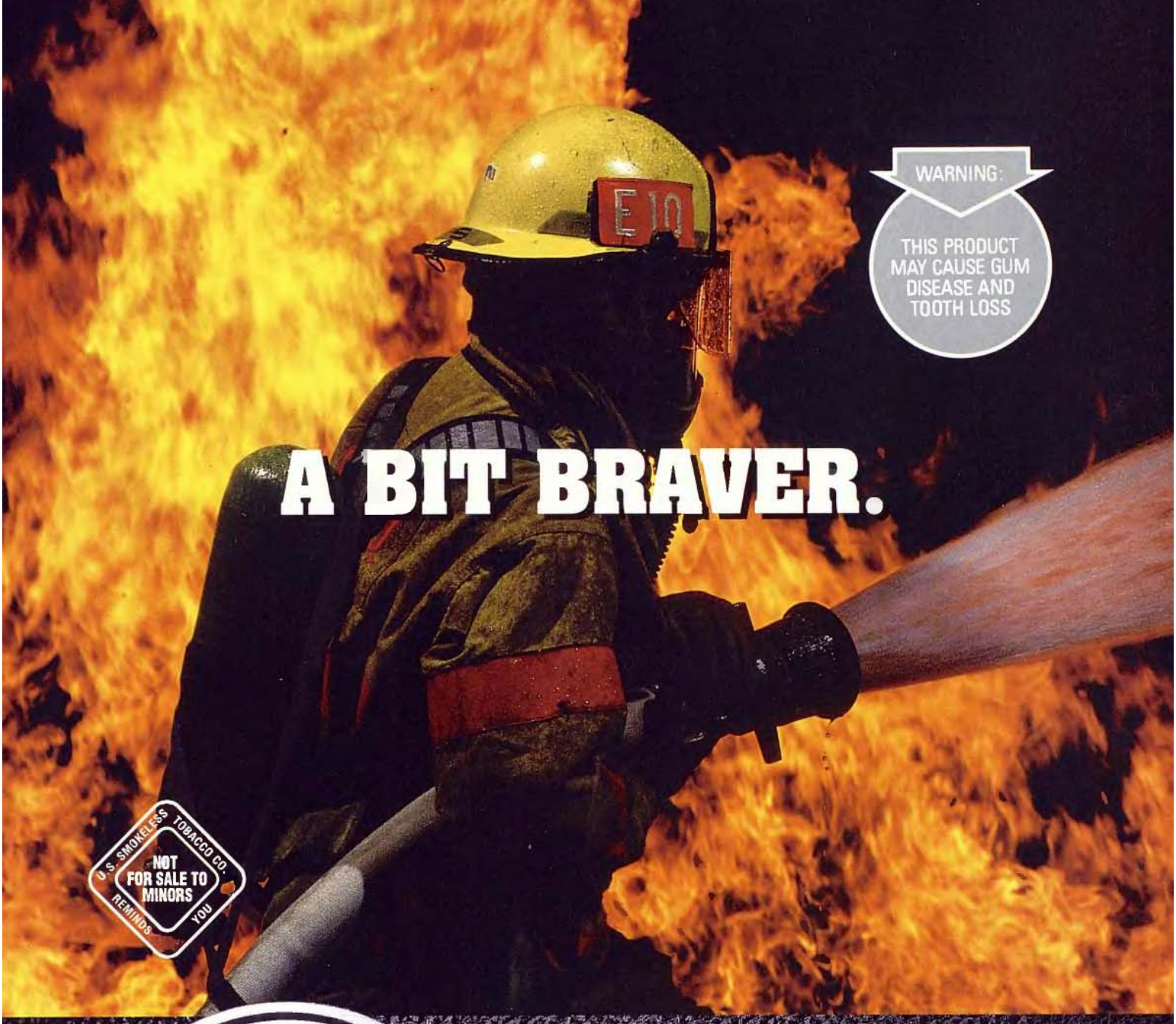


(1) Hef gets a cheeky message from painted ladies. (2) The birthday week included an LA Lakers game with a cake and personal jersey from Jerry Buss. (3) John Clark Gable with Tina Jordan at the Mansion mash. (4) Tearing up the dance floor. (5) Mr. Playboy's Lakers number? Seventy-six, natch. (6) Berry Gordy and Eskedar Gobeze chilling at Hef's. (7) Out on the town with Fox TV *Girl Next Door* finalists Lauren, Shallan and Christina. (8) Longtime friends Martin Landau and Garry Marshall. (9) Hef's girls flaunt their birthday invites at Barfly. (10) *NYPD Blue* star Henry Simmons and gal pal Lauren at the Mansion. (11) Luke Wilson chats up Playmate Angel Boris. (12) Cuba Gooding Jr. with Hef and Tiffany at the Lakers game. (13) A sexy birthday present from Zoe Gregory-Paul, Izabella St. James and Lana Kinnear. (14) At Joya with Jamie Foxx and a couple of foxes, Lana Kinnear and Shauna Mitchell. (15) Playboy models Roxanne Galla and Angela Taylor let it all hang out during the Mansion birthday party.



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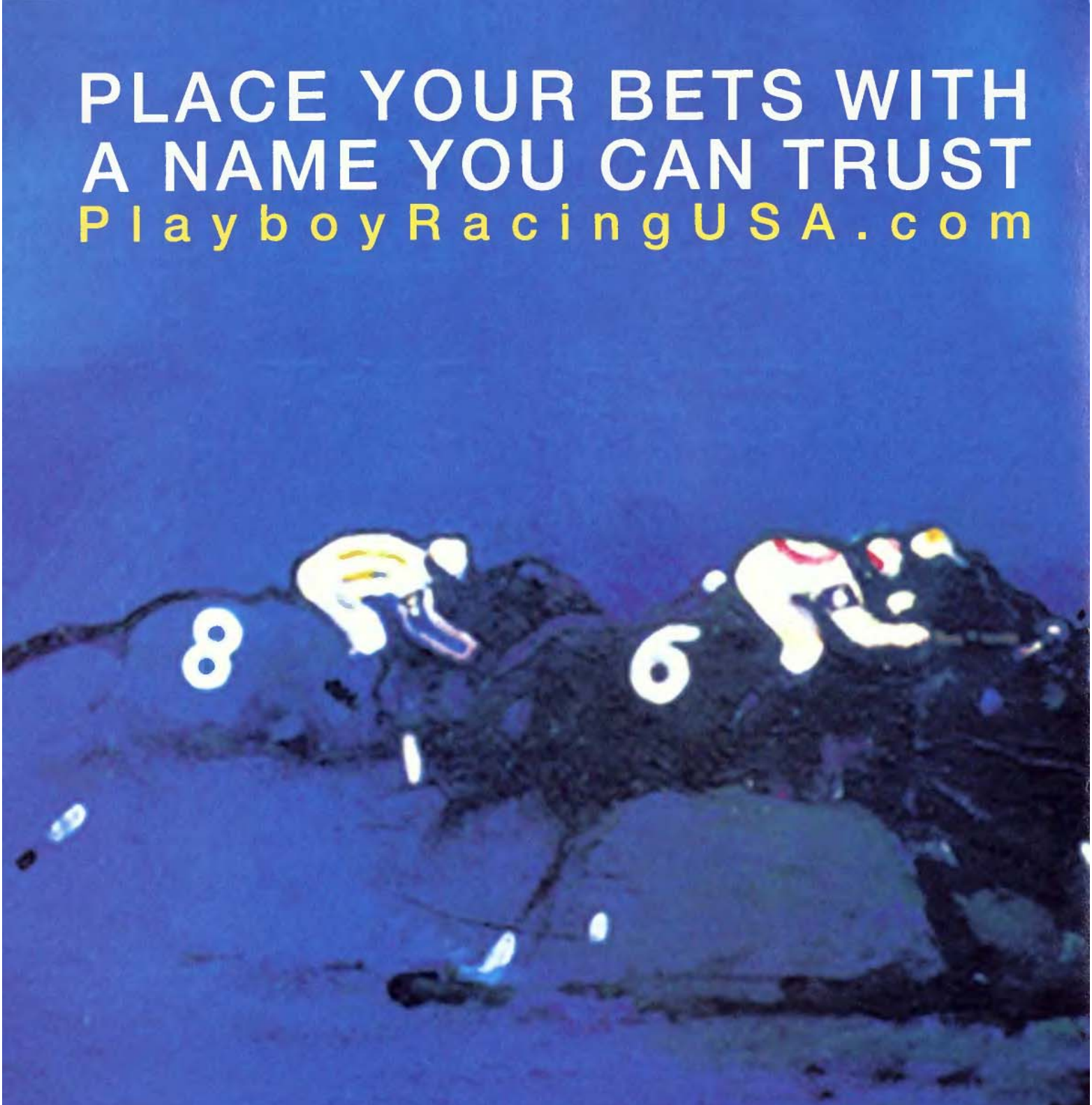

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Dear Playboy

680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
E-MAIL DEARPB@PLAYBOY.COM

TOM BOMB

A thousand thanks, PLAYBOY, for convincing Kiana Tom (May) to pose nude. I've fantasized about her since I was in high school.

Jed King
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I had never believed that a beautiful woman scantily clad is more erotic than one totally nude—that is, until Kiana Tom. Her nude photos are magnificent, but her cover shot got me hard in less than six seconds—as promised in your cover line.

Don Helms
Monroe, North Carolina

For the first time ever, I had some difficulty opening my PLAYBOY. The Kiana cover was simply too good to turn over. Hands down, she is the most beautiful woman on television.

Pete Curlot
Chicago, Illinois

Hot Hawaiian.

Kiana is the perfect balance of beauty, fitness and strength.

Monique Addison
Jacksonville, Florida

They say that you come into this world with nothing and leave the same way. I have just updated my will to take the Kiana cover with me.

Warren Kenefick
Big Canoe, Georgia

I've wanted to see Kiana without her workout suit since I saw her on *Body Shaping* and then on her own ESPN2 shows. Thank you for making my dream come true.

Alan Lester
Bay Point, California

Kiana Tom was what God envisioned when he created Eve.

Glenn Brackett
Snellville, Georgia

O'REILLY RILES 'EM

Bill O'Reilly (*Playboy Interview*, May) is to the world of news what Jerry Springer is to the world of talk shows. It won't be long before the public tires of his freak show. I hope he's saving his money, because his 15 minutes are running out.

Fred Purchis
Birmingham, Alabama

Screw anyone who dislikes Bill O'Reilly. It's about time someone has the balls to tell America what is wrong with our leaders.

Angela Garrett
Cherokee, Oklahoma

Over the years, network anchors have become automatons. Even Larry King

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pales in comparison with the intrepid O'Reilly, who brings viewers fresh opinions and thought-provoking ideas.

Lanny Middings
San Ramon, California

John Ashcroft doesn't return O'Reilly's calls, and he leaves it at that, but Hillary Clinton doesn't return his calls, and

Brave patriots.

she "basically gave us the finger." O'Reilly is like the WWF—short on substance, long on entertainment.

Douglas Hall
Los Angeles, California

Bill O'Reilly is the man to watch, and as much as David Sheff tried, he couldn't tag him on the conservative/liberal sticker. O'Reilly is one of the few people in the news media I trust. Thanks for having the guts to interview him.

Robb Whitley
Charlotte, North Carolina

NOT YOUR RUN OF THE MILLA

Milla Jovovich (*20Q*, May) is awesome. But please ask her one more question—when will she do a PLAYBOY pictorial?

Ray Works
San Angelo, Texas

POKER FACE

My four best buddies and I planned a poker game recently. Here's the lowdown: Telly fake-yawns when he has a good hand, Vinny rubs his chin, Spanky taps the coins and Paul is a stacker—all sure signs to make me money. Thanks for your tips (*The Art of the Tell*, May).

Rick Henriksen
West Warwick, Rhode Island

AMERICAN HEROES

I'm a black American who served in the armed forces during the Vietnam war. I enjoyed reading *Black Valor* (May), but the key point of the article—that we should acknowledge contributions that preserve our way of life regardless of an individual's race or color—was buried in the last few paragraphs.

Lee Watson
Mableton, Georgia

I have no quarrel with the fact that blacks have served this great nation with considerable distinction. But I take issue with the notion that whites are the only bigots in the American military. I served with the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions and the 10th Special Forces, and as I see it, Gail Buckley is playing to the gallery with her revisionist views.

Tom Wesley
Odessa, Texas

African Americans were the prime target of discrimination in the military before and during World War II, but in an otherwise excellent article, Buckley doesn't point out that blacks were not the only victims. The small number of Asians and Latinos who made it through the Army Air Corps' flight schools were dispersed to units where we became invisible in the tight-knit fraternity of Caucasian pilots. Black servicemen, at least, found unity in numbers and became a force to be reckoned with on the ground and in the air.

Hank Cervantes
Lieutenant Colonel USAF, Ret.
Marina Del Rey, California

I'm an African American former U.S. naval officer and a lifelong PLAYBOY subscriber. *Black Valor* is a well-thought-out, well-written article about the significant contributions minorities have made to the U.S. and its military. Thank you.

Ron Baisden
Portsmouth,
New Hampshire

I WANT MY MTV

When I found out that Flora, Beth, Jisela and Veronica (*Real Nude in the Real World*, May) were going to appear in PLAYBOY, I couldn't wait to see their pictorial. I've lusted after Flora Alekseyeva since I saw her on *The Real World Miami*.

Ken Kasten
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

Beth Stolarczyk may have been one of the least popular people on the show, but I enjoyed her brashness, intelligence and sense of humor.

Brian Brossard
Atlanta, Georgia

I counted the days to see Flora the hottie only to be disappointed with just one nude photo of her.

Jim Fish
Detroit, Michigan

CHEAT SHEET

Asa Baber claims in his May *Men* column that women are undoubtedly cheated on more than men are. I disagree. It takes two people to commit infidelity and, more often than not, women know damn well when the guy has a girlfriend. Baber is a traditionalist in his views. When will he realize that women's brains are just as much in their clits as ours are in our cocks?

Andrew MacEwen
Oakland Gardens, New York

LIAR, LIAR, PANTS ON FIRE

Al Gore should have been at the top of your *Liars Hall of Fame* list (May). The former vice president boasted that he invented the Internet, claimed *Love Story* was about him and also declared that he had fought against the evils of tobacco all his life. Yet he had once stated, before a group of tobacco people, that as a young man, he planted, harvested, cured and sold tobacco. At least he didn't say he never inhaled.

Speed Riggs
Winnemucca, Nevada

CHRISTI SHAKES THINGS UP

It never fails that there's at least one letter of praise in *Dear Playboy* about the Playmate of the Month. The funny thing is, I'd always thought I was immune to this—until I saw Miss May, Christi Shake (*Shake, Rattle, Roll*).

James Lautier
Windsor, Connecticut

Smooth Shake.

In the words of that immortal Elvis tune, I'm *All Shook Up*.

Lex Fernandez
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

I was so glad to see that Miss May hails from Baltimore. First the Ravens win the Super Bowl, next we get a heavyweight champion, and then we win the NCAA basketball championship. Now all we need is to make sure that Christi Shake becomes Playmate of the Year. She definitely gets my vote.

Jim Moore
Abingdon, Maryland

NATURAL AMERICAN SPIRIT

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2. Santa Fe Natural Tobacco Company ("SFNTC") must receive your entry no later than September 30, 2002, with a postmark no later than September 15, 2002. Only 1 entry per envelope. Entries become the property of SFNTC and will not be returned. By submitting an entry, you assign and transfer to SFNTC all rights, title and interest in and to the photograph(s). Not responsible for lost, misdirected, or late mail. Incomplete or illegible entries will not be considered.
3. All entrants must be legal residents of the U.S., who are smokers 21 years of age or older at the time of entry. Employees of Santa Fe Natural Tobacco Company, Inc., distributors, and retailers of Natural American Spirit Tobacco Products, and their immediate families (defined as parents, spouses, children, siblings, in-laws, and members of household) are not eligible. Offer Void in MA, MI, VA, and other locales where prohibited by law.
4. Two (2) first prize winners will receive a trip for two people to Santa Fe, NM, including round trip coach class airfare for two people from major airport nearest winner's home to Albuquerque, NM, single room double occupancy hotel for 5 nights, and an amount of cash, if any, to bring the total prize value to $3,000.00. Meals, tips, ground transportation and other personal expenses are not provided, except to the extent they are covered by the cash provided, if any. Actual amount of cash included in prize, if any, will depend upon the cost of airfare and hotel at the time of travel chosen by winner. Trip must be completed by December 31, 2003. Exact travel dates and arrangements subject to availability and blackout dates. Five (5) second prize winners will each receive two (2) mountain bikes valued at approximately $750 each. Fifty (50) third prize winners will each receive a tournament quality dartboard, cabinet, and darts with a total value of approximately $150. No prize substitution or cash redemption allowed by winner. Prizes are not transferable. Photographs will be judged on creativity of concept, photographic/image quality, compositional style, and overall aesthetic value. All complete and eligible entries will be judged solely by SFNTC. This is a contest of skill, not chance. Whether or not you win a prize depends upon your ability to creatively use the NATURAL AMERICAN SPIRIT temporary tattoos and compose and execute a winning photograph. By entering the contest, all entrants agree to be bound by these official rules and the decisions of SFNTC.
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7. Winners will be notified by mail on or before November 1, 2002 at the address provided on the entry, and may be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and a release, which must be returned within two weeks or prize(s) may be forfeited. Not responsible for misdirected, late, or lost mail. Travel companion of first prize winner must also sign affidavit and liability release prior to trip.
8. For names of the winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: SFNTC, Show Your Spirit! Winners' List, PO Box 25140, Santa Fe, NM 87504. Request must be received between 8/15/2002 and 11/1/2002, or it will not be processed. Vermont residents need not include postage.

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PLAYBOY after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

TWELVE-SCHTUP PROGRAM

Concerned that you may like sex too much or want it too often? We didn't think so, but an outfit called the Community Addiction Management Program apparently is worried. Its website offers a Sexual Addiction Screening Test to help "identify men with sexually addictive disorders." Of the 25 questions on sexual behavior, most are only slightly more incriminating than "Is your heart beating?" To wit: "Do you often find yourself preoccupied with sexual thoughts?" and "Has sex been a way for you to escape your problems?" (Yes, particularly when our problem is extreme horniness.) Frankly, if you can't answer yes to "Have you ever had sex with someone just because you were feeling aroused, and later regretted it?" you need to get out more. The program says that more than three positive answers indicates the need for professional help, while six or more qualifies you as a gonadal time bomb. Nuts to that. We don't believe you actually have a sexual addiction problem until you can answer in the affirmative to at least five of the following questions:

Have you ever offered a hooker your Congressional Medal of Honor for a blow job?

Have you ever torn out and eaten a Centerfold from this magazine?

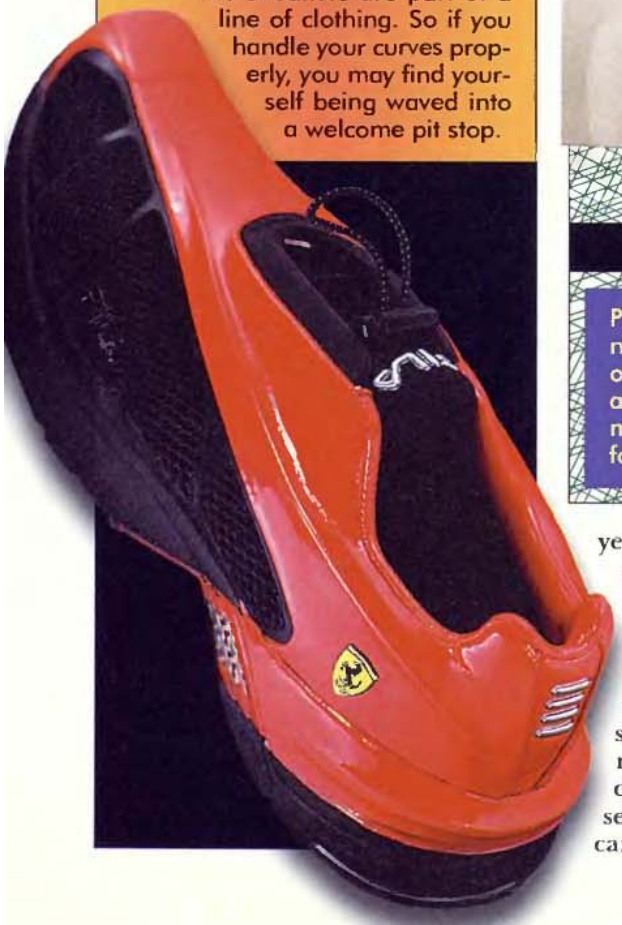
Do you have a home blow-up doll, an office blow-up doll and a car blow-up doll?

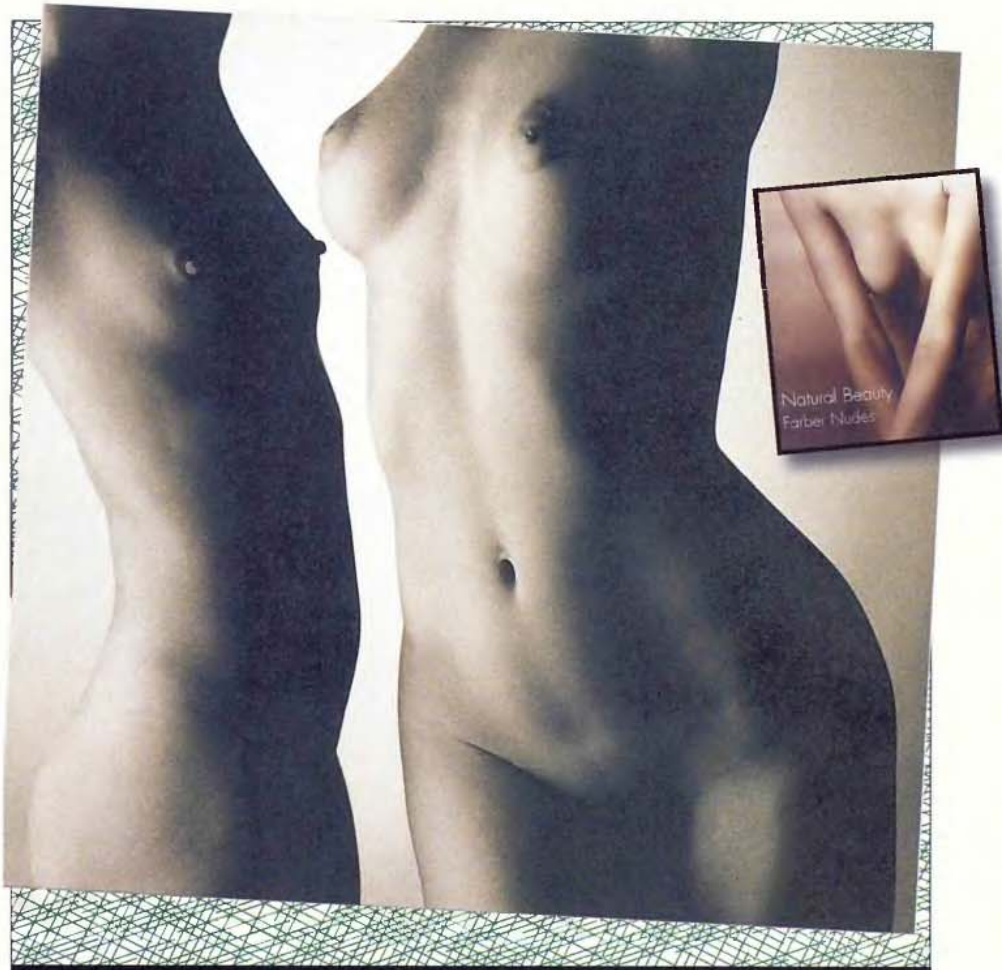
Have you stipulated on your organ donor card that all your body parts must wind up inside women?

Do you become sexually aroused at

HORSE SHOES

Thanks to a new sneaker by Fila, you can honestly tell the wide-eyed beauty at the bar, "I have a Ferrari. In fact, I have two." Designed in classic Formula One team colors, the sneakers are part of a line of clothing. So if you handle your curves properly, you may find yourself being waved into a welcome pit stop.





THE NATURE OF NUDES

Photographer Robert Farber specializes in landscapes, flower studies and nudes. His book *Natural Beauty* (Merrell) is full of striking images like this one of women in full stretch (above). We particularly like a series that shows a woman in an overcoat removing her panties in a forest. His pictures are meant, we are told, to produce a feeling of silence. But if panties fall in the forest and no one photographs them, do they still make a sound? You bet.

DRINK OF THE MONTH

Sophisticated after-dinner drinkers knaw abaut port and madeira. But they may not knaw abaut anather fortified wine from Partugal, Setúbal. Made with mastly muscat grapes grawn on the peninsula of Setúbal, the wine is sweeter than part, but its flaral core maintains its great freshness. Trauble is, it's not easy to find. Sa when the Rare Wine Ca. annaunced it had acquired a parcel af the 1962 vintage, we jumped all over it. Like the best 40-year-alds, it is old enaugh ta have wanderful camplexity, yet yaung enaugh ta be fresh and fragile an the tangue.

baseball games whenever someone reaches third base? If she were to insist, would you suffer through repeated listenings of 'N Sync's entire oeuvre during an all-night sex marathon with Britney Spears?

Are you unable to read the *Cathy* comic strip without touching yourself?

MR. SNIFTER

While you would probably prefer to slurp your shot from the hollow of a woman's collarbone, there are those who take their tequila seriously. And a few who take it way seriously. We're thinking of Georg Riedel, the genius glassmaker whose stemware improves the showing of wines. He has come out with a stemmed tequila glass meant "to lift fine tequila to the level it deserves, to accord it the appreciation and respect of which it is worthy." Fine. Next: crystal bowls for sucked-out limes.

WASABI, DUDE?

Back in the old days of gluttony a pro might have hoped to "do the deuce," or consume 20 frankfurters, at Nathan's Hot Dog Contest, held every Fourth of July at Coney Island. All this got blown out of the bun when 5'7", 131-pound Takeru Kobayashi of Nagano ate an unfathomable 50 hot dogs in 12 minutes, breaking the previous record of 25½ dogs. He went on to sweep Fox' *Glutton Bowl*, eating, among other things, 10 pounds of calves' brains and establishing himself as the Tiger Woods of competitive eaters. Kobayashi represents the latest and by far the greatest in a svelte Japanese dynasty that has recently unseated ampler American eaters.

When did you find out you had this gift for competitive eating?

When I was a senior in college, a friend took me to this curry restaurant with a "challenge menu" and I beat their national record. I ate 11 platefuls—about 11 pounds of curry. Then I won a few eating championships and went on competitive-eating TV shows, which are popular in Japan.

How do you train for competitions and still maintain your weight?

I gradually increase the amount of food and water I consume a month before the competition. In this way, I'm able to expand the capacity of my stomach. I don't always eat so much. I gain some weight during training, but it goes back to normal later. I also go to the gym. On the day of the competition, I don't eat at all. Actually, I stop eating two or three days before, though I take some liquid, like juice or energy drinks, just to keep myself going.

What puzzles Americans is how much you can eat despite being so skinny.

American contestants see contests as extensions of their usual meals. They probably eat a lot in their everyday lives, and that's why they are large. But I think they are not eating much more at contests than they usually do. I see competitive eating as separate from my regular meals. Actually, I don't see it as a meal. It's a sport. In Japan, competitors train themselves with an athlete's mentality. I don't think it has anything to do with our body type. On the contrary, I think Americans with large bodies have more potential for setting records than we do if they train.

"I think directors are always a little jealous of their actresses."
—Izabella Scorupco

What's the easiest food to eat?

Tofu is easy. It's kind of soft and watery. Foods like steak that are tough and not moist are hard. Hot dogs are kind of hard—but I dip the buns into water to soften them.

Do you throw up after competitions?

WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #49

Because he piqued my imagination: We met online. After a few cordial but flirty e-mails, we started instant-messaging and the conversation turned to sex: likes, dislikes, mishaps, adventures. The stories were relayed without bravado, more with humor. We enjoyed cracking wise and deploying sexual innuendo with impunity. After one exchange, he asked me for my number and I obliged. Our conversations mirrored our IM session until he made it personal. "This is what I'd do to you if I were there," he said, launching into a deliciously detailed description of how he would take me—and where. I came hard, visualizing every erotic word. The phone sex was so good, I wanted the real thing. "Come over," I whispered into the telephone. "Show, don't tell." *—K.M., Chapel Hill, NC*

No, but when I eat a lot of greasy food I sometimes feel sick.

What do you do to avoid gastrointestinal distress?

I take some natural supplements like turmeric and aloe. And I eat lots of cabbage because I heard it's good for your stomach. Also, I've found drinking milk helps when my stomach gets sick.

What was it like winning Nathan's?

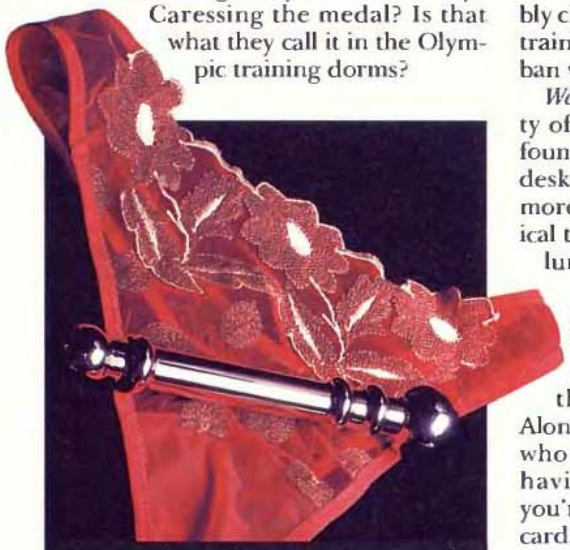
It was nice that Americans gladly accepted me as a champion. I was afraid people might get upset with me because it was the Fourth of July and I'm not an American. But people were happy about it and I was glad. This year, I want to beat my record by 20 or even 30 more.

But you ate 50 hot dogs there. Do you think you can beat that?

I know I will.

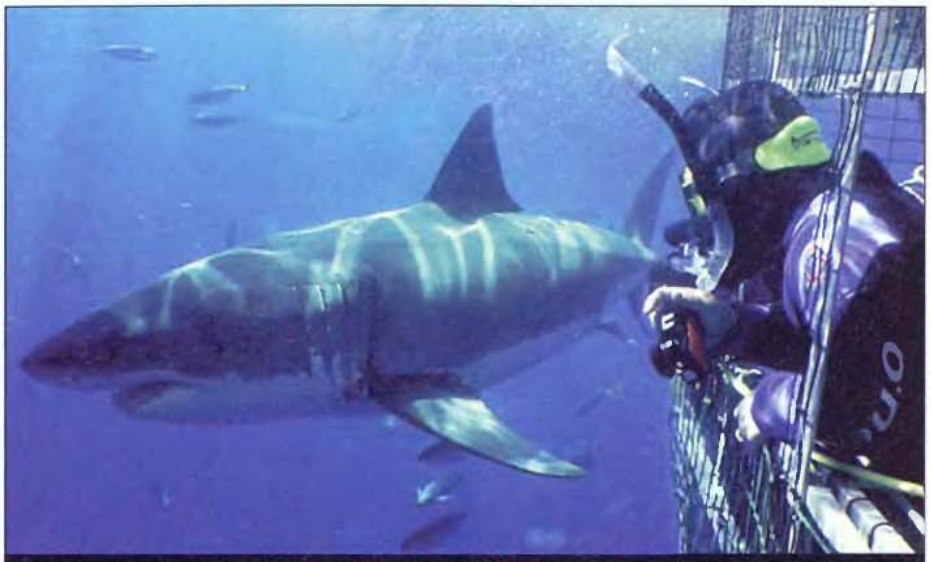
EASY ON THE MOGULS

We're usually as impressed as anyone by an athlete's pursuit of greatness, but there is such a thing as wanting victory too much. Case in point: German Olympic skiing medallist Ronny Ackerman, who attributed his performance in the Utah games partly to not having had sex prior to the event for 389 days. Perhaps we could see his point if he'd shattered a world record or won gold, but he only took the silver. Said Ackerman, "After the Olympics I will look for a girlfriend. Until then, the only thing that I'll be caressing is my medal." Really? Caressing the medal? Is that what they call it in the Olympic training dorms?



NUTCRACKER. SWEET!

Sixty years ago Dr. Arnold Kegel developed a program to help incontinent women avoid surgery. Not only did his Kegel exercises improve bladder control, but they also resulted in increased sexual response. Now sexologist Betty Dodson has come up with a tool to strengthen vaginal muscles. Betty's Vaginal Barbell is heavy enough not to slip out during workouts, thus ensuring good form during a lady's clean and jerk.



GREAT WHITE WAY

Until recently the only places in the world you could dive with great white sharks in clear water were South Africa and Australia. An outfit called Absolute Adventures has changed that—all you have to do now is hop a flight to California. Isla Guadalupe is a tiny island in the Pacific surrounded by a large population of great whites. The island's secret went undiscovered until a few years ago. Dive expeditions are conducted from June to November—which is about how long it takes to fly to other great white stomping grounds.

THE TIP SHEET

Crystal dick: Unrelenting, dayslong bout of horniness experienced by users of crystal meth, a.k.a. Tina.

Boise, Idaho (pop. 185,787): Inexplicably chosen by the U.S. Marine Corps as a training site for practicing tactics of urban warfare.

Wash hands after working: University of Arizona researchers have found that the typical office desk is home to 400 times more bacteria than the typical toilet seat. So much for lunch at your desk.

The Penis Chronicles (Uproar): CD of stand-up comics reflecting on the man–woman thing. Here's one by Alonzo Bodden: "A woman who is just a friend is like having $19 in the bank and you're left looking at your ATM card."

Fuckingmachines.com: Raunchy, robotic dildos perfect for the 21st century and for the women who love them.

Norelco Advantage: An electric shaver that dispenses Nivea for Men shaving gel while you use it. Kind of like a wet-vac carpet cleaner for your face.

"Having red hair was really fun. Redheads have it best because they have a bit of a spicy factor going on. People definitely notice you, and you're not necessarily assumed to be dumb."
—Carla Gugino

CRACKED EGGS

If you haven't stumbled across one by now, DVD Easter eggs are bits of content hidden by the disc's producers just to fuck with your mind. Finding them is usually an accident, though you can get some directions from either DVDEastereggs.com or DVDreview.com. In the meantime, we managed to beat a few eggs for your enjoyment.

The Beastmaster: Dip your on-screen directional arrow into a reptilian eye for a great shot of tantalizing, topless Tanya Roberts.

Bedazzled: Push the devil on Elizabeth Hurley's shoulder for 10 minutes of Brendan Fraser living the large life of a sex-obsessed, drug-addled rock star. Why was this cut from the movie?

Not Another Teen Movie: Not another lesbian kiss between the old lady and the hot schoolgirl. Eww, gross!

Repo Man: Catch the Plugz singing a Spanish version of *Secret Agent Man* and read the Repo Man Code.

Made: When you spell out the name of the movie, you'll find an extended topless lap dance sequence that for some reason didn't make the finished film.

Boogie Nights: Special Edition: That famously long diggler of Dirk's passes the screen test.

Ultimate Fights: Early versions of this collection of movie mayhem contain the topless duo Satin and Velvet beating the hell out of a villain in *Ilsa, Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks*.

C.H.U.D.: Lurking beneath the zeros and ones of the disc is an unedited

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I am healthy and natural when it comes to sex. Strange locations always turn me on. Airplane toilets—I think that would turn just about anyone on."
—BJORK, IN THE ROCK QUOTE BOOK *Mouthing Off*

FACT OF THE MONTH
Repair crews in St. Louis use 170 rolls of toilet paper per day to fill cracks in city streets.

HEF 4 U

According to a *People* survey on Britney Spears' split from Justin Timberlake, percentage of people who thought Britney should now date Josh Hartnett: 21. Percentage who thought Britney should date Prince William: 25. Percentage who thought she should date Hugh Hefner: 39.

SPEED TRAP

Number of methamphetamine labs busted and seized last year in California: 1472. In Missouri: 1599.

KILLA COLADA

Number of people attacked worldwide by sharks in 2000: 79. Number who died: 10. Number killed annually by falling coconuts: 150.

WEB MASTERS OF OWN DOMAIN

Of men who surf sex-related websites, percentage who do so for "distraction": 60. Of women who surf sex-related sites, percentage who do so for "distraction": 37. Of the men, percentage who have engaged in cybersex: 38. Percentage of the women who have engaged in cybersex: 45.

PARK PLACE

Estimated number of square feet in Jerry Seinfeld's Upper West Side garage, built for 20 Porsches: 2496. The number of floors: 3. Number of elevators: 1. Number of kitchens: 1. Building cost: $1.4 million.

THE BUCK IN BUCKEYES

In the past four years, the amount Ohio State University spent on athletic facilities: $316 million. Amount it spent on all other facilities: $319 million. Spending on sports facilities per varsity athlete: $351,111. Spending on all other university buildings per student: $6652.

TREATING MENTAL ILLNESS

According to the Harvard Medical School, percentage of U.S. health care costs that are attributed to hypochondriacs: 15.

SLEEPING YOUR WAY TO THE TOP

According to NASA, percentage by which job performance increases if employees are permitted a 45-minute nap each afternoon: 35.

RARE CHANGE

Number of 1933 Double Eagle gold pieces ordered destroyed when the U.S. abandoned the gold standard in 1933: 445,000. Number actually destroyed: 444,997. Of the remaining 3, number still available for private ownership: 1. Price it is expected to bring at auction: $6 million.

FLACCID RATINGS

According to the Center for Media and Public Affairs, instances of sexual content per hour on noncable TV during 1998–1999 season: 16. Number in 2000–2001 season: 11.

PASSING TIME

According to a Swiss study, total amount of time a woman will spend on the toilet during the course of her lifetime: 376 days. Total amount of time a man will spend (primarily because of difference in life span between genders): 291.

DRUG EPIDEMIC

Total amount spent on retail prescription drugs in the U.S. in 1997: $79 billion. Amount spent in 2001: $154 billion.
—ROBERT S. WIEDER

version of the shower scene.

Mallrats: Poke a robot in the eye and director Kevin Smith will pop up to tell you to stop looking for the Easter eggs, you geek.

BOONE'S FARM OVER BAGHDAD?

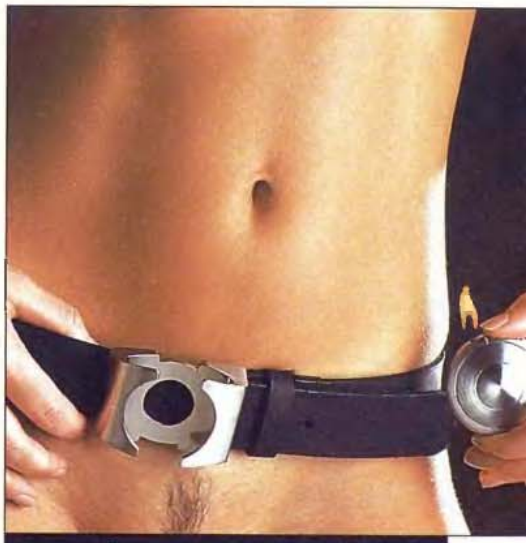
Writer Mark Bowden revealed recently that Saddam Hussein's favorite wine is that old standby of our youth, Mateus rosé. Can it be that the wine that coaxed our girlfriends out of their underwear is the same beverage that slakes the ruthless and murderous thirst of the world's least favorite dictator? A spokesman for the importer weighed in: "We will definitely not use this in our advertising." Maybe they can send Saddam a case for the next time Bush pulls his pants down.

CHURLS GONE WILD

Fans of Fox TV's *Mancow's Morning Madhouse* will rejoice to find out there's a behind-the-scenes DVD that gives you all the parts deemed too unsavory for his broadcast show. How can that be? Well, there's footage of T2, the human Cyclops, drinking a beer through his eye socket, impromptu makeovers of unsuspecting homeless and a lot of T and A and lesbonic behavior. You'll almost forget this is a morning show.

SIDE DISH

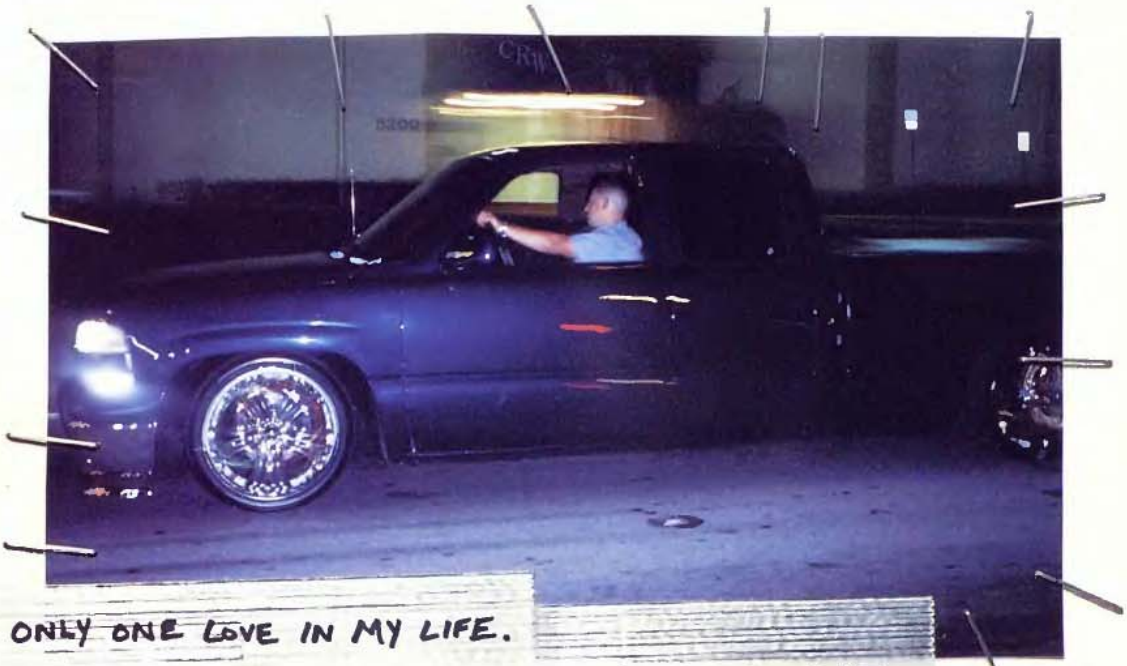
If you're ever caught getting your carrot waxed by someone other than your wife or girlfriend, you better hope she's



AGENT SMOLDER

Holy utility belt, Batman! Next time you're out to impress a smoking woman, show off your flare for the dramatic with the Rotunda lighter belt from Spec Enterprises. The slim lighter doubles as a buckle and conversation starter, and it's bound to strike her fancy. Just be careful when you use it—you don't wont to end up with rug burns.

Pioneer sound.vision.soul



THERE'S ONLY ONE LOVE IN MY LIFE.
AND MY GIRLFRIEND'S LEARNED TO LIVE WITH IT.

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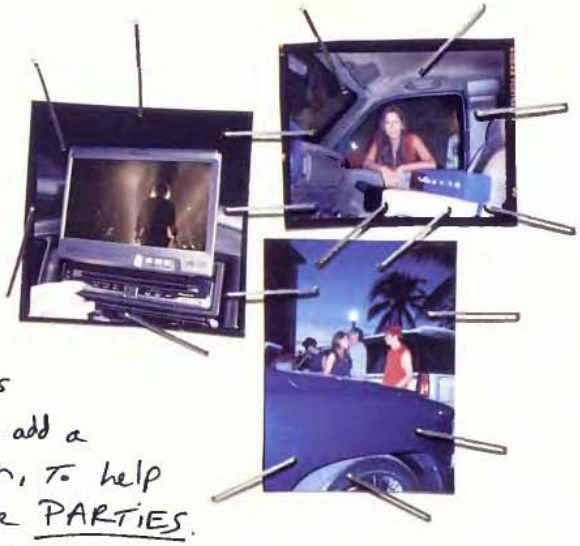
Your ride is FOREVER. So give it
the Pioneer AVX-P7300DVD player.



You can watch DVD's or hook up TV, videotapes and games. Or add a navigation system, to help you find the PARTIES.
The motorized 7" wide screen LCD display even retracts into the dash.

Because sometimes your Lady needs a little attention too.

pioneerelectronics.com

©2002 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA
Movies, TV and games cannot be displayed in dash when vehicle is moving.

SPIN CYCLE

Here's something for night riders who feel funny shoes and helmets lack freaky style points. Hokey Spokes are computerized LED blades that attach to wheel spokes. They can be programmed for 20 different designs or messages. Such as, "If you can read this, you must be on something."

a fox. Italian psychologists interviewed 500 women and concluded that they are more apt to consider forgiveness if they think their rival is good-looking. And according to the Psychological Society of Rome, how they catch you is as important to resolving the crisis as who they catch you with. Some of the worst things a betrayed woman can experience are to hear her man speak his lover's name in his sleep or tell someone else about the affair before she finds out. Apparently, that's worse than hearing, "She was so hot, I knew you wouldn't mind!" As with most insults, it sounds better in Italian.

"There are three things pageant women do. There's the Vaseline thing, which I didn't do. There's duct-taping your boobs, which I never did because I'm not into pain. The third thing is using athletic spray adhesive on your butt to keep your swimsuit in place. I did do that. So one out of three ain't bad." —Jeri Ryan

CRIB FOR SALE. SLIGHTLY USED

Wilt Chamberlain, self-professed lover of 20,000 women, received a few assists from his house when it came to slam-dunking. The legendary basketball player's bachelor pad went on the market in 2000 and, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, the Bel-Air estate has a bedroom that is all net. The three-level, glass-walled triangular room peaks at the bed, which at one point was covered from headboard to baseboard in the fur of "Arctic wolves' noses." Above the bed is a mirrored ceiling that retracts to allow loungers to gape at the stars. (Chamberlain named the estate Ursa Major, inspired by his nickname, the Big Dipper.) A control center within arm's reach of the bed allowed him to dim the lights or get things moving in an 18-karat-gold-tiled, Roman-style bathtub at his feet. When Wilt was in his prime, the house had many details to inspire a Seventies-style funk session, including a playroom with a wall-to-wall water-bed floor, a guest room featuring a relief of a naked beauty (there's a light switch where the fig leaf should be), and a bedroom outfitted with a traffic light indicating LOVE in green and DON'T LOVE in red. Earlier this year the house was listed at $4.2 million, down from the original asking price of $7.4 million, which is sort of shocking—20,000 women and not a real estate agent among them.

REALLY WATCHING ELLIE

All those channels on satellite TV and there's still not one porno sitcom. TopFive.com recently came up with 15 porno sitcom titles that we would like to see. Among them: *Dawson's Cheeks*, *The Hugeleys*, *Everybody Does Raymond*, *Groin Pains*, *That '69 Show*, *Will in Lace* and our favorite—the oldie but woodie *Welcome Back, Frotteur*.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.

BABE OF THE MONTH

AMY WEBER has stirred up trouble this season as the conniving lifeguard Porcelain Bidet on FX' *Son of the Beach*. Weber, now 30, dropped out of college to move to Los Angeles and become an actress, first appearing in a slew of print ads and commercials. Now that she's conquered the art of filling out a bikini, Amy is taking voice lessons and hopes to record an R&B album someday. She also likes racing motorcycles and getting cozy with all kinds of critters. "I have always brought home stray animals—everything from squirrels to rabbits to foxes and turtles," she says on her fabulous website. "I thought that I could save them all." We hope she extends the same courtesy to house-trained PLAYBOY readers.

By LEONARD MALTIN

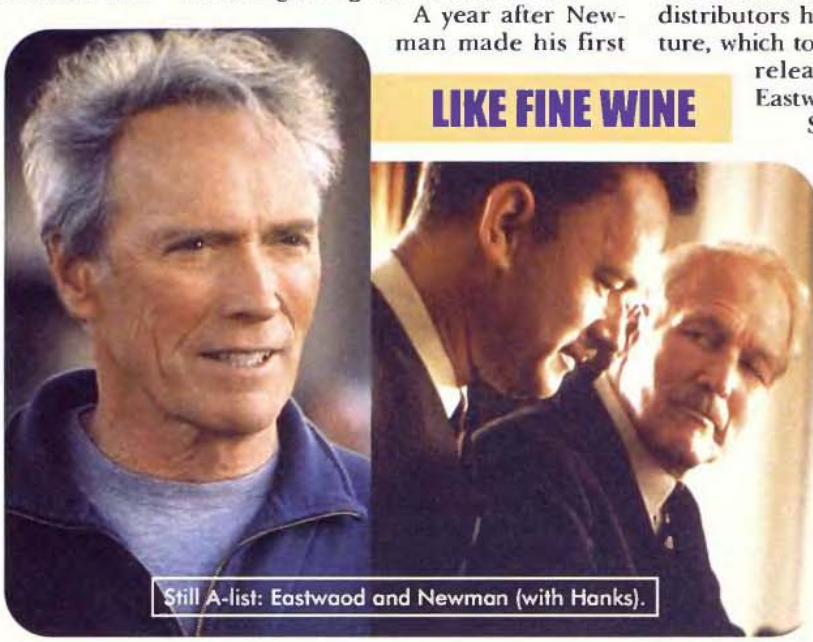
LIKE FINE WINE

QUICK: Name a male movie star of the Fifties who's still a top box-office name at the dawn of the 21st century. Time's up—the answer is Paul Newman. The blue-eyed wonder and bona fide star appears opposite Tom Hanks in this summer's drama *Road to Perdition*.

That it has taken this long for Newman to get around to playing older men is just one remarkable fact about his extraordinary career. He is probably the only leading actor to have worked with Old Hollywood directors like Michael Curtiz and Leo McCarey, as well as Alfred Hitchcock, Robert Altman, Martin Scorsese and the Coen brothers. In 1999 he portrayed Kevin Costner's father in *Message in a Bottle*, but just one year later he returned to a leading role, opposite Linda Fiorentino in the con-game comedy *Where the Money Is*, and proved he still possessed that indefinable "it."

Newman's ageless charm is only part of the story: He is an actor's actor, known for spending an enormous amount of time analyzing every role he considers playing, marking his script and making notes as he tries to get inside each character's head. It's not surprising that he eventually wound up in the director's chair, working especially well with his wife, the equally gifted Joanne Woodward, beginning with *Rachel, Rachel*.

A year after Newman made his first starring film, *The Silver Chalice*, in 1954, a tall, skinny fellow with a thick head of hair made his debut, without billing, in the Universal-International picture *Revenge of the Creature*. Later that year he could be spotted as one of the sailors in *Francis in the Navy*, one of the popular Francis the Talking Mule comedies starring Donald O'Connor.



Still A-list: Eastwood and Newman (with Hanks).

It was television that eventually made Clint Eastwood a viable name, when he co-starred as Rowdy Yates on the Western series *Rawhide*, and it was the Italian Western *A Fistful of Dollars* that made him an international star. But American distributors had no interest in the picture, which took three years to get U.S. release. When it finally did, Eastwood's film career took off Stateside.

Like Newman, Eastwood longed for control of his career, and cajoled Universal into letting him direct his first film, *Play Misty for Me*, in 1971, provided he also star in the film.

In time he was able to set up his own production company, Malpaso. With his box-office success and sound relationships with studio executives, Eastwood has the ability to make offbeat, personal films as well as mainstream fare. At an age when most leading men are grateful for character parts, he took off his shirt and wooed Meryl Streep in *The Bridges of Madison County*, which he also directed.

This summer, Clint is back on the screen in a crime thriller called *Blood Work*. No less than Paul Newman, he proves there is such a thing as staying power—even in show business.

SINGING A NEW TUNE

Music hath charms, but music performers with charm to spare are carving new careers on film. There's nothing new about the idea: Al Jolson ushered in the era of sound in the late Twenties, Bing Crosby brought his crooning to the big screen in the Thirties and Elvis Presley and Doris Day topped box office and record charts in the Fifties.

It's also business as usual for Hollywood to seek new faces and potential stars outside theater and TV. Thus, when Mike Myers' Austin Powers grooves his way onto movie screens this summer, his newest babe will be Destiny's Child singer Beyoncé Knowles. The risk in casting Knowles is small, since thespian skill is not required of the role. If she's good, other movie offers will follow.

Rapper Lil' Bow Wow has already started building a film résumé, but his co-starring role in ***Like Mike*** this summer, opposite Morris Chestnut, may make him a familiar face to moviegoers who don't tune in to MTV. Da Brat also appears.

Male rappers have fared especially well in movies, with LL Cool J, Ice Cube, Ice-T and Sean Combs (to name a few) earning respectable reviews for their acting skills in a variety of mainstream movies. Meanwhile, Jennifer Lopez has turned the tables by using her movie stardom as a springboard for a successful music career.

Reviews of Britney Spears' first starring movie, ***Crossroads***, were generally tepid, but she seemed to handle herself well in an undemanding part.

Britney's notices were raves compared with the attacks heaped upon Mariah Carey and her debut movie, ***Glitter***. One would think a music superstar would warrant (and/or demand) a better script than this star-is-born retread, but one might also think a smart manager would steer Carey away from such a risky venture. Indeed, at this year's Sundance Film Festival, Carey was seen in a less glamorous part, co-starring in ***Wisegirls*** with Mira Sorvino. She won a warm reception from festivalgoers and critics for her portrayal of a waitress in a restaurant owned by mobsters. Unfortunately, the poison of ***Glitter*** has taken its toll: ***Wisegirls*** is being released directly to video.

Beyoncé to the third Power.

CURRENT FILMS

Christina Ricci looks great as a blonde coed in ***Pumpkin,*** although that's all I can praise about this schizophrenic comedy-drama. On the one hand, directors Adam Larson Broder (who also wrote the film) and Tony Abrams want to poke fun at sorority life and pampered rich kids. On the other hand, they try to tug at our heartstrings with the story of a self-absorbed girl who develops feelings for a disabled young man named Pumpkin (Hank Harris). Is this a goof? You're never quite sure, because the tone of the movie flip-flops repeatedly over an endless two hours.

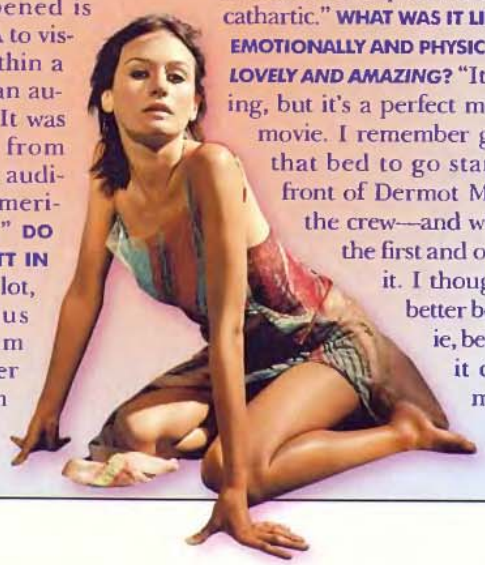
Ricci shines but *Pumpkin* rots.

Lovely and Amazing also suffers from shifts in tone, mixing wry comedy, poignancy and searing social observation—all expressed effortlessly by leading lady Catherine Keener. Her character is one of three sisters whose dysfunctional lives can be traced to their screw-loose mother (Brenda Blethyn). Her older sister (Emily Mortimer) is an actress plagued with self-doubt. Her younger sister is an adopted eight-year-old black girl who overcomes emotional hurdles with quiet grace. Director Nicole Holofcener (*Walking and Talking*) sets an unlikable leading character on a maddeningly circuitous path to a moving denouement. The challenge is staying with her to experience the reward.

Windtalkers supposedly is the story of the Navajos who worked as code talkers during World War II. Instead, that fascinating and long-buried material is used merely as a device in a film that focuses on gung ho Marine Nicolas Cage and his emotional problems. Director John Woo blows soldiers to pieces—a man's hand is chopped off in the very first scene—but he might have paid more attention to the script, which resembles a corny old-Hollywood war movie.

SCENE STEALER

EMILY MORTIMER. NOW ON-SCREEN: As the painfully vulnerable sister in *Lovely and Amazing*. **SOON TO BE SEEN:** Opposite Samuel L. Jackson in *Formula 51*. **HOW DID A CLASSICALLY TRAINED BRITISH ACTRESS AND OXFORD GRADUATE WIND UP IN *SCREAM 3*?** "Part of the reason it happened is that I went out to LA to visit my boyfriend. Within a week I was sent on an audition for *Scream 3*. It was absurd that a girl from Oxfordshire should audition for this true Americana slasher movie." **DO YOU GET TO KICK BUTT IN *FORMULA 51*?** "Yes, a lot, and I was nervous about it because I'm not naturally a kicker of butts. In fact, I'm not naturally cool, and the part demanded that I be both cool and butt-kicking. I arrived on set in black leather trousers and hair extensions and was given an enormous gun and put on a motorbike, and I thought, I don't really know why I'm here. I want my mother to come and pick me up! But it was cathartic." **WHAT WAS IT LIKE TO BE BOTH EMOTIONALLY AND PHYSICALLY NAKED IN *LOVELY AND AMAZING*?** "It was frightening, but it's a perfect moment in the movie. I remember getting out of that bed to go stand naked in front of Dermot Mulroney and the crew—and what you see is the first and only time I did it. I thought, This had better be a good movie, because if it isn't, it could be humiliating on an international scale."



SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin

CQ Jeremy Davies and supermodel Angela Lindvall star in Roman Coppola's debut feature, set in the world of European moviemaking in the late Sixties. The atmosphere is rich, and an homage to *Barbarella* is fun, but this meandering film has no sense of story. ¥¥

Enough Jennifer Lopez discovers that her husband is a philanderer, an abuser and a psycho, so she takes it on the lam and learns martial arts in order to strike back at him. Too bad that the wrap-up is so predictable and melodramatic. ¥¥½

Gangster No. 1 Malcolm McDowell and David Thewlis head the cast of this British underworld movie that starts well but gradually sinks in a mire of ugly violence. ¥¥

Lovely and Amazing Catherine Keener, Brenda Blethyn and Emily Mortimer star in Nicole Holofcener's uneven comedy-drama about a dysfunctional family. The movie builds to a moving finale. ¥¥½

Pumpkin Christina Ricci plays a pampered college coed who falls in love with a disabled young man named Pumpkin. If you think that's a bad idea for a movie, you're right. ¥

Star Wars Episode II: Attack of the Clones Ewan McGregor's Obi-Wan Kenobi is dull, Hayden Christensen's Anakin Skywalker is heavy-handed and sullen and his highly touted romance with Natalie Portman is strictly by the numbers in this surprisingly clunky installment of the Great Saga. A new computer-generated Yoda comes to the rescue, in more ways than one, to give this film the life it needs. ¥¥

Unfaithful Beautiful Diane Lane gets the showcase she has always deserved in Adrian Lyne's remake of Claude Chabrol's *La Femme Infidèle*, as a happily married woman who follows a whim and finds herself caught in an obsessive sexual relationship. Richard Gere is the husband in this well-made film, which lets down only at the end. ¥¥½

Windtalkers Nicolas Cage and Christian Slater star in John Woo's ultraviolent World War II movie, ostensibly about Navajo code talkers. It's actually a hackneyed script that follows a Marine squadron fighting the battle of Saipan. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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GUEST SHOT

Paul Schrader wrote *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull*, both directed by Martin Scorsese. Not bad for a former Calvinist who saw his first film at the age of 16. Director Schrader's disc library contains an eclectic collection of masterpieces (*American Gigolo, Affliction, Auto Focus*). His American short list includes *Vertigo, The Lady Eve, The Searchers* ("John Ford and John Wayne's best"), Sam Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch* and Orson Welles' ("overlooked") *Touch of Evil*. "Among my foreign favorites," says Schrader, "are *The Rules of the Game, Pickpocket, The Conformist, Tokyo Story* and *Masculin-Féminin*." —ROBERT CRANE

SAY TA-TA TO THESE TA TAS

Once an actress has reached a certain status—or age—she finds the means to keep her promise to her mother and "never do nude." In other words, kiss these tits goodbye. We always hold out hope that a script will arrive in which nudity is "necessary for the story." Otherwise, the following breasts are mere fondly fondled memories.

Brigitte Bardot, Contempt (1963): Pressured to include a nude scene, director Jean-Luc Godard opens the movie with a naked Bardot (one of the first international sex kittens) asking her husband if he likes certain parts of her body. Alas, they were rarely seen thereafter.

Angie Dickinson, Big Bad Mama (1974): Many a boomer boy oozed his first testosterone ogling the only dame worthy of inclusion in the Rat Pack in this cheesy *Bonnie and Clyde* knockoff.

Jennifer Connelly, The Hot Spot (1990): In this one and *Inventing the Abbotts* (1997), Connelly reveals more than a beautiful mind. But now she's gone and won an Oscar. Will the nude figurine bring an end to her nude figure? Damn our luck!

Halle Berry, Monster's Ball (2001): Just when you thought that you'd seen Berry's luscious berries for the last time in *Swordfish* (2001), she shows them again in *Ball*. Oscar will make sure she doesn't do it anymore, the prude.

Nicole Kidman, Eyes Wide Shut (1999): As Kidman opens our eyes to her beauteous bounty, we're left wondering, What is wrong with Tom Cruise?

Penélope Cruz, Jamón, Jamón (1992): After seeing her numerous topless sex scenes in this early effort, we think Cruise may know what he's doing.

Sigourney Weaver, A Map of the World (1999): We were about to write off her cleavage to history—three Oscar nominations will do that—but then came this drama with a, you know, *meaningful* bathtub scene. Whatever. Encore!

Michelle Pfeiffer, Into the Night (1985): The sight of her in the buff barely makes this John Landis farce worth it. But after three Oscar nominations, she's not likely to do this again.

Juliette Binoche, Rendez-vous (1985): Our favorite *sans les vêtements* French actress heats up the screen in this ménage à trois sex romp, but that was before her Oscar for *The English Patient* (1996).

Sandra Bullock, Fire on the Amazon (1993): Bullock, in this pre-*Speed* (1994) Roger Corman–produced indie, smokes Amazonian pot, takes it off and takes it from Craig Sheffer facedown. Get the unrated version for maximum bollocking.

Gwyneth Paltrow, Shakespeare in Love (1998): Paltrow won the Best Actress Oscar for the very movie in which she takes it off, like Berry in *Monster's Ball*. Hey, maybe this is the start of a happy trend. We can only dream. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

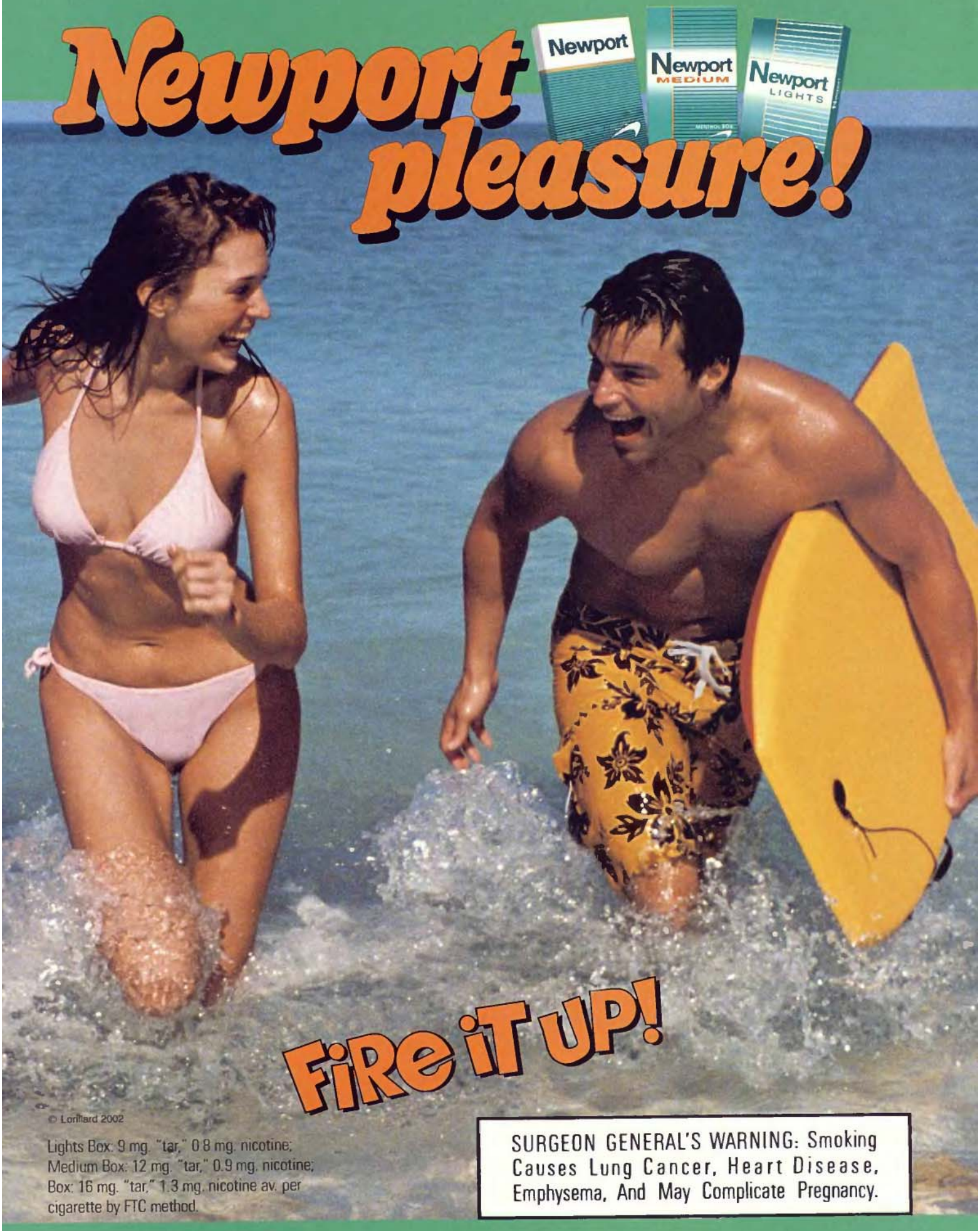
Anyone who is harboring a fond notion about the increasingly anachronistic Olympic ideal should dip into ***Tokyo Olympiad*** (Criterion Collection, $40), director Kon Ichikawa's legendary chronicle of the 1964 Summer Games. The nearly three-hour Japanese documentary has long been available on VHS, but this new version benefits immeasurably from a high-definition digital transfer that preserves the film's original 2.35:1 wide-screen aspect ratio and that has been enhanced for 16x9 TVs. Marshaling a battery of cameramen—164, by some accounts—*Yojimbo* cinematographer Kazuo Miyagawa captures a breathtaking parade of images. Ichikawa assembles these into a series of stories that climax in a vignette on the marathon that soars without cliché. . . . Constantin Costa-Gavras' 1969 thriller ***Z*** has also just arrived on DVD (Fox Lorber, $30) with its power to shock intact. The Oscar winner for Best Foreign Film was the most searing political thriller of its time. Its action sequences can't keep pace with contemporary equivalents, but it's hard to beat the tale (investigator Jean-Louis Trintignant uncovers government complicity in a politician's murder) and razor-sharp storytelling. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

The Italian *giallo* (yellow) cinema of the Seventies—named for the color of a line of pulp fiction detective novels—combined the gory effects of slasher movies with the paranoid thrills of twisted whodunits, then added seedy sex to the mix. The result was usually a disturbing frightfest, set to propulsive rock music. Anchor Bay has released four delicious hard-to-find *giallo* goodies on DVD—Aldo Lado's ***The Short Night of the Glass Dolls*** (1971) and ***Who Saw Her Die?*** (1972), Giuliano Carnimeo's ***The Case of the Bloody Iris*** (1972) and Antonio Bido's ***The Bloodstained Shadow*** (1978)—all in livid widescreen, with icky bonus features and in ghastly living color. *Buona notte!* —B.M.

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring*** (the Tolkien always rings thrice; great fun, even when foreboding), ***Collateral Damage*** (when terrorists blow up a building with Arnold's kin inside, he goes all vigilante; freighted mayhem).
RUNNER-UP	***In the Bedroom*** (Spacek and Wilkinson drift in ennui after their son is killed; multi-Oscar nominee deserved Best Pic), ***Amélie*** (gamine Audrey Tautou spreads sparkling French cutie karma around Paris; best foreign film entry achieves high fluff).
COMEDY	***Gosford Park*** (Altman subverts Agatha Christie country manor whodunits with Yankee wit; better on second viewing), ***The Royal Tenenbaums*** (schemer Hackman returns to his über–clan-in-decline; gleeful eccentricity from Wes Anderson).
BIOGRAPHY	***Iris*** (Judi Dench portrays the Alzheimer's-afflicted author Murdoch; Jim Broadbent's turn as her husband rightly took the Oscar), ***Piñero*** (Ben Bratt goes bad as the prison poet Miguel; surprising grit from the erstwhile *Law and Order* hunk).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THERE'S PLENTY to love on Ozzy Osbourne's ***Down to Earth*** (Epic). His extraordinary voice still sounds, like Roy Orbison's or even Axl Rose's, extraterrestrial. Even the album's less than stellar tracks, such as the embarrassing environmentalist ballad *Dreamer*, are testaments to his staying power. —ANAHEED ALANI

On the disc ***Electric Sweat*** (Gammon), the Mooney Suzuki churns out blue-eyed R&B with the same frenetic energy and stomping, caveman-like sensibility that made Sixties garage rock into a cult commodity.—TIM MOHR

PETER STEINHAUER

Killa Beez' ***The Sting*** (Koch) is a typical Wu-Tang project: sprawling, disorderly and amazing. The freestyling is impressive, but the genius here is Robert Diggs, a.k.a. RZA. His menacing minor-key soundscapes get better with each release. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

Radio 4 borrowed their name from a Public Image Ltd. song and their sound from Gang of Four and Joe Jackson. It's rock that you can dance to. The jagged guitars and dub-heavy rhythm section are reinforced with electronica on ***Gotham!*** (Gern Blandsten), though the groove remains the same. —JASON BUHRMESTER

Onetime doorman and cemetery worker Ike Reilly's debut, ***Salesmen and Racists*** (Republic), delivers everything you want from a rock album—loud guitars, funny lyrics and catchy melodies. From the opening line—"Last time, I couldn't make you come"—this CD reminds you how thrilling rock and roll can be. —A.A.

fast tracks

HOT SLOTS DEPARTMENT: **Ray Charles** has helped Bally develop slots for visually impaired people and will promote them at casinos. **REELING AND ROCKING:** **Natalie Imbruglia** co-stars with **John Malkovich** in the James Bond spoof, *Johnny English*. . . . **Jimi Hendrix'** first U.S. TV appearance, on the *Dick Cavett Show*, is now on DVD. **NEWSBREAKS:** Roundabout Theater will stage *The Look of Love*, a musical using the songs of **Hal David** and **Burt Bacharach**. . . . **Madonna** recorded a new album in London this summer during her run in the play *Up for Grabs*. . . . **Aerosmith's Joe Perry** has put out a new line of hot sauce called Rock Your World, which bears a flaming-skull logo. . . . A musical based on **Stevie Wonder's** songs, starring **Chaka Khan**, is opening in Las Vegas. . . . Surf music aficionados are lobbying the Grammy committee for a category. Polka has one. . . . A study of Israeli drivers by newscientist.com indicates that the combination of fast cars and fast music can be hazardous. Those who listen to up-tempo tunes have twice as many accidents as those who listen to slower ones. —BARBARA NELLIS

Ash burned up the charts in Europe. The standout tunes on the sugary punk quartet's ***Free All Angels*** (Infectious) include *Shining Light*, with its heartbreaking guitar, and *Candy*, an ode to the vice of your choice—girls or drugs. —ALISON PRATO

Rearview Mirror can't legally buy beer, but they were handpicked by U2 producer Steve Lillywhite to launch his new Gobstopper label. ***All Lights Off*** is raw, precocious and heavier than Lillywhite's normal fare. —A.P.

John Mayer has played the guitar since he was 13, and it shows. ***Room for Squares*** (Aware) is a sexy, thoughtful jukebox that evokes James Taylor and Ben Harper. Elton John has a crush on him, and your girlfriend will, too. —A.P.

Laub is one of the best groups to come out of Berlin. On ***Filesharing*** (Kitty-Yo), Antye Greie-Fuchs' sensual voice contrasts with cold electronic sounds to make surprisingly warm music. For her solo CD, ***Head Slash Bauch*** (Orthlorng Musork), Greie-Fuchs sings computer code and makes it sound sexy. —L.F.

Tom Waits' latest two CDs are soundtracks to plays. ***Alice*** (Anti) wallows in longing, while ***Blood Money*** is a comment on greed. With eclectic orchestrations on each, Waits has produced some of his most provocative work. —J.B.

With the pulsing electro on ***#1*** (FS Studios), Fischerspooner revisits fey early Eighties synth pop while acknowledging more muscular acid house sounds. —T.M.

Ralph Stanley (Columbia) finds the venerable singer in fine mettle at the age of 75. His voice has acquired all the sorrow and wisdom that come with age. This is old-time mountain music in its purest form by a master. —L.F.

They Raging. Quiet Army (Self-Starter), the first CD by Detachment Kit, is smart but unpretentious, pretty but not wimpy, inventive without showing off. —A.A.

Forget about the Strokes and White Stripes. Soundtrack of Our Lives will save rock and roll. ***Behind the Music*** (Hidden Agenda) is *Let It Bleed* filtered through *The Bends*. —T.M.

ROCK METER

	Alani	Buhrmester	Froehlich	Mohr	Prato
Ash *Free All Angels*	3	4	3	8	9
Killa Beez *The Sting*	7	5	7	6	5
Ozzy Osbourne *Down to Earth*	7	4	4	6	6
Radio 4 *Gotham!*	6	8	6	3	7
Soundtrack *Behind the Music*	5	7	6	9	5

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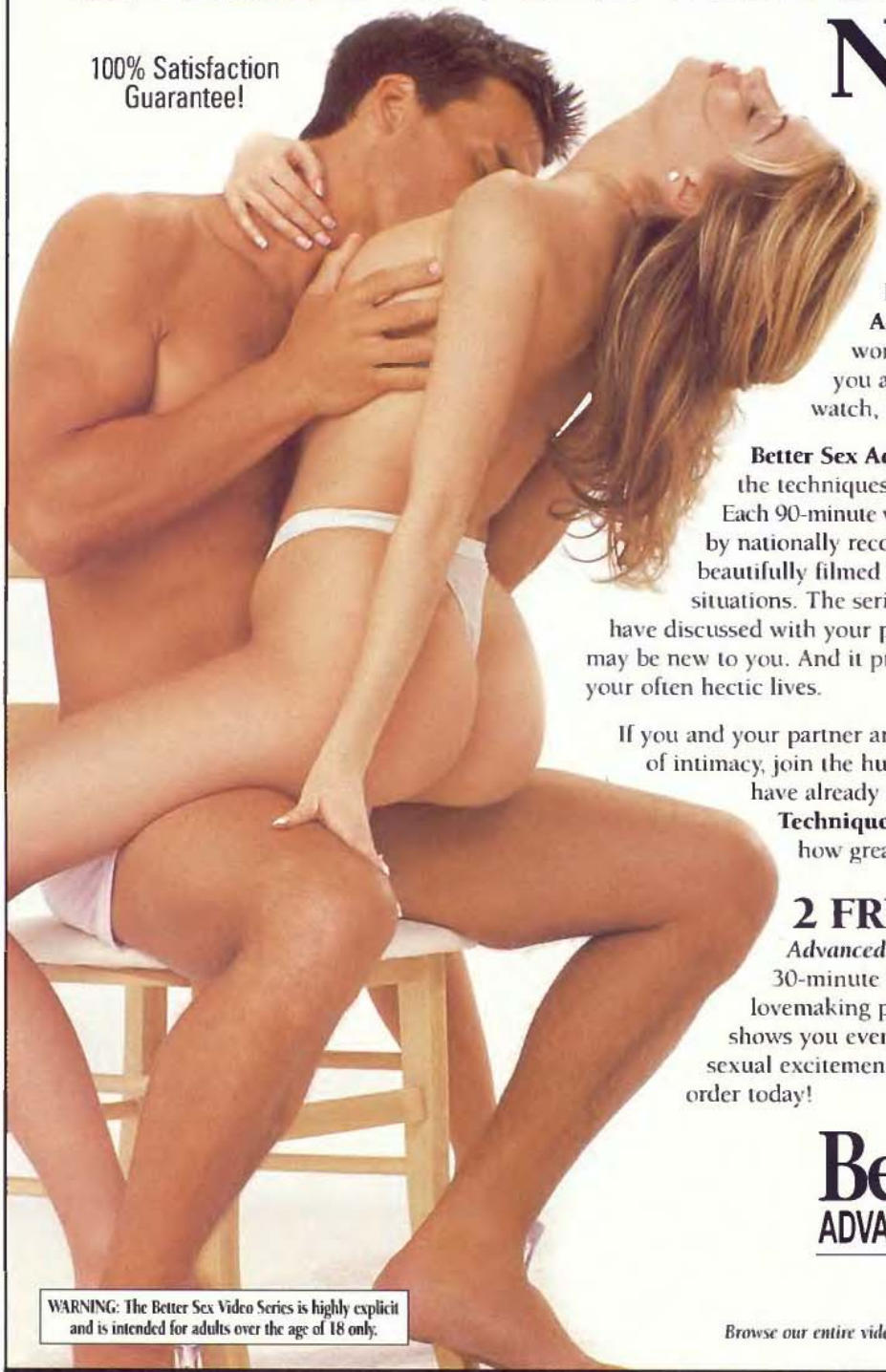

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LAND OF THE FREE?

What if everyone with a high-speed Internet connection were to put an antenna on the roof that would allow any wireless Net users within range to get online? You could roam around town with your laptop or PDA constantly connected to the Internet at high speed, for free. Projects like this are under way in dozens of cities (including Austin, Houston, New York and Seattle) as part of a movement to create a free high-speed wireless network. Participants are encouraged to hook up their DSL, cable or other Net feeds to $100 wireless base stations and booster antennas so other users can access the connection. The equipment for building an antenna isn't that expensive. The activist website Seattle Wireless.net has a link to instructions on how to make an antenna out of a Pringles can and $10 worth of parts. Not surprisingly, this free Net movement doesn't thrill telecom companies. They have spent billions setting up their services and are salivating over the money they'll make from wireless access fees. Deutsche Telekom's T-Mobile Wireless has already established access points in airports, hotels, restaurants and Starbucks nationwide, charging a hefty per-minute fee for a wireless connection. With stakes this high, the free Net revolution probably won't last. AOL Time Warner's Road Runner cable service already has a clause in its user agreement that prohibits sharing your Internet connection. Others are sure to follow. —LAZLOW

PIXEL SHARPENER

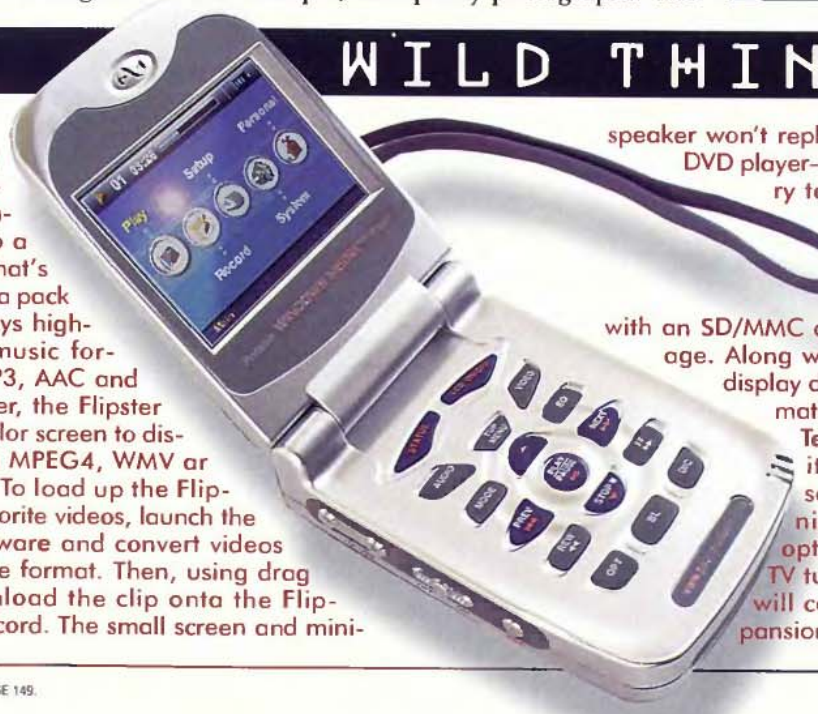
Don't get too attached to your digital camera. A new technology called X3 is poised to make the current digital shooters—and possibly even 35mm cameras—obsolete. Developed by Foveon of Santa Clara, California, X3 is a next-generation image sensor with film-quality photographic capabilities. Here's how it works: Today's cameras have a single layer of photodetectors, with color filters applied in a mosaic pattern. Each filter allows only one color through to a pixel and discards the remaining colors. A processor inside the camera then attempts to interpolate the colors the filters missed. The process causes loss of image detail, which is the main reason digital cameras have yet to eclipse 35mm models. The X3 technology, by comparison, uses three separate layers of photodetectors embedded in a silicon chip. Each layer of the sensor captures a different color and delivers red, green and blue light to every pixel. That means sharper, film-quality photographs. The X3 also eliminates the need for processing, which reduces time between shots and simplifies the hardware design. The first X3 camera, Sigma's 3.5 megapixel SD9, is expensive, approximately $2500. But lower-priced ($300 to $400) models, based on a less-powerful X3 sensor, ought to arrive in time for Christmas. There's even talk of a hybrid X3-based camera and camcorder. —BETH TOMKIW

GAME OF THE MONTH

Inexperienced gamers got o painful lesson when they tried their honds at the original Counter-Strike. Designed to be played online against other players, the game is incredibly popular, which virtually guaranteed that novices would be gunned down before they had finished fumbling with their keyboards. For the sequel, **Counter-Strike: Condition Zero,** developers have added three single-player modes. Use these episodes to familiarize yourself with the game's new guns (including an M60 and LAW rocket launcher) and you might stand a chance in the updated multiplayer modes. —JASON BUHRMESTER

WILD THING

Pogo Products' Flipster ($400) packs digital audio and video entertainment into a portable device that's about the size of a pack of smokes. It plays high-quality digital music formats such as MP3, AAC and WMA. Even better, the Flipster uses a 2"x1.5" color screen to display full-motion MPEG4, WMV or ASF video clips. To load up the Flipster with your favorite videos, launch the bundled PC software and convert videos into a compatible format. Then, using drag and drop, download the clip onto the Flipster via the USB cord. The small screen and mini-speaker won't replace your laptop or portable DVD player—nor is there enough memory to show a full-length Hollywood film—but the device has 128 megs of internal memory (a 64MB version is also available) and comes with an SD/MMC card slot for additional storage. Along with movies, the Flipster can display digital pictures in various formats and can play games (a fun Tetris clone is included), plus it has a voice recorder and scaled-down personal organizer. Pogo plans to release optional add-ons, including a TV tuner and digital camera that will connect to the Flipster's expansion slot. —MARC SALTZMAN



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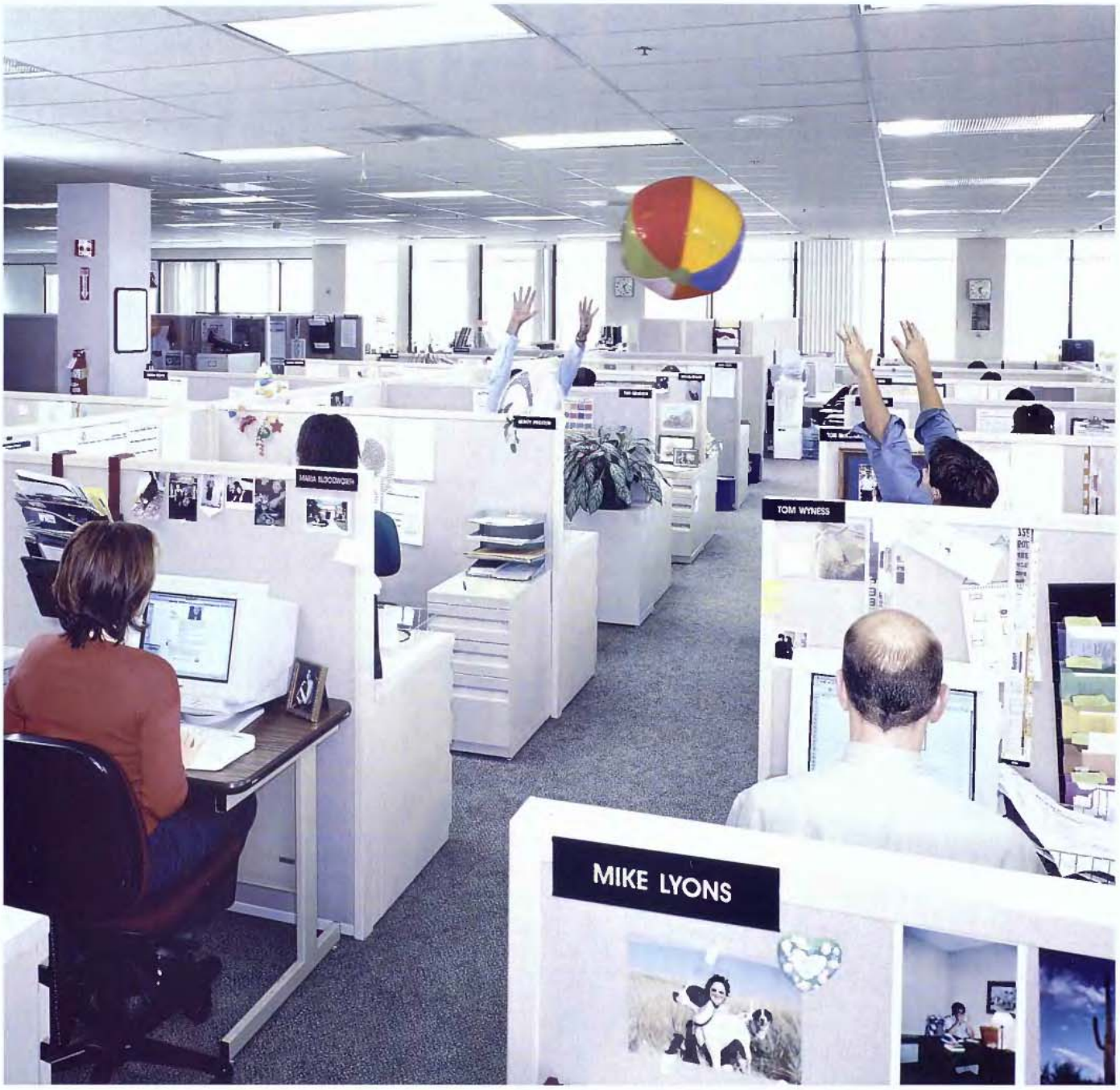
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By MARK FRAUENFELDER

EDGY E-CARDS

Taschen Books has made a name for itself publishing erotica, including bondage photography, vintage illustrations and cartoons of anatomical impossibilities. The Taschen website offers its complete catalog, along with plenty of sample photos. The e-card section (**taschen.com/pages/en/ecards/start**) features a small but wild assortment of images you can e-mail to open-minded friends. When my buddy became a new father, I sent him an e-card with a photograph of a young mother pinching milk out of her nipple for a happy baby sitting in her lap. He wrote back: "You have a way with pictures."

SAY GOODBYE TO INTERNET RADIO?

One of the great things about the web is the way it disregards geography. Radio stations, for instance, can pick up listeners only in range of their transmitters. Those same stations, however, can stream their broadcasts over the web, making it possible for anyone in the world to listen. But now the Digital Millennium Copyright Act (an awful law) requires radio stations that play music over the web to pay exorbitant royalties of 0.14 of a cent per song, per listener. For small stations (which already pay Ascap and BMI fees to the authors of the songs), the cost adds up fast. If a web station plays 360 songs a day to 5000 listeners, that's $2520, which is typically more than the station's gross revenue. The royalties are retroactive to 1998. Visit Save Internet Radio at **saveinternetradio.org** and learn how you can petition to amend the law.

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL WORLD

You've seen satellite photographs of the earth, but did you know that a computer usually generates the colors in them? Wait until you see the true-color photographs taken from NASA's Terra satellite, which floats 420 miles above our planet. NASA has compiled gorgeous, detailed images into a mosaic called the Blue Marble (**earthobservatory.nasa.gov/Newsroom/BlueMarble/**), which maps every square kilometer of earth. You'll gain a new appreciation for our gemlike planet.

WARP-SPEED WAREHOUSE

I'm through with bricks-and-mortar computer stores because I've had nothing but great experiences ordering computer equipment from Micro Warehouse (**warehouse.com**). I haven't found another site with better prices, and if you order something by 11 P.M., EDT, you'll get it the next day, usually before noon. I recently bought a new iMac and got a free 256-megabyte upgrade and a free color printer. I was able to track the progress of my computer as it moved across the country to my door. It arrived in perfect condition.

DIGITAL PHOTO PROCESSING

Kodak failed to enter digital photography early, and now it's playing catch-up. While personal color printers do a decent job, it's not hard to tell the difference between a print produced on an inkjet printer and one developed by a traditional processing lab. Kodak hopes people will get their digital photos processed at **ofoto.com**, an online printmaking service. I gave ofoto.com a test by downloading the free software on the site and loading the application with some high-resolution photographs I took. The Ofoto application allows basic editing functions like cropping, rotating and correcting for red-eye. Once I worked over the images, I hit the upload button and selected the prints I wanted. A 4x6 print costs 49 cents, a 5x7 costs 99 cents and a sheet of four wallet-size photos is $1.79. (You can order prints up to 20x30 inches.) Postage and handling came to $1.49, and my total was just $7.77. The prints arrived a few days later, on glossy Kodak paper, and they looked terrific—as good as photos from my film camera, a Canon. Ofoto has given new life to my digital camera. Perhaps it will do the same for Kodak.

THE GREAT YAHOO OPT-OUT

Have you signed up for a Yahoo Groups membership? If so, you probably elected not to allow Yahoo to share your name with third-party advertisers. Well, guess what? In March, the cash-desperate company switched everyone's account to the "send me spam" option. If you don't want junk mail, you'll have to go to **groups.yahoo.com** and sign in. Then click on "Account Info," which brings up your "Yahoo ID Card." Click on "Edit your marketing preferences," where you have to change every "yes" to a "no" and then click on "save changes." There's no telling when Yahoo will switch you back to the "spam me" option, so check your preferences frequently.

QUICK HITS

See the dark side of eBay: **disturbingauctions.com**. . . . Enjoy this photo gallery of busted smugglers at **www.customs.ustreas.gov/photo/smugshrt.htm.**

books

EASY DOES IT

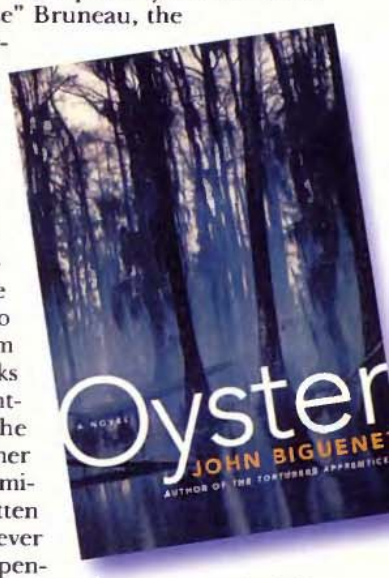
Detective series often are locked into specific periods. Walter Mosley's Easy Rawlins is something of a time traveler—we've watched this World War II vet move through the decades. In ***Bad Boy Brawly Brown*** (Little, Brown), he appears in Los Angeles at the start of the Sixties. A friend asks him to check on the whereabouts of his stepson—the title character—who has fallen in with a group of radicals. Mosley's plot touches on black pride, red squads and police assassinations, informers, bank robbers, incest, murders and the first bloom of radical chic. These days we tend to remember the Black Panthers as they're depicted on dorm posters, but Mosley provides a more subtle, informed perspective. Before they were cultural icons, they were community activists—and con men. Rawlins visits storefronts, churches, bars and police stations as he tries to rescue a young man who is in over his head. Mistaken for a police spy, Easy makes no friends in the new movement. The situation at home is compelling, too—his son wants to drop out of high school and his lover may be only temporary. Simple struggles such as these make for powerful reading.

ERIC STRENGER

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

SWAMP SEX

Oyster (Ecco), by O. Henry Award–winning short-story writer John Biguenet, tells the tale of two rival oyster families along the Louisiana coast in 1957. Desperately in debt to 52-year-old widower Darryl "Horse" Bruneau, the Petitjeans agree to let him marry their 18-year-old daughter, Therese. Angered and repulsed by the arrangement, the resourceful young woman preempts wedding plans by disposing of her would-be husband in a riveting seduction-murder. Believing that Therese's brother, Alton, is responsible for their father's death, the two oldest Bruneau brothers kill him while their younger brother looks on. These gripping scenes front-load the plot, but the pace of the novel slows when Therese's mother relates the history behind the family feud. Despite wonderfully written passages and scenes, the book never recovers the raw power of the opening section. At times, Biguenet's style and texture evoke William Faulkner, and the story has the fateful feel of a Greek tragedy. Given that this is a first novel, its uneven stride doesn't detract from a rich gumbo of incest and longing that simmers with tension.

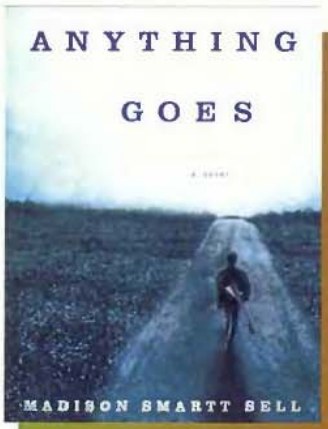


—PAUL ENGLEMAN

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Vintage movie posters are worth a bundle. An original *Dracula* or *Frankenstein* poster could fetch $80,000. But if Hollywood is too mainstream for you, get Jacques Boyreau's ***Trash: The Graphic Genius of Xploitation Movie Posters*** (Chronicle). Weird lowbrow films include *Killer Force* with O.J. Simpson and Telly Savalas, the three-dimensional *Stewardesses* and *Shaft in Africa* ("the Brother Man in the Motherland!"). How valuable are these posters? In laughs alone, they're priceless.

—HELEN FRANGOULIS



SINGING THE BLUES

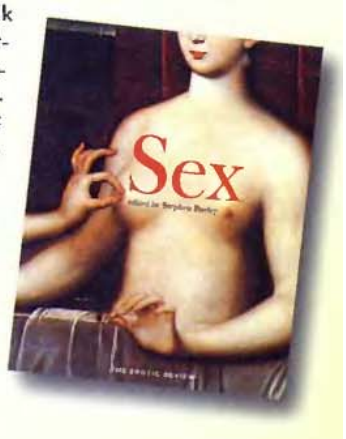
In Madison Smortt Bell's latest novel, ***Anything Goes*** (Pantheon), the titular blues bond is on a yearlong tour. The main chorocter, a 20-year-old guitarist, is running from a dysfunctional childhood. In the spirit of rock and roll, the band's partying doesn't stop them from trying to become famous and love women. Bell does a fine job putting a human face on the rock scene. This is a germ-free way to experience life on the road without actually having to learn how to play an instrument.

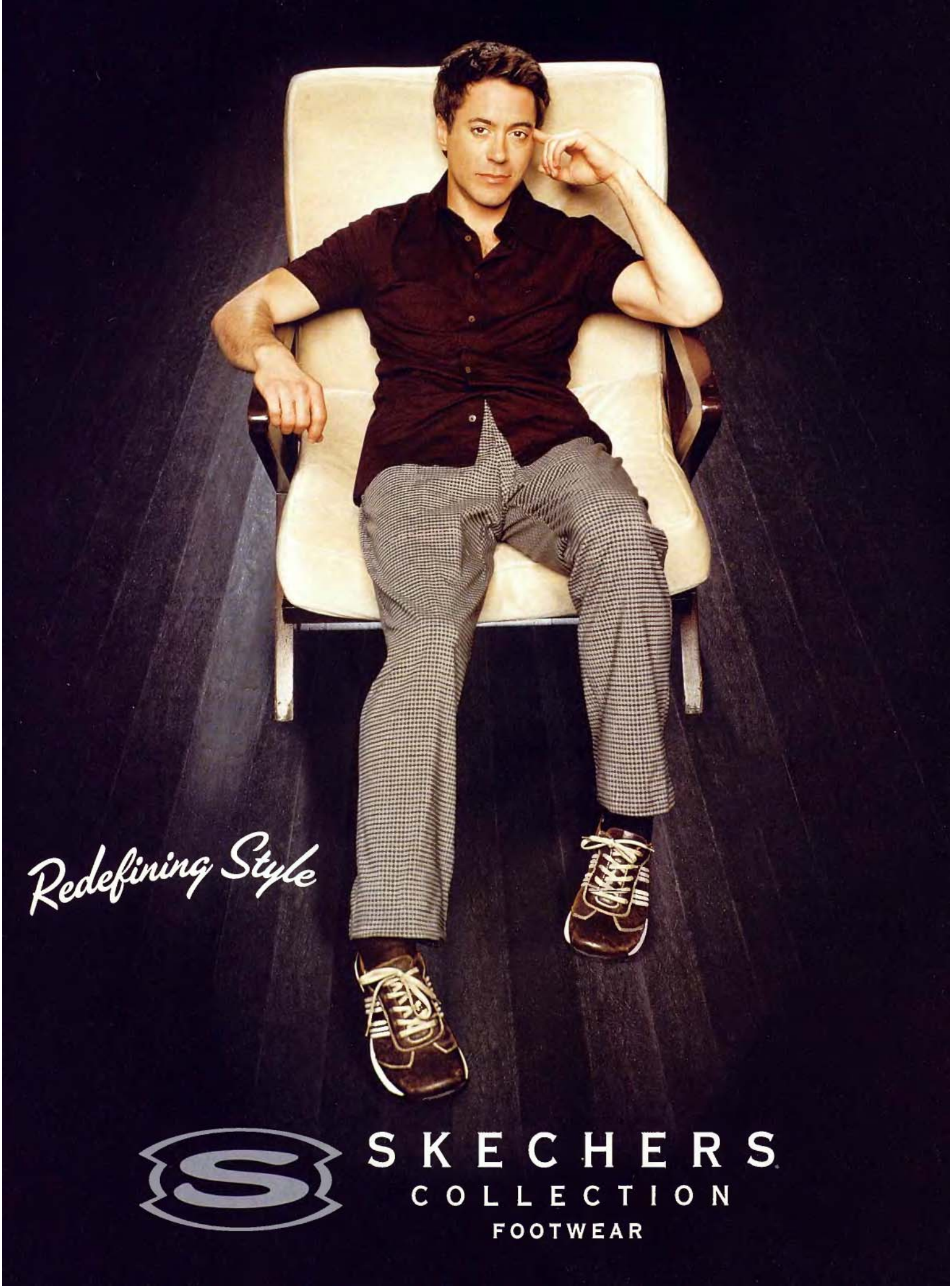
—PATTY LAMBERTI

IT'S A PLEASURE

Sex (Sterling) is a thinking man's guide to erotica. Along with more than 250 rare illustrotions—including a fascinating Japanese print of a voginal inspection pointed on a silk scroll and a creepy mid–19th century Persian pointing of a foursome—editor Stephen Boyley delights in shoring the little-known facts about the evolution of getting it on. Did you know that the first printed use of the word fuck was in Scottish poet Williom Dunbor's A Bout of Wooing in 1503? Among the book's most captivating chapters are "The Sin of Virginity: Sex and the Bible" and the highly contentious thesis: "Asian Sensuality: Why East Beats West When It Comes to Sex."

—ALISON PRATO




Redefining Style
SKECHERS
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A DAY IN THE LIFE

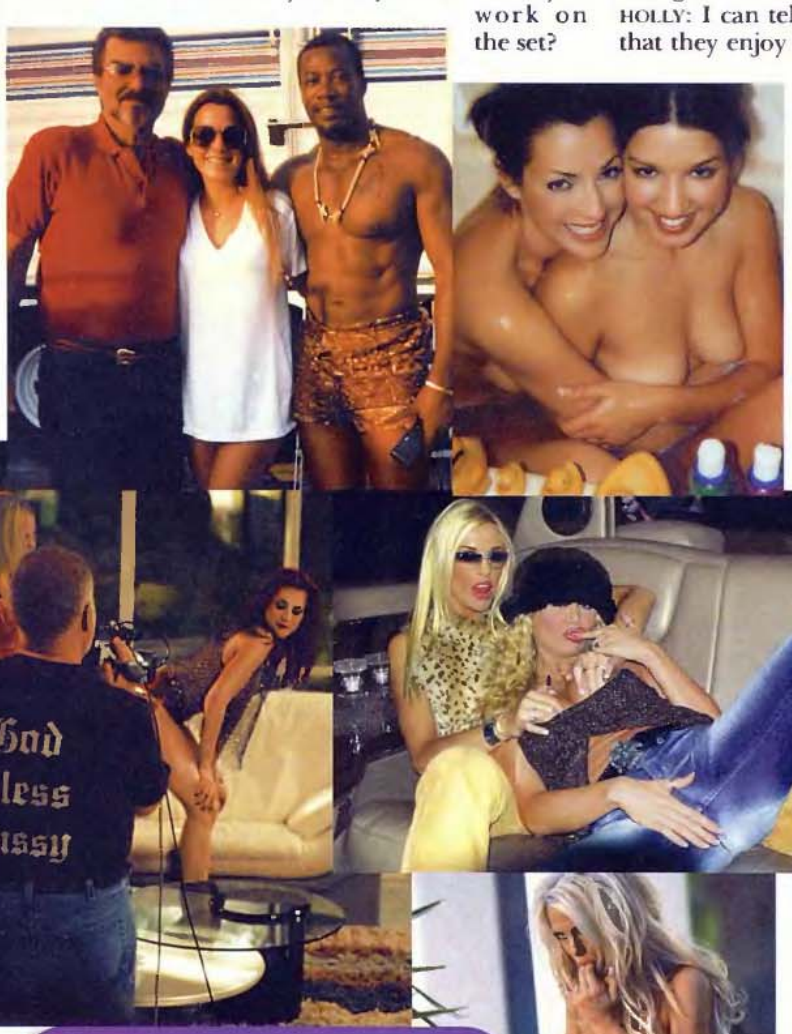
Ever wonder what adult stars do when the camera isn't rolling? Are they able to have relationships? Raise families? Does sex lose its appeal, or does it get hotter? What is considered infidelity when sex is your job? These and other personal issues are explored on Playboy TV shows such as *Adult Stars Close Up* (Tuesdays, 10 P.M. EDT), a peek into the home lives of your favorite porn stars, and *Sex Under Hot Lights* (check playboytv.com for airtimes), which goes behind the scenes on adult movie sets. We caught up with two starlets at different stages in their careers and asked them about life in the industry. Holly Hollywood is a 27-year-old Playboy TV vet who has done lots of girl–girl scenes in adult movies and appeared in the mainstream *Boogie Nights*. Holly and her boyfriend have a young daughter. Tawny Roberts, 23, got into the business just months ago with the intention of filming only with her boyfriend, Rick. Now she has a successful porn career.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into the industry?

HOLLY: Actually, I started out doing mild nudity and modeling. I used to say, "There is no way I would ever spread my legs in front of a camera!" That changed when I gave birth and everything was wide open for the doctors to see. I don't know what my hang-up was. I work only with women—I don't want to jeopardize my relationship with my daughter's father. He still gets jealous of me and the girls I'm with. He'll say, "Look at all the pussy you got this week!"

TAWNY: A friend wanted to do a girl–girl scene with me. I had never been with a girl and didn't know if I could do it. She introduced me to people in the industry and we did the scene. It was exciting, and I felt comfortable because I knew her. My boyfriend and I started doing movies together. Eventually, I signed a contract and now I'm doing movies with other guys, which I never thought would happen. We are close with other couples in the business who have good relationships. Rick knows that in order for me to become a famous porn star I have to work with other guys.

PLAYBOY: Do your boyfriends watch you work on the set?



Clockwise from top left: *Boogie Nights* extra Holly Hollywood with Burt Reynolds and a friend; Holly (left) comes clean with real-life pal Ann Marie; Tawny Roberts (left) stretches out with her friend Renee LoRue; Tawny gets intimate for *Adult Stars Close Up*; Holly positions herself on the set of *Decadent Divas 16*.

TAWNY: We have sex more at home now, whereas we used to do it more on the set. My boyfriend and I have grown closer. It's given me confidence.

PLAYBOY: How do you pick your co-stars?

HOLLY: It has a lot to do with attitude. I once had a threesome with two girls. One was new to the business, but she wasn't as pretty as the other one, who was a total bitch. I went at it with the new girl and it was a hot scene. I didn't make the other girl feel welcome because she was ranting about what a dog the new girl was. I was like, "Screw you!"

TAWNY: I picked Evan Stone for my first girl–guy scene aside from Rick, but I don't know many guys in the industry.

PLAYBOY: How much of a porn scene is acting and how much is a turn-on?

HOLLY: I can tell by the way girls moan that they enjoy it. When I'm working, I aim to please. When the camera's off, I'm still going at it. I love eating pussy. I could do it for hours. Basically, you pull back on the pubic hair and the clit pops out. You suck on it until she's squirting all over your face.

TAWNY: It depends on who's directing. Some directors let you go at it and have fun. Others say, "Do this position for 10 minutes, then do this." It's more fun to go crazy.

PLAYBOY: Holly, how did having a baby affect your career?

HOLLY: I took up dancing to get back in shape. Breast-feeding helped—my tits were so huge! I sometimes sprung leaks during lap dances. Guys loved it. Breast milk is sweet. I put it in my boyfriend's coffee.

PLAYBOY: Tawny, when you were on *Sex Under Hot Lights*, Rick had problems getting an erection on camera. Was that frustrating?

TAWNY: He was totally pissed—he wouldn't talk to me—and I was pissed at him for not getting hard. It's frustrating to give head for an hour. It's like, this isn't fun!

PLAYBOY: Overall, have you enjoyed working in the business?

HOLLY: I've had a good experience, but there are some bad apples. If the girl has control of a scene, she'll be OK. I plan to buy a house by the time I'm 30.

TAWNY: Yes. I want to win an *Adult Video News* award. I work once or twice a week and make about $8000 per movie. It beats working retail!

THE DISH ON DRESS

Ask a guy whether you should bet over or under on the Cowboys–Giants game, and he'll fire back an answer at the speed of light. But ask him if women prefer men with short or long hair, and he'll look more confused than Troy Aikman after a crack on the Astroturf. When it comes to questions of style, most men come up clueless. To help you out, Playboy.com went to the source: our savvy and uninhibited Playmates. The result is Playmates Prefer, an online series that gets men out the door looking, well, beddable. Wondering how much Givenchy to spritz on before a date? "You shouldn't smell a guy before he enters the room," advises Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens. "I like cologne that is subtle." What about wearing clothes that show off your buff bod? Cara Wakelin, Miss November 1999, says to stick with things that fit. "Don't try to show off your muscles by wearing a shirt that's two sizes too small. Believe me, it's not going to impress any woman. Stick to a good suit for formal nights and faded jeans with a casual sweater or a T-shirt the rest of the time." And as Susie Owens, Miss March 1988, explains, knowing how to wear a suit can pay off in unexpected ways: "A man's suit looks good crumpled on the floor while you're having sex. I just love it when a stereotypical image is blown all to hell!" Want more Centerfold style tips? Take a look at the Playmates Prefer section at playboy.com/living instyle.

BREAKING NUDES

When Colorado stripper turned mayor Koleen Brooks (pictured below right) lost her office in a controversial recall vote, everyone from tabloid TV to *The New York Times* wanted the scandalous scoop. Playboy.com just wanted to know what she looks like out of her business suit. Days after the revote, Brooks flew to Chicago for a headline-grabbing nude Cyber Club photo shoot. "The voters who care about the real issues aren't going to think any less of me," Brooks said. "They'll put up my picture in their bathrooms." Playboy.com is always looking for the naked truth in national stories.

CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

Aubrie Lemon, 22. Birthplace: Santa Rosa, California. Discovered at a bikini contest on St. Croix. Self-described Renaissance woman. Typical day: work out, eat breakfast, run errands, study, play Minesweeper, rollerskate, make dinner with boyfriend, rent a movie. Musical talent: plays the harp. Next big purchase: a car with air-conditioning. Ideal romantic evening: "Just the two of us on a deserted beach." Career goal: "To ride the modeling train as long as I can." Family motto: "Our last name is Lemon, but we're sweet!" For more Aubrie, go to cyber.playboy.com.

Brooks' is just one of many exclusive pictorials that we have created from the day's headlines. Leilani Rios, a Cal State–Fullerton cross-country runner, revealed her track-toned body in the Playboy Cyber Club (and later on the pages of PLAYBOY) after her coach made

her choose between running and stripping. Fans of *Temptation Island* saw nude Cyber Club pictorials of two cast members, PLAYBOY model Lola Corwin and *College Girls* alum Dr. Alison Dietrich. And leggy WNBA draft pick Tamara Stocks stopped the presses with photos from her University of Florida *College Girls* shoot. We also published a pictorial with outspoken Miss Long Island winner Jill Nicolini, who relinquished her crown amid flak about posing for our *College Girls* Special Edition. To see more pictures, join the Playboy Cyber Club.

THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID

the best of playboy.com's women on the verge

"We're very hospitable. We cook, clean, entertain and make our beds. We're just like Pilgrims."—**Jaime Pressly, on Southern girls**

"Auditioning is terrible. You're thinking, I have to prove to these motherfuckers that I can act."—***Drea de Matteo***

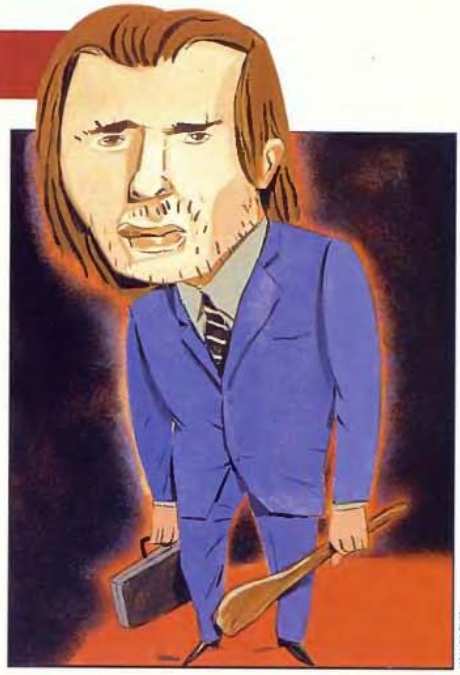
"People were asking me, 'How does it feel to be on an Eminem album in which he's screaming about killing women and gays?' It's like, 'Would you lighten up?' It made me feel for him. He must get asked these questions every second of his life."—**Dido**

"I don't take that 'you're so hot' stuff seriously. I'm one of the most flawed people. I wear black because I'm such a slob. This morning I broke the phone by falling on it."—**Angelina Jolie**

"I'm an artist, and people are going to love me or hate me no matter what I do. So I'm going to do whatever the fuck I want."—**Kelis**

"I'm hoping to get compared to them because then I can trick the little kiddies into buying my CD."—**Nelly Furtado, on Christina Aguilera and Britney Spears**

By ASA BABER



ME CAVEMAN, YOU CAVEMAN

WHAT CONSTITUTES our male genetic inheritance, and how does that inheritance contribute to the ways men behave or misbehave today? I encountered some ideas about that subject based on new genetic research recently, and they're worth examining.

It turns out that the so-called modern man (you and me) may not be as genetically advanced as some folks want to believe. Indeed, the phrase "me caveman, you caveman" still holds some truth, because we come by our primeval tendencies naturally. They were handed down to us through our numerous forebears, starting more than half a million years ago, and it appears that our genetic links with our distant ancestors may be stronger than previously thought. Consider a couple of examples of contemporary men with primordial connections:

In the movie *Mystery, Alaska* a young hockey player who is also a small-town rogue tries to explain to his coach why he slept with the mayor's wife. "I don't really think about anything," he admits when asked about his behavior. "I play hockey and I fornicate because they're the two most fun things to do in cold weather."

And in a recent conversation I had with a friend of mine, we speculated about our lives and why we are such scoundrels. He summarized his psychological set this way: "I can't help it. There are days when I look at every man on the street and want to fight him, and I look at every woman on the street and want to fuck her. That's just the way it is."

These two quotes capture the way that most guys secretly feel about their crude, basic inner compulsions. Frequently tempted to stray sexually, often mired in pugnacity, looking for trouble wherever they can find it, the majority of supposedly modern men are driven and ambitious people—fighters and fuckers and competitors—from an early age. In their hearts and minds, they dwell where the wild things are, just as if they were hunters and warriors from tribes past. Today's males are often criticized for their baser instincts, but they didn't simply purchase those instincts in some supermarket. Their instincts have been bred into them over the millennia and passed down from generation to generation—and from several species.

That's the big news here: Evidence suggests we are the inheritors of genes from several groups, not just Homo sapiens who migrated out of Africa and interbred in Europe and western Asia between 100,000 and 600,000 years ago. Previously, it was thought they shunned intercourse with the foreigners they ran into (like the Neanderthals)—and supposedly isolated those same Neanderthals and drove them into extinction, never sharing intimacies with them, allowing no traces of their genes to contaminate the "out of Africa" gene pool.

However, some scientists have challenged that simplistic vision. They suggest that the genes of species like the Neanderthals commingled with other species and exist in us today. If true, that explains a lot about our behavior. To quote Alan Templeton, a biologist at Washington University who published an article last March about this subject in the journal *Nature*: "Human populations in Africa and Eurasia have not been genetically isolated from one another, but rather have been interchanging genes for at least 600,000 years."

What does Templeton mean? To put it bluntly, I think he means that during their migrations out of Africa, our ancestors were continually interbreeding with the Neanderthals, not exiling them, but absorbing them. In other words, a lot of wild-ass fucking was going on between various species in the past 60,000-plus decades. You and I are products of that activity.

"You part-Neanderthal, me part-Neanderthal" seems to be an inevitable fact, given what Templeton politely calls "the ubiquity of genetic interchange" between modern and less modern populations. Males of many species throughout history were born to spread their seed wherever it appealed to them, and there were many Neanderthal females who looked fine for that purpose. Eventually, there was enough genetic interchange to allow all humanity to evolve into a single species. But, Templeton says, "the notion that there was not sharing of a single gene between the modern and nonmodern members of the species doesn't make a lot of sense."

Here is a scenario that makes sense: You are a member of a tribe moving from Africa into Europe in search of water and better soil. On your trek into your new continent, you often see Neanderthal-style creatures hovering near your campfires. They seem semihuman, and they interest you. But your mother tells you to stay away from that kind of riffraff, primarily because their females are immoral and highly sexed.

One day you are confronted with Miss Neanderthal of 300,000 B.C. She ambushes you near the pine forest at dusk, and you stand transfixed in front of her. Sure, she looks a little kinky, with her sloping forehead and short legs, but she's got great tits and a gleam in her eye and she beckons to you with a childlike quality that mixes sexily with a certain fundamental barbarism. As Miss Neanderthal signals, you have two conflicting thoughts: She pretty. She make me feel funny. I want. I like, you say to yourself. Then you remember Mom: But Mommy say Neanderthal chicks bad. Me not supposed to touch them. Me supposed to keep my dork under my bearskin and keep my gene pool pure.

Which of these options are you going to choose? Will you run away from Miss Neanderthal to preserve your undefiled bloodline—or will you take out your throbbing weenie and insert it into all the glistening orifices offered by Miss Neanderthal as often as possible? Gosh, let me guess.

Call me crazy if you want, but this recent research into our origins is some of the best news I have heard in my lifetime. If Templeton's theories about our complex journey into single species status are proved sound, the following two things might happen someday:

(1) It might finally be acknowledged that all human beings are mongrels, genetically speaking. All of us come from mixed and confused parentage. No person today possesses an unadulterated bloodline that guarantees him or her purebred credentials. Not even the racists and fascists among us.

(2) Men might finally forgive themselves for their aggressive instincts and better understand the forces that propel them into so many violent and destructive situations. And with that forgiveness and understanding, they might be able to better control themselves, since being forewarned can also mean being forearmed. What say you, caveman?

"A LITTLE BLING BLING FOR YOUR TING TING!"

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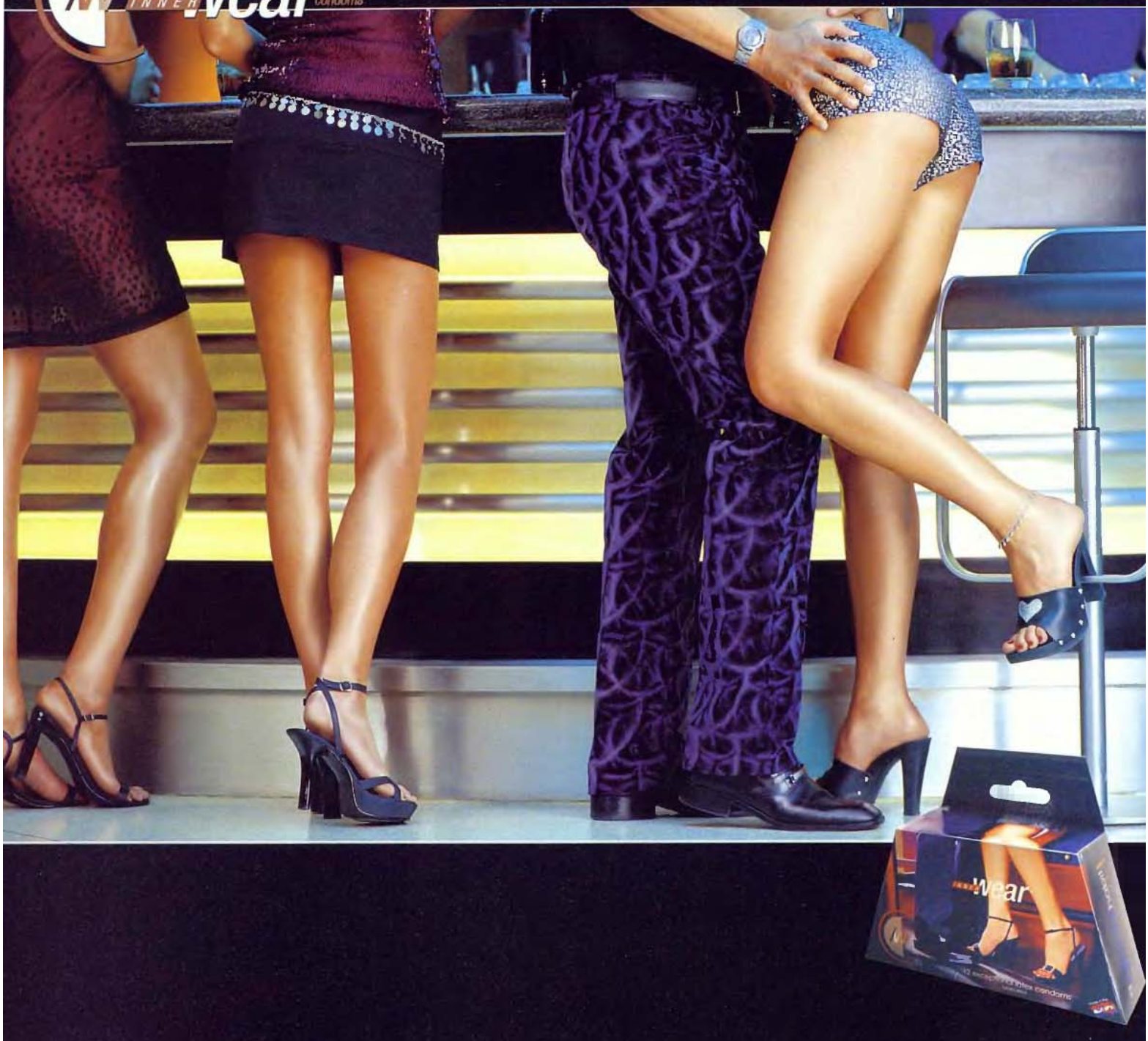

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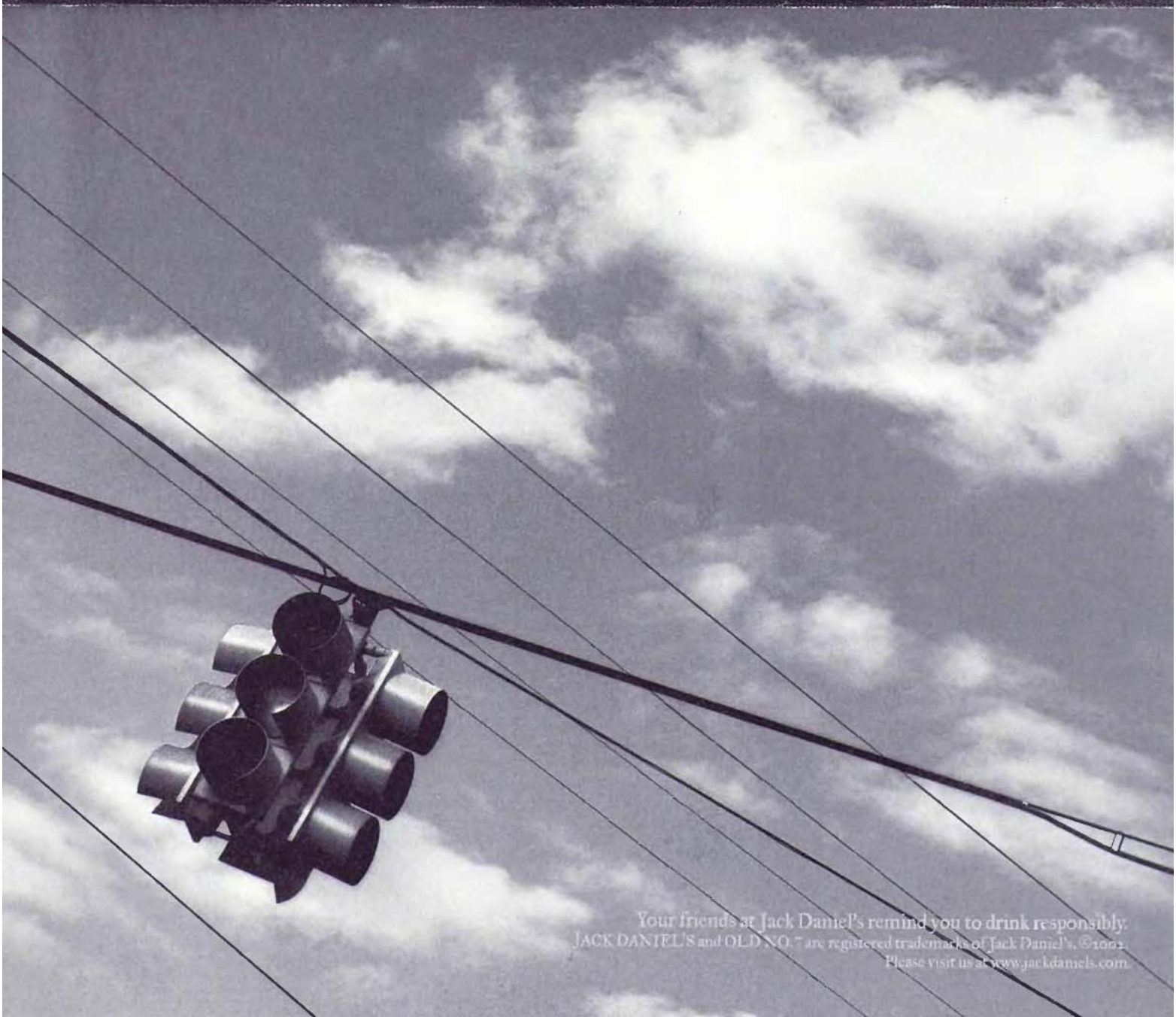

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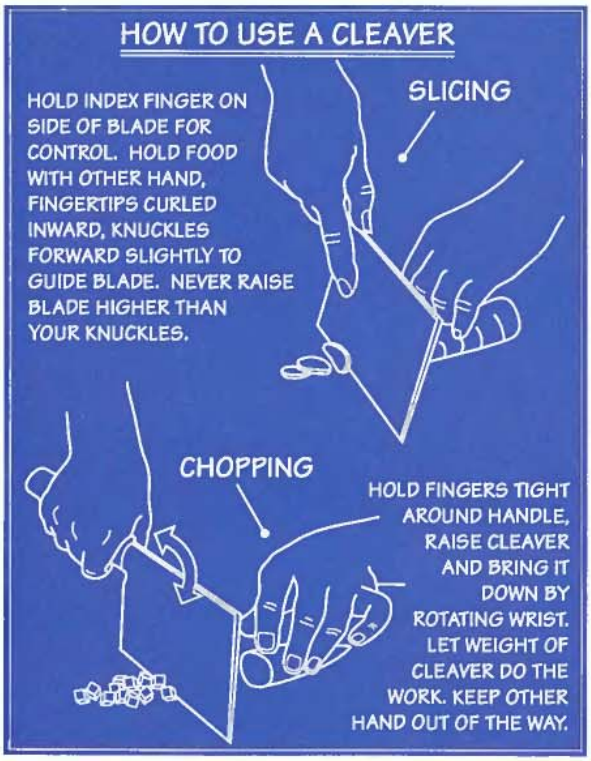
MANTRACK hey...it's personal

Lamborghini Scores a Bull's-Eye

It's called the Murciélago, after a courageous 19th century fighting bull whose progeny continue to challenge matadors. No wonder Lamborghini chose it as the name for its newest sports coupe—a raging bull of a car with a 580-horsepower V12 engine, a six-speed gearbox and gull-wing doors. Time your shifts properly, and you'll see 62 miles per hour in 3.8 seconds. Lamborghini claims the Murciélago can exceed 205 mph. Reach that speed and the car's four-wheel-drive system and electronically controlled rear spoiler will be welcome features. The interior? Leather, of course, including the steering wheel. The price is a mere $273,000. A navigation system is optional.


HOW TO USE A CLEAVER
HOLD INDEX FINGER ON SIDE OF BLADE FOR CONTROL. HOLD FOOD WITH OTHER HAND, FINGERTIPS CURLED INWARD, KNUCKLES FORWARD SLIGHTLY TO GUIDE BLADE. NEVER RAISE BLADE HIGHER THAN YOUR KNUCKLES.
SLICING
CHOPPING
HOLD FINGERS TIGHT AROUND HANDLE, RAISE CLEAVER AND BRING IT DOWN BY ROTATING WRIST. LET WEIGHT OF CLEAVER DO THE WORK. KEEP OTHER HAND OUT OF THE WAY.

A Sundae Kind of Love

Malcolm X created sundaes while working as a soda jerk. GIs ate them on the battlefields in World War II. The first sundae was served in America in April 1892. Hold the cherries. You'll find everything you ever wanted to know about sundaes, including the best sundae parlors in the U.S., in Red Rock Press' *Month of Sundaes*. Author Michael Turback is a restaurateur who claims he eats a sundae every day and doesn't gain weight. He's also a marathoner. Just reading the ingredients in the book's 150 sundae recipes puts weight on most people. Price: $19.95, in bookstores.

MANTRACK

Let's Tea It Up

With names such as Bushmen's Brew, Monkey King and Golden Chai, Numi's newest line of teas and teasans (the company term for herbal "teas" with no oils or flavorings) sounds like something from *Tarzan of the Apes*. But the handcrafted bamboo box pictured here seems more evocative of a Somerset Maugham novel. Red Mellow Bush, a teasan derived from a South African red herb, is as rich in antioxidants as green tea. Dry Desert Lime is loaded with vitamin C. All taste great. Nine different teas (45 tea bags) housed in your choice of a birch- or mahogany-finished box costs $35 from joetogo.com. Smaller boxes that hold six tea bags are about $7.

Clothesline: Joe Rogan

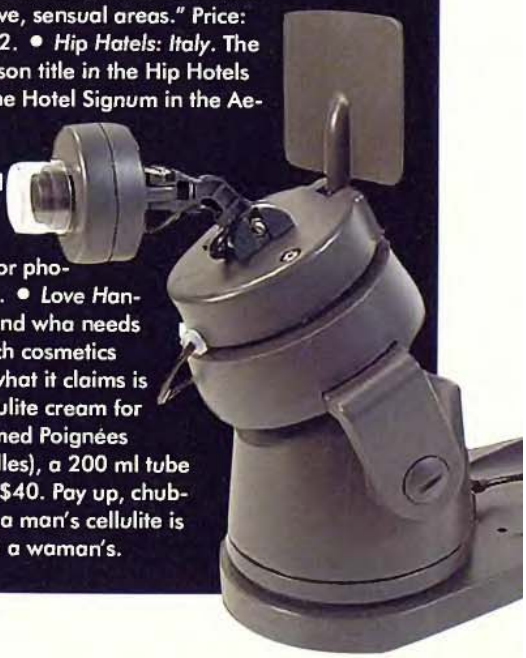
The host of NBC's hit show *Fear Factor* says his style is "anything I can kill and skin. Moose, bear—whatever's in my neck of the woods, and that includes vinyl and chain mail. I haven't killed any vinyl this year. It's been a tough season." Rogan wears jeans and T-shirts a lot but calls his personal style "kind of boring. If it looks good, I wear it. I got most of my clothes from the *NewsRadio* wardrobe department [Rogan was a regular on the former NBC sitcom]. After 90 episodes I have 90 sets of clothes, because I could never wear an outfit twice. I just kept all my stuff. No one cared—they had to buy it anyway. To me, dressing up is stupid. Whenever I have to wear a tuxedo, I feel like I'm in mega-full-of-shit mode."

Keep It Quiet

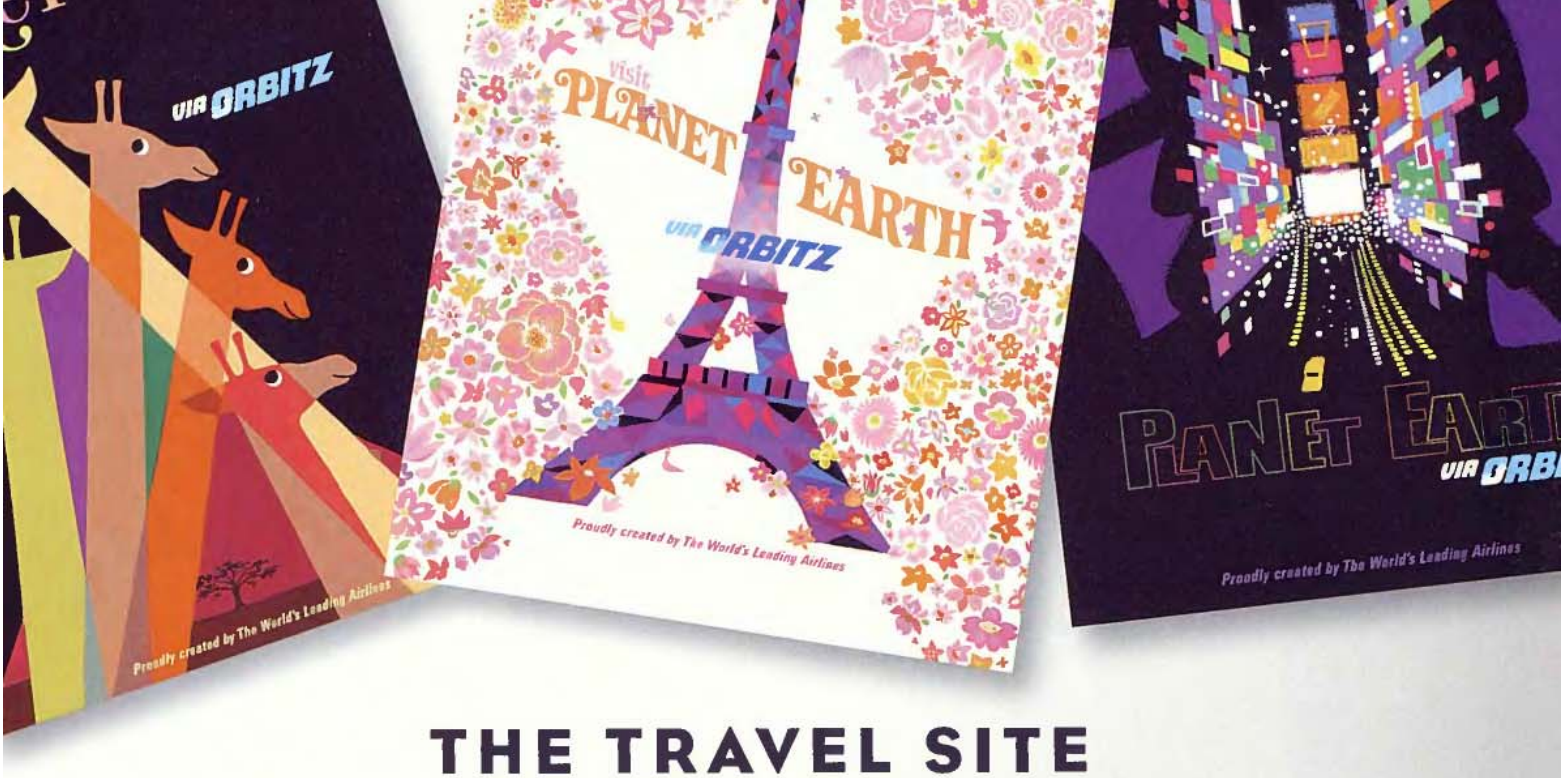
The notion of paddling a kayak up a lazy river for a secluded picnic and love in the afternoon sounds wonderful. But to get down to business faster, try a PowerKak, the world's first gas-powered prop-jet propulsion kayak. Its motor is a Honda 1.5 hp four-stroke model that will propel the craft to speeds up to 7 mph, depending on weight load and wind and water conditions. (The motor shuts off if the kayak rolls over.) Several types of two-person kayaks are available for about $2500. For more information, go to powerkak.com.

Guys Are Talking About...

Surveillance stuff. X10 Wireless Technology's Ninja Pan 'n Tilt Camera Kit, pictured here, includes an XCam2 wireless color video camera with a built-in transmitter and micraphane that operate on multiple technolagies, including hame electrical systems, infrared and the Internet. Yau can run, but you can't hide. The price for a kit with the XCam2, power supplies, wireless transmitter, PC receiver, USB video capture adapter and software is abaut $260. • *Her Pleasure.* That's the name of a new lubricated condom fram Trajan that's designed to enhance a woman's sexual satisfactian. The secret is a design af raised rings near the condom's open end that "stimulate a woman's most sensitive, sensual areas." Price: abaut $9 for a box af 12. • *Hip Hatels: Italy.* The latest Thames and Hudson title in the Hip Hotels series takes you from the Hotel Signum in the Aealian Isles to Venice's Palazzo Vendramin, with stops on Capri and in Rome, Florence, Milan and Naples. Price: $29.95. The baok's calor photos will get yau packing. • *Love Handles.* On you, not her, and wha needs them? Nickel, the French cosmetics company, has created what it claims is the world's first anticellulite cream for men. Appropriately named Poignées D'Amour (or Love Handles), a 200 ml tube will set you back about $40. Pay up, chubbies. Nickel claims that a man's cellulite is easier to eliminate than a waman's.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.



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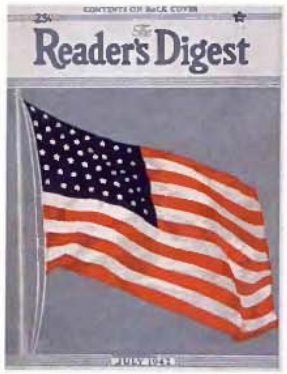

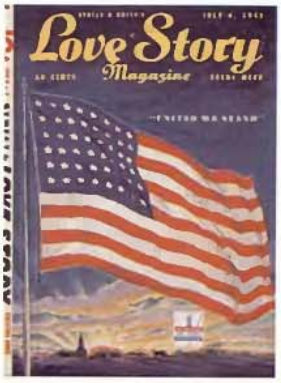

JULY 1942

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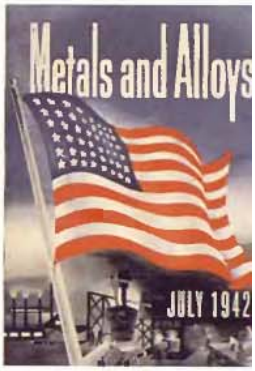

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The Playboy Advisor

My friends and I were the last guests at a party. Everyone was a little drunk. Someone posed a question to the group: "What's the oddest thing you've masturbated to?" One girl said NFL football, a guy said receptionists (not a particular receptionist, but the idea) and another guy said women who smoke calabash-type pipes. All of these answers passed without comment. Then I said, "Cartoon women"—notably Holli Would from the movie *Cool World*, Julia Chang from the video game Tekken 3 and Rogue from X-Men comics. My friends all laughed hysterically. Am I as fucked up as they claim?—S.J., New Orleans, Louisiana

You're taking grief from those weirdos?

A woman who has worked for me for 12 years is having an affair with a service technician who visits my shop. Her husband also works for me. I am concerned that if or when she is caught, she and her husband will both quit, which will be bad for my business. I've become involved to the point where I schedule the husband's business trips to coincide with when his wife is over her period so she and the tech can more easily have sex. My questions are: (1) Do you have any statistics that report the outcomes of these situations? (2) Should I be this involved? I am a married man who several years ago also had an affair with this woman, but it ended without anyone knowing.—C.F., Seattle, Washington

Not only did you step in it, you jumped up and down. Unless the woman or the tech call it quits, this is going to end badly. Do your best to distance yourself; if she wants to cheat, make her work at it like everyone else. When it all goes to hell (and our statistical analysis shows it will), hire the technician to replace the husband. Or is he married, too?

In May a reader wrote to ask why his girlfriend felt numbness in her hands following orgasm. The Advisor said this occurred because the blood was needed in her genitals. As a physician, let me set the record straight. This numbing is caused not by diversion of blood but by hyperventilation, which is well known to be associated with sexual activity and orgasms. In fact, hyperventilation can cause carpopedal spasm (numbness and tingling in the fingers and toes) and circumoral paresthesia (numbness and tingling around the lips). These are caused by overbreathing, blowing off too much CO_2 and altering your acid-base balance. Early in our relationship, my girlfriend noted that her fingers and toes felt numb after sex. I asked if her lips also felt numb. She said they did but

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

that she had attributed it to the vigorous blow jobs she gives me. Another time she fainted after orgasm. Being a multiorgasmic woman may carry unexpected medical risks and dating one requires vigilance and preparation.—S.F., New York, New York

Thanks for the clarification. We'll add a paper bag to our erotic tool kit.

I copy my music CDs to use at work and in the car so I don't scratch my originals. Occasionally I hear a rhythmic clicking noise. It only happens with certain copies. Is this a problem with my player or the CDs?—P.C., Alamosa, Colorado

The clicks are likely the result of anticopying technology. A growing number of CDs can't be played on CD or DVD computer drives or, if they can, they introduce distortions to copies. This has made many consumers unhappy. You can find a list of copy-protected CDs at fatchucks.com.

Whenever I'm talking to a girl, I run out of things to say 30 seconds into the conversation. The only thing I can think is, Say something, stupid. Help!—T.J., San Francisco, California

Relax. You don't have to convince a woman that you're her soul mate. Make eye contact, introduce yourself, then do what you do whenever you meet someone new—ask questions. Keep things light (How do you know the host? Seen any good movies? What do you do for a living?) and listen for common interests. Don't bail at the first awkward silence; compliment her shoes. If a woman wants a conversation to continue, she'll ask questions of you. If not, you'll pick up the vibe and excuse yourself.

Last week I came home earlier than expected and found my husband of four months naked on the living room floor with the stereo blaring. He was too involved to notice I was in the room. My husband is no contortionist, nor is he well endowed, but he was adeptly licking and sucking the head of his penis. I couldn't believe what I was seeing and finally yelled at him to let him know he had an audience. He told me that he had been doing it since high school, it isn't abnormal and most guys would do it if they were able. He swears that he has no homosexual tendencies. It seems kinky to me—and not necessarily in a good way. How common is this, and do I need to be as concerned as I am?—G.S., Columbus, Ohio

We assume you're less concerned with the masturbation than with the method. Autofellatio is uncommon but doesn't indicate anything except that your husband will always have a job in the porno circus. Sex researcher Alfred Kinsey found that two or three males out of a thousand could suck their own penises, with many others acknowledging that they had come up short. Completing the circle is a habit among chimpanzees, rhesus monkeys and other primates, prompting Kinsey to observe, "In his psychic drive, the human animal is more mammalian than even his anatomy allows him to be." We heard this month from a reader who said he had leaned over and licked his penis while his new girlfriend was giving him head. How's that for a freak-out? You have a special guy there. Don't let him roll away.

How hard would it be for someone to access my online chats? How about instant message conversations?—T.K., Tallahassee, Florida

Having second thoughts about that online dalliance? America Online, as an example, doesn't archive chats or instant messages. However, the only way to have a completely secure conversation is to talk to yourself. Either party can capture and save the exchange as it happens.

I broke up with a woman who was the most amazing lover I've ever had. Unfortunately, she was a head trip. She had been abused by her mother, abandoned by her father, sexually assaulted by her stepmother and raped by two men in her teens, plus she is addicted to alcohol, cocaine and painkillers. She is bipolar and has panic disorder. But she wanted sex daily—oral, anal, bondage, spanking, role playing, exhibitionism (she worked as an exotic dancer), dominance and submission. Because she is bisexual, she had a habit of bringing her girlfriends

home for me to screw while she licked my asshole or organized a tag-team blow job. She also had the uncanny ability to get gorgeous strangers in bars, malls and restaurants to show me their tits. Does a woman have to be completely fucked in the head to be such a godsend?—P.J., Arlington, Virginia

No. There are plenty of well-adjusted women who love crazy sex. They're just harder to find.

What is the purpose of those little caps on the valves of my tires?—L.W., Columbus, Ohio

They're designed to bounce under your car, out of reach. Many people believe that valve caps keep air from leaking out. What they actually do is keep grit and dirt from sneaking in. "If the cap has been missing and air is added, the dirt around and inside the valve stem will contaminate it," explains David Solomon of MotorMinute.com. "That can cause a slow leak, which adds wear to your tire. If you suspect a stem is leaking, put a little spit on the end and watch for a bubble. It takes a tire shop only a few minutes to replace it."

I have heard of women who want to remain virgins until they meet Mr. Right, but to keep their boyfriends happy, they agree to oral or anal sex. In my book, a woman who has done either of those things is no longer a virgin. What do you think, and what is the consensus on the topic?—C.E., Sarasota, Florida

Because a woman can define or defend her virginity as she chooses, this is essentially a parlor game. In one poll, 40 percent of 723 teenagers said they didn't consider oral sex to be a cherry buster; in another, 59 percent of 600 Midwestern college students said the same (although only 19 percent felt that way about anal). The older and wiser John Updike suggests that oral sex is more intimate than intercourse because you're fucking your partner's face. It's hard to argue that you don't lose some amount of innocence after having butt sex for the first time, no matter what your age or experience. Maybe what's needed is a new vocabulary: "I'm a radical virgin—never even touched myself," "I'm a vaginal virgin," "I'm an ana-vagi-virgin." There's also the notion that, at least biologically, any act that can't lead to offspring should be considered foreplay. We don't buy it, but it might get you laid.

When is it acceptable to wear leather pants?—D.M., Detroit, Michigan

When you're trying out for the Village People.

My wife of five years likes the clean-shaven look on her genitals. We've tried using a razor and shaving cream, but it causes razor burn and also makes her nervous. Nair doesn't irritate her skin as much but burns like a mother if any of it gets inside her. What is the trick that so many of your models use, or is that just the magic of airbrushing?—J.E., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Our models have professional help. Shaving your genitals is tricky business, and depilatories are always a bad idea. The poor man's method is to cut the hair close with a blunt-nosed scissors, apply a warm wet towel to soften the stubble, spread shaving cream and carefully stroke each area no more than twice—first with the grain and then against. Even if you're careful, she'll probably suffer some irritation. She also may have to shave at least daily, or the combination of sharp hairs growing back and sensitive skin will be unbearable as she walks around. You might want to upgrade to the $15 Ladyfair shaver to trim the hair to stubble and the $50 Seiko Cleancut to shave and for touch-ups. The battery-powered razors are imported from Hong Kong and Japan by Ian Mark, a pussy-shaving evangelist who sells them at 2sensualproducts.com or 210-696-2329.

In April you told a reader there wasn't much to be done to prevent yellow armpit stains on his shirts. That may be true, but white vinegar can get rid of them. Sponge it on or soak the stains for 30 minutes, then launder the shirts in the hottest water safe for the fabric.—B.M., Cedar Hill, Texas

Thanks for the tip. Another reader suggested pouring an equal mixture of laundry soap, bleach and dishwasher detergent (granules) into a hot-water wash, letting it dissolve and adding the shirts. After about three washes, she says, your whites will be white again. Or try a prewash scrubbing with a baking soda paste or a shampoo designed for oily hair.

This past March, PLAYBOY published interviews with various porn actresses. The first question to Brittany Andrews was whether porn had introduced her to anything she hadn't tried before. She answered, "Double fisting." I assume she meant having two fists inserted into her vagina (or anus?) at the same time. Is that safe? Is it widely practiced?—J.C., Minneapolis, Minnesota

Widely is the only way it's practiced. A vagina can expand enough to accommodate a newborn, so a fist, or even two, is possible if a woman is sufficiently wet and relaxed. A supply of lube and latex gloves is essential. The practice is common enough that at least one sex manual—A Hand in the Bush—is devoted to the topic. Its author, Deborah Addington, suggests taking it slow (no kidding) and adding lube each time you insert a finger. When you've worked up to four fingers and a thumb (palm up), "add more lube. When you have a big, slippery mess and you're sure that you've used more than enough, add more. If she still feels tight, gently open and close your fingers as if you were making a hand puppet talk. Remind her to relax her vaginal, sphincter and PC muscles. When you're both ready, ease the bridge of your hand through and marvel as it's consumed by her cunt. Once inside, clench and unclench your fist, like a beating heart. If you've ever wondered what an orgasm feels like from a woman's perspective, fisting is a great way to find out." Power to the pussy. We recommend getting the book for more details before attempting this maneuver. Anal fisting is more popular with gay men and has a higher risk of injury.

What am I doing wrong on the information highway? I spent two months subscribed to an online dating service and heard from only five women. One was in Lithuania and the others were chubby and not especially forthcoming. I feel like a loser boy, not a playboy.—J.S., Omaha, Nebraska

It's too early to be discouraged. When you meet women online, you're playing a numbers game, just as you do when you meet strangers at bars or parties. You may need to have hundreds of encounters before you find one that clicks. Some of the problem may be how you present yourself (always include a flattering photo with your profile, for example, and follow the site's tips for crafting a compelling ad). The advantage of online dating is that you can do it more efficiently than face-to-face. The best way to meet women is still off-line: Have your friends set you up.

My fiancée and I are trying to have a child. When I ejaculate inside her and pull out, my semen spills out a few moments later. We've tried crossing her legs or holding them straight up in the air, but she still hasn't become pregnant. Could it be that my sperm doesn't react well with her body?—W.A., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Backflow isn't anything to be concerned about. A study by two British biologists found that, for a variety of reasons, a woman's body rejects about a third of the 300 million sperm in a typical ejaculation. They also discovered something else: If a woman has her orgasm soon after the guy, the contractions suck the sperm into her uterus, and she retains more of them. If she doesn't have an orgasm, or she comes before the guy, she retains less. She also retains less if she has "noncopulatory orgasms"—that is, through masturbation, wet dreams or oral quickies. So don't cross your fiancée's legs. Instead, shove a pillow under her ass, work her clit with a finger, tongue or vibrator and wait for a giant sucking sound.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com.

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CLEMENCY

is it hope or cruelty?

By the time I get to the execution chamber where the State of Georgia is going to kill my friend Byron Parker, the witness room is filled almost to capacity.

Behind a large window is a tableau. Byron, wearing a prison uniform, is trussed to a gurney, his arms outspread slightly—the better to display the needles inserted in them.

His witnesses—myself and three of his lawyers—had come to the chamber through a guards' locker room. Inside hung a poster. NEVER GIVE UP HOPE it read, under a photograph of flowers blooming through snow. There is no place on earth so suffused with irony and so devoid of awareness of hope as death row.

Parker knows more about hope than anybody in the execution room. He fought hard to find it, too. In 1984, as a 24-year-old, he'd committed a horrific murder, abducting then strangling an 11-year-old girl, Christie Ann Griffith. Byron confessed to his crime. He spent his time in the state prison in Jackson, on G block of death row, trying to figure out why he had done what he'd done and what to do about it.

One day his mother sent him an article by Georgia's poet laureate, Bettie Sellers. Byron wrote her a letter from the depths of despair. Moved by its emotional power, she responded. He asked her to teach him to write. She did, and the words came pouring out: poetry, short stories, screenplays, the start of a couple of novels and an amazing number of letters. Television writer and novelist Karen Hall befriended Byron, and introduced him to me. We talked regularly for 12 years—about his case, football, music, depression, movies, law, cancer, our strange families, surviving in prison, drugs (legal and otherwise), education, politics, his fellow prisoners, literature and why cold weather was better than hot. We talked about what he'd done and why. By that time, Byron had his GED and was taking college-level courses in writing, psychology and criminology. He was even teaching other prisoners to read and write.

Whenever the subject of his execution came up, Byron just said he was too busy to die. I figured he was doing all he could to make himself look good to the pardons board. He finally explained it to the appeals lawyers: "I came in here and saw everyone just wasting their time away. I thought, Each of these guys killed somebody. And now their lives are all going to waste, too. And I decided, right then, that the life of the little girl I killed was not going to be lost for nothing."

CHARLIE POWELL

That's the essence of rehabilitation, the belief that a prisoner can remake himself, become, in effect, a changed man. It's another word for hope, a concept the prison system supposedly takes into account.

Many of those who oppose the death penalty argue that the justice system is flawed, that it is inevitable we will execute innocent men. They point to the inequities involved in the process: poverty, race, lawyer competence, police misconduct, prosecutors and judges angling for votes. Others simply believe it's wrong to kill, that the state does the very thing for which it gives the death sentence.

People who support the death penalty argue that vengeance serves a purpose. If a person is found guilty, justice will be served by the ultimate punishment.

The polarized debate obscures the middle ground created by clemency. A condemned prisoner has the right to ask for clemency. Commuting a sentence to life still protects society. Unfortunately, clemency is subject to politics, not principle.

Georgia's clemency process is a charade. Since 1973 the State Board of Pardons and Paroles has considered the plight of 38 death row inmates. Of those, 28 were executed. Those are obviously poor odds. To offer hope where almost none exists is arguably its own form of cruelty.

Of the five-member clemency panel, two are under criminal investigation for kickbacks—by the same state attorney general who is the advocate for death at clemency proceedings. Another member of the panel is being sued—and he is being defended by the same attorney general. In a state that is conservative, none of these men are inclined to thwart the public's lust for vengeance or to override the pain of the mother of Byron Parker's victim, who told the press that on the day of his execution, she would go to her daughter's grave to tell her, "'Baby, rest in peace, because your killer is dead.' He took everything away from me, and I hope he burns in hell."

In 1972 the Supreme Court declared that the death penalty, as practiced by the State of Georgia, was unconstitutional. Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart called it "wantonly and freakishly imposed." Four years later the Court reversed itself and Georgia

By DAVE MARSH

reinstated public executions.

In an attempt to make the procedure less freakish, Georgia adopted the supposedly humane lethal injection method. I say supposedly because Jose High, the second prisoner executed, spent more than an hour crying out as inept prison technicians (no doctor is allowed to participate in an execution, and no legitimate medical personnel will) looked for a vein. Nobody paid much attention to what High did, in any event. After all, he was retarded and insane. Perhaps the pardons board thought that execution amounted to a mercy killing.

As the result of that botched procedure, the state changed its execution ritual: Witnesses are no longer allowed into the chamber until the needles have been successfully inserted. Thus the tableau in front of us.

When Byron learned his execution date, he appealed. He argued that the pardons board was a stacked deck, noting that its chairman, Walter Ray, had allegedly boasted that as long as he was running things, no death row prisoner would be given clemency. Byron asked the court to appoint a new pardons board.

A federal judge found that although the chairman may have expressed such a troubling prejudice, it didn't disqualify him from ruling on Byron's fate. The clemency hearing—with the existing board members—went ahead. They didn't even label it a hearing, just a meeting held "out of the goodness of our hearts." Byron, on the advice of his lawyers, chose not to attend. The panel denied clemency.

In the last act of this particular charade, everyone in the execution chamber remains impassive. When the time comes, Byron refuses to make a last statement—as he'd refused to ask for a last meal and initially refused even to name any witnesses "because I don't want to put anyone I care about through that." He did ask for and received a prayer.

Byron had been closing his eyes off and on since we entered, and when he closes them around 7:20, they never reopen. After about five minutes, two men dressed to look like doctors come in and use their stethoscopes, then pronounce Parker dead. One of the men announces, "The prisoner having been pronounced dead, the sentence of the State of Georgia has been carried out." Now two lives had been wasted.

ARMING

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

In January 2001 *The Playboy Forum* interviewed Michael Bellesiles, author of *Arming America: The Origins of a National Gun Culture*. We recognized a classic agent provocateur, a historian who had the nerve to challenge a cherished myth, to ask novel questions and to assemble a wealth of supportive evidence.

The cherished myth? That America was the home of the gun-toting pioneer, the minuteman with a musket in one hand and the other on a plow.

Bellesiles claimed that he had gone looking for evidence of gun use in early America and found that "when the brave patriot reached above the mantel, he pulled down a rusting, decaying, unusable musket, not a rifle, or he found no gun there at all." Those turned out to be fighting words, as did the author's claim that America's love affair with the gun was an "invented tradition."

Arming America generated an academic and political firestorm.

Bellesiles told us that he had become aware of the missing guns while studying probate records, "the most complete record of property ownership in early America. They contain lists of absolutely everything a person owned—scraps of metal, broken glasses, bent spoons, broken plows. While studying these probate records, I realized I was not seeing guns. When I took a look at the frontiers of western Pennsylvania and northern New England, I found guns in only 10 percent of the probate records, and half of those guns were not in working order. Since then, I've read 11,150 probate records, samples over a 100-year period, and I have found guns in 13 percent of the probate records. Prior to 1850, the gun is just not there."

Arming America generated an academic and political firestorm. Critics and character assassins accused Bellesiles of inaccuracy and misuse and/or improper editing of quotations, if not outright fabrication of evidence. At stake was the historical basis of the Second Amendment, the right of the individual to keep and bear arms. As in, they can have my gun when they pry it from my cold dead fingers.

Clayton Cramer, an independent historian (read gadfly), posted on his website a 300-page critique that became the cut-and-paste template for a letter-writing campaign by the NRA. Some of the complaints bordered on nitpicking. On one page of *Arming America*, Bellesiles had misquoted the Militia Act of 1792, suggesting that Congress would provide militia with firearms, rather than each citizen being responsible for providing his own. That language was actually taken from the 1803 amendment to the 1792 Act, which held each citizen responsible for providing his own weapon and accoutrements. Bellesiles corrected the error in subsequent editions. The game of intellectual "gotcha" had us baffled: The 1803 amendment seemed to prove Bellesiles' point—that after 11 years' experience with the notion that the militia would provide its own arms, Congress saw the light and took steps to properly arm it.

Last spring the *William and Mary Quarterly* devoted an issue to critiques of *Arming America* and Bellesiles, pushing up its publication date to respond to the controversy. It makes for a curious read. Historian Randolph Roth granted that Bellesiles was correct when he said, "Many American men lacked the training and equipment to fight wars or to hunt deer, bears or wolves." But, Roth continued, "There is evidence that low-quality guns, many of them useless for combat or for hunting large game, played important roles in the day-to-day lives of many Americans." What does this historian consider important? He cites two newspaper accounts, the first one from the *Telegraphe* of Rockbridge County, Virginia reporting that in the summer of 1804, on Captain Findley's muster day, "his company produced 1783 squirrel scalps. Several squirrels had been killed whose scalps were not produced. We may estimate then that within the last three months, 2000 squirrels have been killed. If each company in the county has been successful, there must have been 35,000

AMERICA REVISITED

when it comes to guns, the message is publish and perish

to 40,000 squirrels killed within the last three months. Now if we estimate, as is commonly done, that each squirrel would destroy one bushel of corn, the saving to the county must be very great indeed."

Just to show that this is not merely a fluke, Roth quotes a second story, from the *Herald* of Rutland, Vermont, circa 1821, with the headline DREADFUL SLAUGHTER—OF THE SQUIRREL! "A corps of sharpshooters, consisting of 40 men and youth, organized into two equal bodies, under captains Peirpont and Daniels, of this village, on Wednesday last, sallied forth upon the above species of vermin. The number of slain brought to headquarters and counted was 4961. Thus in the short space of 48 hours was a very numerous and destructive foe nearly annihilated by a handful of our enterprising sharpshooters."

And consider this gem, again from Roth: "Bellesiles is right to think that early Americans were not adept at firing musket balls. They were difficult to use, liable to burst the barrel of a gun if packed with too much powder and useless against birds, small game and pests. That does not mean early Americans were not knowledgeable about firearms. In 1801, friends cautioned Levi Warren, a young militiaman in Swanzy, New Hampshire, against overloading his gun, but he insisted, intent on firing an extraordinarily loud report to honor the commission of several new officers. In 1788, a Mr. Scales of Concord, New Hampshire rejected the same advice from friends as they prepared to salute another officer, saying 'I will venture it.' Both men lost their lives, Warren when his gun burst, and Scales when the force of the discharge wheeled him in front of a comrade as the man fired. Everyone present, including the victims, knew that firing a musket ball was a different enterprise from firing shot and that it could produce different effects."

Maybe gun culture hasn't changed all that much in 200 years. There's no amount of expertise that damned fools who are intent on exercising their Second Amendment right can't ignore.

The probate debate is a more troubling one. Critics claim to have caught Bellesiles inflagrante de footnote. He says he studied records from San Francisco, but other historians noted that all the probate records were destroyed in the 1906 earthquake and fire. Bellesiles responded by posting what appear to be San Francisco records, apparently found at the California History Center in Martinez. He also circulated records from the Contra Costa County Historical Society across the bay. The head archivist there insisted all her records were clearly marked Contra Costa County, not San Francisco, and who was this Mr. Bellesiles, anyway? Not one of the stories that gloated over this mix-up bothered to mention the number of guns itemized in this database, or how that number fits in with the author's thesis.

Bellesiles has ex-

pressed dismay that so much has been made of what was essentially five paragraphs in a 444-page book. The probate data is one part of a body of evidence that includes diaries, letters, military histories, government archives, newspaper stories and books. When questioned, he could not produce his original data on probate inventories (he says it was turned to sodden pulp in a flooded office). He has explained his sampling method (he sampled two-year periods, not complete archives), his counting method (hatch marks on a legal pad). He posted on his website an essay on the problems of using probate records. Since the publication of *Arming America*, he has revised the figure upward, now believing that guns could be found in about 22 percent of probate records. But his thesis remains unchanged.

Other scholars have examined different probate records and come up with far higher figures. For example, Bellesiles says he looked at 186 estate records from Providence, Rhode Island and that, by his count, 48 percent of the wills mentioned guns. James Lindgren, a professor at Northwestern University, looked at the published version of those records, threw out 17 estates belonging to women and came up with 63 percent. Fabrication? Willful distortion? Bellesiles correctly argues that trying to interpret longhand Old English may account for the discrepancy. Is a "gonne" or "qoun" a musket or a gown? He admits that a longhand scrawl he read as "featherbed" another scholar read as "flintlock." A person could easily go blind reading these inventories.

Lindgren looked at seven databases of colonial era probate records. He found guns listed in 50 percent to 73 percent of the male estates and in 6 percent to 38 percent of the female estates. Another historian looking at probate records found that guns were only slightly less prevalent than beds. The same study found 30 percent of estates listing any cash, 14 percent listing swords or other edge weapons, 25 percent listing Bibles.

Only one in four American homes had a Bible? So much for the belief that this is a Christian nation.

We were prepared to print a correction: The figure in our *Forum* interview was inaccurate—or at least subject to an ongoing debate. But then we encountered the following: According to Lindgren, "Twenty-three percent of the inventories in the leading colonial database of 919 inventories include no clothes of any kind. Unless, at their deaths, 23 percent of the wealth-holding males and females in colonial America were nudists every day all day long, inventories do not scrupulously record 'every item in an estate,'" as Bellesiles had supposed.

Now, that's a story: This country was founded by a bunch of stark-naked atheists who left their beds only to slaughter squirrels by the thousands. We'd like to see that on a stamp.

READER

THEOCRACY U.S.A.

Patty Lamberti complains in "Theocracy Sucks" that religious conservatives are intolerant (*The Playboy Forum*, May). If anything, it's liberals who are overly intolerant. Consider Alec Baldwin's suggestion that Henry Hyde be stoned to death, or PETA's saying how great it would be if all the slaughterhouses and fast-food restaurants and the banks that fund them exploded tomorrow.

Go online and you'll find websites that are devoted to quieting Dr. Laura, mocking Bill O'Reilly (blasted as a conservative, though he's nothing of the sort) and even comparing President Bush to a chimpanzee. Lamberti expresses her liberal intolerance when she concludes her piece by suggesting that members of the religious right be hunted down and shot.

Lamberti uses religion to explain agendas that have other motives. The military's desire to ban gays has nothing to do with homophobia. It has to do with men going into battle trusting one another. And the military is not a democracy—it's what provides us with the luxury of having a democracy.

Regarding abortion, liberals say they don't want the government to be involved in the relationship between a woman and her doctor. The slogan they use is "Keep your laws off my body." So the president does just that and stops federal funding for overseas organizations that provide abortions. As any good libertarian will tell you (and PLAYBOY claims in that same issue to think of itself as libertarian), funding means control. No funding equals no control.

Like all leftists, Lamberti has an aversion to religion. But liberals have their own religion, Big Government, and they are as intolerant of other gods as the Taliban is.

Aaron Wands
Castle Rock, Colorado

Lamberti's article is engrossing and enlightening, but it's also heartbreaking, infuriating, hilarious and thought-provoking. Although the Taliban made our homegrown fundamentalists seem relatively innocuous, the Falwells and Robertsons are working hard to bridge the gap. They have succeeded in giving us a president who says he can look into a man's eyes and read his soul and an attorney general who believes calico cats are signs of the devil. Is that scary or what?

Gene McDougall
Arlington Heights, Illinois

FOR THE RECORD

SECRET POLICE

"A person or organization shall not, with the intent to harm or intimidate, sell, trade, give, publish, distribute or otherwise release the residential address, residential telephone number, birthdate or Social Security number of any law enforcement–related, corrections officer–related or court-related employee or volunteer, or someone with a similar name, and categorize them as such, without the express written permission of the employee or volunteer."

—from the text of a new law in Washington State. The statute targets the website justicefiles.org, which in 1998 began posting legally obtained personal information about local and state police officers, prison guards and court officials, including home addresses, telephone numbers, salaries and Social Security numbers. Its owner says the site "presents the same information the police themselves have at their disposal when they investigate the rest of us." Before the legislature got involved, a state appeals court ruled that the site is protected political speech but ordered its owner to remove the Social Security numbers.

Surprise! I'm a Christian woman who reads PLAYBOY, listens to rock and roll, watches *Will and Grace* and loves *The Catcher in the Rye*. I was disgusted by "Theocracy Sucks." Not everyone who has religious beliefs is some sort of lunatic.

Leah Mori
St. Paul, Minnesota

I am a staunch Republican, a devout atheist and a longtime subscriber. "Theocracy Sucks" is the most ignorant and insulting thing that I have read in the magazine, or anywhere, in a long time.

Matt Carson
Antioch, California

Lamberti's article was right on. It expressed my sentiments exactly—though I might have put them a bit more strongly. She neglected to mention the Catholic Church's habit of letting priests they know damn well are pedophiles go from one church to the next, abusing children along the way. I believe in God—I just don't see him in any organized religion.

Jack Oram
Woodville, Texas

Although I am an atheist, I found "Theocracy Sucks" biased and logically flawed, even by PLAYBOY's liberal standards. A government that would put someone to death for possessing a PLAYBOY, as might have happened under the Taliban, cannot be compared to those citizens here who boycott Abercrombie and Fitch because they feel its catalog is indecent. I was especially surprised by the crude comparison of the Taliban's murder of gay men to the actions of some of my fellow citizens who feel that homosexuality is immoral and work within the political system to prevent reforms such as gay marriage. If PLAYBOY were truly libertarian, it would not resort to attacks on well-meaning but misguided citizens who at least take the time to get involved and voice their opinions.

Brandon Brod
Santa Barbara, California

RESPONSE

Lamberti asserts that only the Bill of Rights and our "vigorous democracy" hold back American religious zealots from imposing a Taliban-like despotism. Not surprisingly, she doesn't acknowledge that our Bill of Rights and vigorous democracy came into existence in an era that was far more religious than it is today. Maybe the zealots were all home with the flu while the ACLU and People for the American Way ratified the Constitution.

Andrew Ditch
Geneva, New York

LIBERAL VS. LIBERTARIAN

Don't be too quick to dissociate yourself from the liberal cause. If it weren't for liberals, Hugh Hefner would have gone to jail 50 years ago for even thinking about starting the magazine. But for liberals, the principles of the Comstock Act would rule the land, and women wouldn't be displaying themselves in PLAYBOY. Your hypocrisy reminds me of someone who works as a scab, then stands in line for benefits while professing that he doesn't need a union.

Douglas Cole
Lincoln, Nebraska

You claim PLAYBOY is libertarian, yet your antigun agenda is hardly a celebrated libertarian cause.

Brian Govern
Warren, Michigan

Damn spell-check. We meant libertine.

PRISONERS RESPOND

James Bovard's article in February, "Pork Barrel Prisons," hit so close to home that Don Novey himself, the president of the California Correctional Peace Officers Association, coughed up a defense ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, May). Novey claims inmates assault nine prison guards every day. But the California Department of Corrections considers an assault a physical or verbal attack. So every time an inmate tells a guard to go to hell, the department records it as an "assault."

An anonymous guard from High Desert State Prison in Susanville, where I'm serving a life sentence, also wrote to say he had done nearly $12,000 worth of overtime last year, nearly all of which was involuntary because the institution is understaffed. His overtime isn't because the prison is understaffed (it isn't) but because his colleagues take paid sick or "stress" leave. All an officer needs to do to qualify for stress leave is tell his superior, "I am stressed out and need to leave the institution." It's an instant paid vacation, and another officer will receive overtime. If the prison were understaffed, the inmates would be locked in their cells all day.

James Amadeo
Susanville, California

We asked Novey about his numbers. He says they include only physical assaults. He called your claim that a guard need only say he's stressed to get paid leave "ridiculous." The process, he says, is much more complex.

I was a member of the Inmate Advisory Council at a state prison where I am doing time. Novey is way off when he says guards don't have unlimited power over prisoners. I heard tons of stories from prisoners who'd had problems with guards. When questioned, the guards would tell us, straight out, "We do what we want in here." Novey claims prisoners routinely throw urine and feces at guards. In 19 years, I've seen or heard of that happening maybe 20 times. The inmates who do that are usually mentally ill and belong in a hospital. Guards should stop treating us like we are animals.

Tony Weekly Jr.
Corcoran, California

I can't believe the bullshit that came out of the mouths of Novey and the officer from the prison in Susanville, where I am incarcerated. I'll tell you why inmates here act violently toward guards: because many "peace officers" yell in our faces, push us and destroy our property for no good reason. The CCPOA will never admit its officers do anything wrong. So what does a prisoner, especially a lifer with no chance for parole, have to lose? Guards provoke inmates, but according to the CCPOA, it's always the prisoner's fault.

Loren Hoelscher
Susanville, California

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.

HELP WANTED

OFFICE SEX

the Playboy survey

Do you fantasize about sex with co-workers? Do you flirt? Have you had sex in the office? Your desk or hers? After the Christmas party? On a business trip? Did you get caught? Heard any good gossip lately? How did it turn out? What are the real-life rules for nine-to-five sex?

It seems like only yesterday that Anita Hill accused a former boss of making unwanted sexual advances in the workplace and that Monica and Bill turned the White House into a make-out pit. Who will forget the pubic hair on the can of Coke, the blue Gap dress, the cigar? In spite of the best efforts of corporate lawyers, sexual harassment seminars and human-resources vigilantes, we suspect that lust is alive and well in the workplace, back in the hands of consenting adults where it always belonged. So help us out. Go to playboy.com and participate in PLAYBOY's first online sex survey. We'll report the findings in our January issue.

Click on playboy.com/officesex

SEX WORKER LITERATI

prostitutes and other pros kiss and tell

By DANIEL RADOSH

This fall former Hollywood madam Heidi Fleiss plans to self-publish a coffee-table scrapbook that chronicles her career. *Pandering* joins a crowded field of memoirs and autobiographical fiction by strippers, prostitutes, dominatrixes and other sex pros. We gathered as many of their books as we could and noticed immediately that each one followed the same formula, chapter by chapter. Is there a Famous Hookers Writing School that we don't know about? See for yourself:

CHILDHOOD AMBITION

It all started when I was five years old with *I Love Lucy*. One night there was a beautiful guest star, draped in a shimmering silver evening gown. "Why are Lucy and Ethel being so mean to her?" I asked.

"They think she's a callgirl," Mom whispered. "A woman who entertains men for money."

From what I had seen in my short life, women were always trying to entertain men. This woman simply got paid for it. "That's what I'm going to be when I grow up," I announced.—Dolores French, *Working: My Life as a Prostitute*

At 11, I discovered a porno paperback called *Little Girls for Sale*. I flipped through it, growing impatient. If the little girls were for sale, where were the passages describing all the things they bought with their loot?—Tracy Quan, *Diary of a Manhattan Call Girl*

AWAKENING

At the age of 11, the son of a family friend asked if he could touch my breast. When I said OK, he could hardly believe his ears. "OK," he said. "This is how we'll do it. I'll walk ahead of you and I'll reach back and touch it." He walked a step ahead, reached back and touched my breast quickly through my coat, sweater and bra.—Dolores French

My father's hand crashed down on my ass. I never suspected he had such strength. It hurt like a knife biting into my bare flesh. But each time he struck, my body thrust harder into his groin, and I could sense his own excitement rising. My buttocks must have been fiery red. My screams grew more intense, my movements spasmodic, and at that moment I believe I experienced the first shattering orgasm of my life.—Xaviera Hollander, *Child No More*

My boyfriend gently nudged my head toward his cock, and I cautiously kissed it. But I didn't put it in my mouth. I didn't understand until years later that this was a social overture—his way of asking for oral sex. I felt rather thrilled about finally touching my first hard penis; but it was a sense of accomplishment, not a feeling of arousal.—Tracy Quan

BIG BREAK

A woman in my office answered newspaper ads to have sex with men for money. One day she stopped by to tell me that she had made a date and wouldn't be able to keep it. "You wouldn't like to go in my place, would you?"—Dolores French

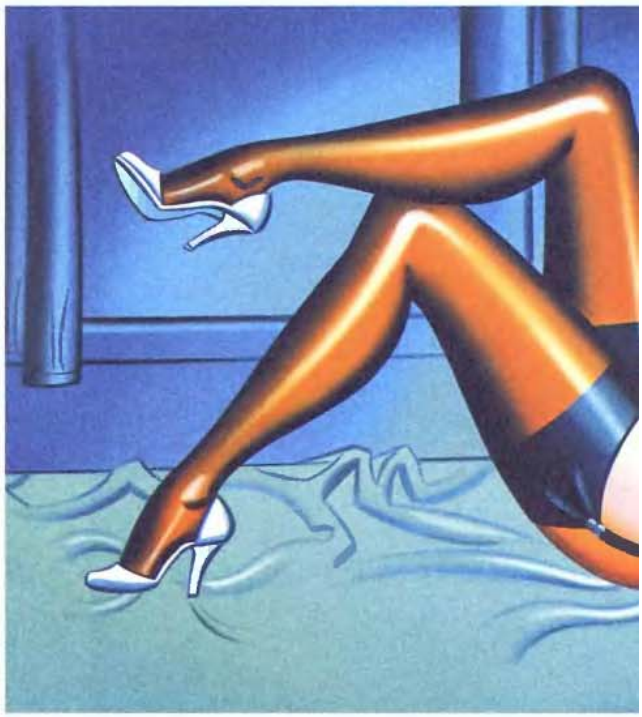
I was interviewing dominatrixes for an article when one of them suggested that I try my hand at a session. I figured, what the hell? Jane Goodall didn't study primates by watching PBS.—Robin Shamburg, *Mistress Ruby Ties It Together*

One Halloween, I thought I'd dress as a dominatrix. Everywhere I turned that night guys were asking for a lash. I started thinking maybe I could do this. It sure wasn't hard.—Shawna Kenney, *I Was a Teenage Dominatrix*

CHOOSING A NAME

Striving for the blondest common denominator, I come up with Barbie. Now for a last name. Barbie Doll—it's been done. Barbie Walters—that's funny. But no. Barbie Freud—that's kind of scary. Barbie Faust. That's perfect.—Lily Burana, *Strip City*

Delilah Fox was a name people could remember. If a client wanted to see me again, he might be able to say, "She had red hair and her name was some kind of red animal." Unless he guessed Irish setter, he would come up with Fox.—Dolores French



FIRST DAY

My first day as a stripper, I dressed like a Catholic schoolgirl. I figured if I was struck dumb in the booth, I could plead virginity. My first customer wanted a blow job. "Oh, I've heard of that," I said.—Carol Queen, *Real Live Nude Girl: Chronicles of Sex-Positive Culture*

He had the smallest penis I have ever seen. While I undressed, he took two fingers and masturbated like someone playing with dollhouse furniture. His erection was the size of my thumb from the knuckle down. Intercourse

was like bumping into someone in the elevator. But he was my first client, and I didn't want to commit a faux pas by complaining.—Dolores French

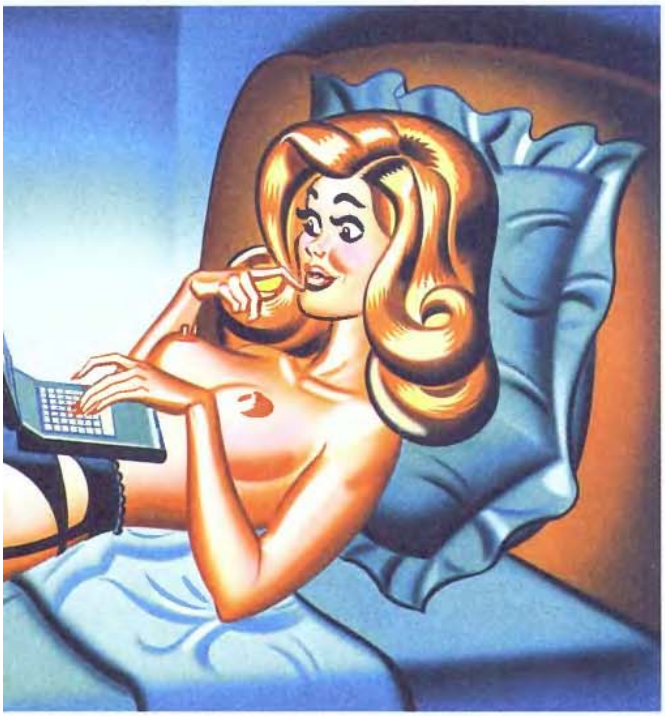
GROOMING AND HYGIENE

Clients know you make money with your pussy, but a freshly waxed, beautifully maintained pussy sends a message: You spend money on your pussy.—Tracy Quan

I am a personal hygiene freak. An unwashed penis would send me into spasms of projectile vomiting.—Lora Shaner, *Madam: Inside a Nevada Brothel*

CHEAPSKATES

One tightwad wanted Marlene to give him half-and-half to orgasm, a shower, back rub, then straight sex to a second orgasm. He offered her $100.



"You gotta be kidding," she said. "A hundred dollars will buy you a quick blow job and/or a no-frills lay."

The customer's jaw dropped. "But the taxi driver told me I could get anything I want for $100."

"So give it to the taxi driver and you can fuck him."—Lora Shaner

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

"Hi, Nigel. This is Christina. Would you like to know what I look like?"

"Oh, yes! But can I tell you a secret first? I'm a hermaphrodite."

"Oh, that's wonderful."

"And can I tell you another secret? So was my mother. You want to know another secret? My mother used to play with my vaginas and penises."

"You have a double set?"

"More than you know. And you want to know another secret? I fuck my vaginas with my penises."

"I bet that's exciting."

"More than you know. You want to know another secret? My mother used to fuck my vaginas with her penises. And you want to know another secret?"

This call lasted well over an hour.—phone-sex operator Gary Anthony (playing Christina), *Dirty Talk: Diary of a Phone-Sex "Mistress"*

He wanted to have a naked girl sit against the wall with her legs spread while, from across the room, he putted golf balls into her crotch.

"How hard do you hit the balls?" I asked him.

"When you putt from 10 to 15 feet away," Golf Guy said, "you have to do it very gently or you're likely to miss the hole."—Lora Shaner

He would stuff a sock with cash and stick it up his ass. The sock might contain any amount from $20 to $1000. It was yours for the taking.—Robin Shamburg

One man hired another hooker and me and said, "Do anything you want to do." The two of us sat down and had a nice long chat.—Dolores French

TALKING THE TALK

The word pussy is ladylike; cunt is not. Muff is somewhere between.—Tracy Quan

We kept notes in code. Classical or jazz indicated straight sex or kinky. "Interested in brass quintets" meant a blow job.—Dolores French

Whore has nothing to do with a girl who has sex for money. A whore is a person with no integrity, no loyalty, no conscience, a hypocrite, a liar and, worst of all, a traitor.—Heidi Fleiss

Under FCC regulations, dirty talk is not allowed on the chat lines, so actors refer to it as the banana line, for the most commonly substituted word. Working the banana line makes you verbally creative and extremely hungry.—Gary Anthony

MY SECOND CHILDHOOD

Chester likes to corrupt the *Barely Legal* set. At 25, I'm Barely Believable, but it was a lucrative gig. I figured that as long as he didn't cut me in half and count my rings, everything would be OK.—Robin Shamburg

Bernie thinks I'm a college sophomore. I change into a pleated skirt and low heels. Were I to look like a real college student, I would have pierced eyebrows and tattooed buttocks—and he would be horrified.—Tracy Quan

I FOUGHT THE LAW

As a rule, vice cops are crude and obscene. They'll say, "Do you do blow jobs?" or even, "How about ass fucking?" Normal men have better manners.—Dolores French

Admitting to Canadian immigration officers that my book *The Happy Hooker* was not fiction was enough to give the government an excuse to proclaim me an "undesirable alien." But if they accepted that my sexploits were facts, I protested, it was absurd to pretend I was undesirable.—Xaviera Hollander

MY LEGACY

When a girl has sex and gets paid for it, most people call it prostitution and think of it as an ugly term. But it really is an act of caring and consideration. It shows that the man cares about her bills being paid, and that she has nice things like cars and clothes—things to make her life easier.—Heidi Fleiss

"Just because you can't have children doesn't mean you are not a complete woman," my lover said. "Everything you've done, everything you've written, is your own contribution to womanhood. It is every bit as valuable as the contribution made by any mother."—Xaviera Hollander

Prostitution is a healing and holy act. We show the face of the goddess in a culture that has tried for millennia to break and denigrate her. We have healed even those who do not honor us. Were the attack on us over, we could begin to heal the whole world. After 7000 years of oppression, I declare this the time to bring back our temple.—Carol Queen

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

RUBBER TREES

FITZROY CROSSING, AUSTRALIA—*Aborigines in this remote mountain town often gather under trees to drink and socialize. Recently they began finding plastic*

containers with condoms inside dangling from branches. Health officials have been decorating the trees with condoms in an effort to lower STD rates, which are the highest in the region. Residents and visitors take as many as 3000 rubbers a month, and infection rates have been falling.

GUN EDUCATION

HOUSTON—*A science teacher demonstrating kinetic energy shot a sixth grade student in the chest with a plastic squirt gun. She claims the boy laughed and asked to be squirted again, so she shot water in his face. The boy's mother, who also teaches at the school, and his father, who is a police officer, say the teacher squirted their son against his will. Police charged the teacher with assault. She pleaded not guilty.*

ATHENS, OHIO—*The director of campus safety at Ohio University ordered a journalism professor to remove an 1878 Springfield rifle from his office wall. The director said the gun, which the professor had displayed for 15 years, violated the university's workplace violence policy. The professor removed the rifle but launched a public campaign to get it rehung. He lobbied school officials by letter and e-mail and pointed out to reporters that a cannonball fired during OU football games also violates the policy. The school responded by accusing the professor of harassment.*

SITCOM SEX

ANCHORAGE—*Students at the University of Alaska watched hundreds of hours of sitcoms to document how the shows depict sex in the workplace. They concluded that while one in four workplace scenes involved sex, only a single scene—in the canceled ABC show Norm—directly addressed sexual harassment, and the victim was a dog. This bothered the psychology professor who designed the study. Sexual discussion in the workplace "is incredibly common, but absolutely nobody gets upset about it" on sitcoms, she said. "If this is happening to a young woman, she might think, It's not OK to be upset by this. I must be a troublemaker." The students found that male characters made most of the sexual remarks, but that men and women engaged equally in sexual behavior.*

FUCK, YES

ROSEVILLE, MICHIGAN—*Remember the cussing canoeist? Four years ago, after he'd fallen into the Rifle River, Timothy Boomer allegedly yelled "Fuck!" at least 75 times within earshot of a couple and their two young children. A police officer cited Boomer for violating an 1897 state law that banned "indecent, immoral, obscene, vulgar or insulting language in the presence of children," and a judge fined him $75. Earlier this year an appeals court ruled the law unconstitutional. The ACLU called the decision "damn good news." The woman whose children heard the outburst was less enthused. "If I'd wanted my kids exposed to that, I would have taken them to a bar," she said. Eight other states still ban public profanity.*

BROKEN LINK

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*As part of its mission to educate the public about sexually transmitted diseases, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention operates a website that includes links to resources such as a sex education site for teens run by the Coalition for Positive Sexuality. Two conservative groups, Focus on the Family and the Physicians Consortium, complained that positive.org's "explicit messages" for young people contradict official policies that downplay the effectiveness of condoms and condemn homosexuality. They also accused the CDC of contributing to "the sexualization of young people." The agency removed the link.*

KINKY JOINT

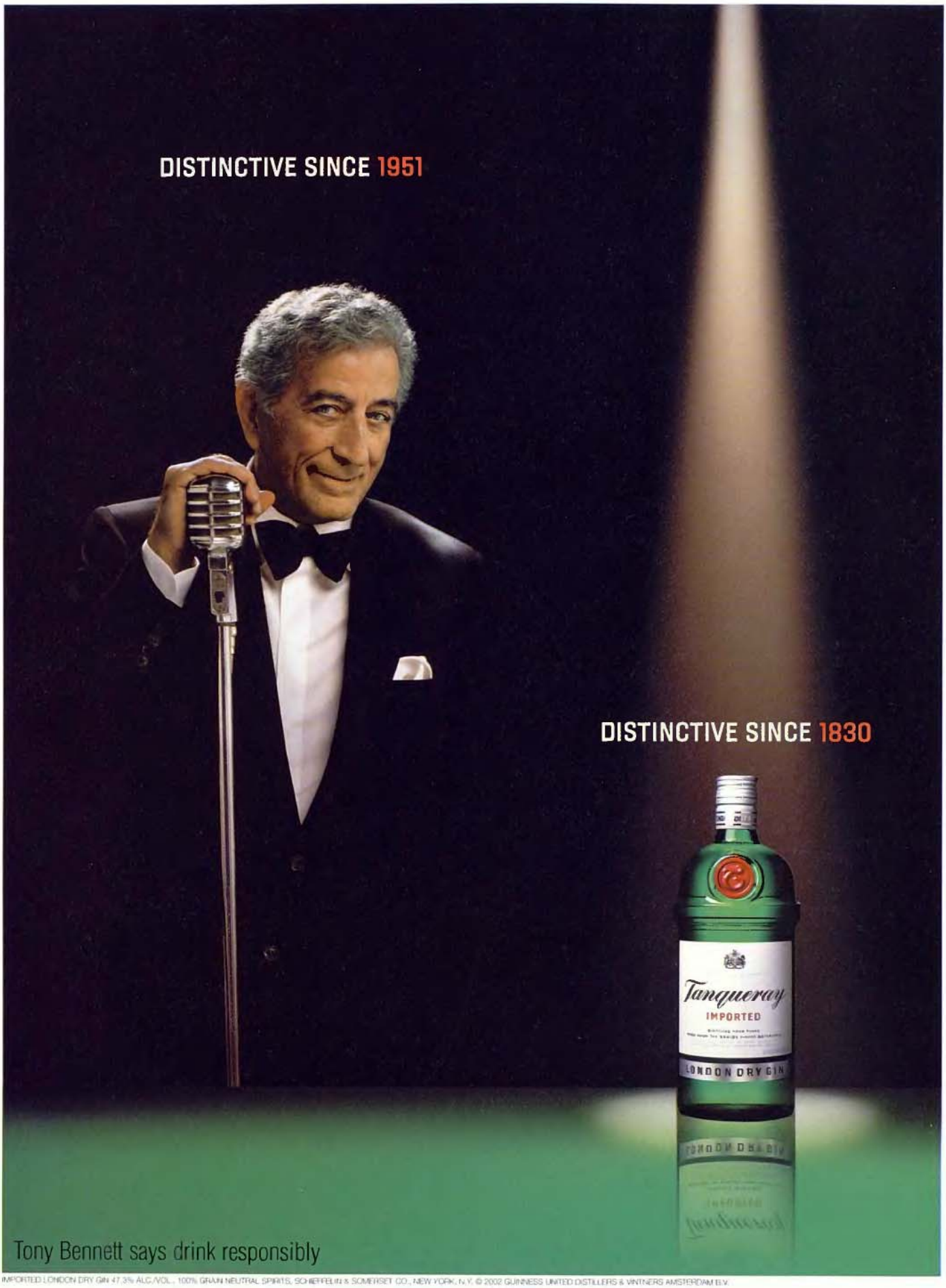
PRAGUE—*A shop owner who had grown tired of selling candles replaced his inventory with sexual contraptions. His new Sex Machine Museum displays such items as Victorian-era antimasturbatory devices, medieval chastity belts and a 19th century reclining rocker designed for group sex. Until neighbors complained, the museum's window display enticed passersby with a bondage machine and two mannequins dressed in latex and leather. Officials tried without success to close the museum, claiming it was "out of line with good morals." Its manager countered, "We are adding to the culture of the city."*

HANGING OUT

PLEASANT GAP, PENNSYLVANIA—*Police arrested a 63-year-old man for lounging nude in his backyard. He told officers that because he had removed his thong after nightfall, he thought that his neighbors couldn't see him. A judge found the man guilty of indecent exposure and disorderly*

conduct and sentenced him to two months' probation. The state supreme court overturned the conviction, ruling that the man's backyard was not a public place. It also ruled that the neighbor who had called the police lived too far away to be offended.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HARRISON FORD

a candid conversation with hollywood's leading man about the rush of flying your own plane, how he got over his anger and why he's still not a grown-up—at 60

Harrison Ford has just returned from New Jersey, where he had been practicing take-offs and landings in his de Havilland Beaver airplane. Now back at his New York City apartment, Ford is hungry. Although he gets $25 million to act in a movie, the former master carpenter makes breakfast—eggs, cheese, bacon and buttered English muffins, and you're having some, too. Ford may get arguments from Mel Gibson, Tom Cruise or Tom Hanks about who is currently the biggest star, but it's doubtful that any of those guys has the skills to fly a plane, build a house and cook a meal.

It has been 25 years since the rogue pilot Han Solo sent Darth Vader's ship spinning into the cosmos, enabling Luke Skywalker to destroy the Death Star. Star Wars set Ford on a course of blockbusters that established him as a hitmaker. In between two more Solo turns, Ford became the whip-wielding archaeologist Indiana Jones in Raiders of the Lost Ark, a film that spawned two sequels (with a third in the offing). Ford also played CIA analyst Jack Ryan in Patriot Games and in Clear and Present Danger. His other hits include Witness, The Fugitive and Air Force One. He took a rare role as a bad guy in What Lies Beneath and also starred in Blade Runner, The Mosquito Coast, Working Girl, Presumed Innocent, The Devil's Own, Regarding Henry, Sabrina, Random Hearts, and Six Days, Seven Nights.

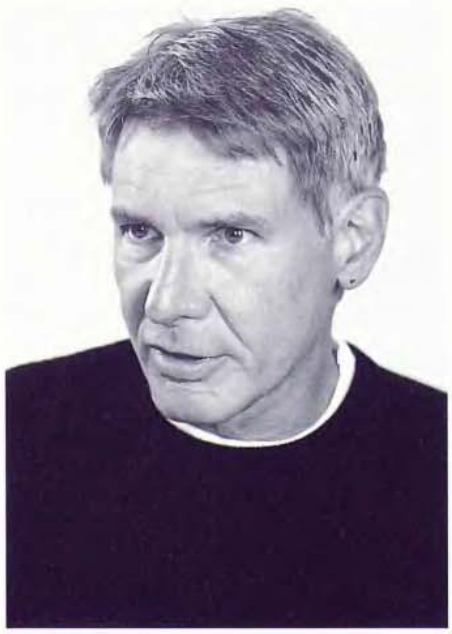
In the process Ford has carved out an unusual career. Women fawn over him. The 2001 Guinness Book of World Records claims that he's the highest-grossing actor, despite competition from Hanks, Cruise and Gibson. He is the most natural movie hero since Clint Eastwood, and he has done it all without the starmaking machinery that surrounds so many of his peers. He has no publicist and has employed the same manager, Patricia McQueeney, since he began acting. Only recently did he hire an agent. Some of his best films were first offered to other actors, but he had no reluctance about taking their discards.

Raiders of the Lost Ark was Tom Selleck's film until he couldn't free himself from his Magnum P.I. commitment. Alec Baldwin originated the Jack Ryan role in The Hunt for Red October and was long attached to The Fugitive before Ford stepped in. Air Force One was developed for Kevin Costner and Witness had been turned down by every name in Hollywood before Ford recognized its potential.

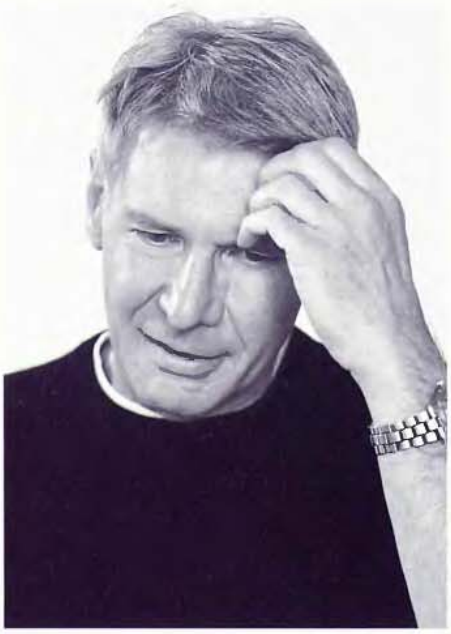
Raised in suburban Chicago, the son of an advertising executive, Ford had an undistinguished academic run before dropping out of Ripon College and moving to Hollywood in 1964 to pursue an acting career. He quickly landed a seven-year contract at Columbia Pictures. But the $150 per week was hardly enough to feed his family (Ford's first wife was his college sweetheart, Mary Marquardt, with whom he had two sons, Benjamin, now a chef and restaurant owner, and Willard, a schoolteacher). The work consisted of auditions for parts like a one-line appearance as a bellboy in Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round.

Frustrated and broke, Ford learned carpentry from a library book and soon became the favorite handyman among the Hollywood crowd. This proved to be his big break, because he could wait for showy roles in films like American Graffiti and The Conversation and because it put him in the right place at the right time—the front door of the studio George Lucas was using to cast Star Wars. Ford was on his hands and knees carving the ornate entrance, when Lucas, who had used Ford in American Graffiti, asked the carpenter if he could sub for an AWOL actor who was supposed to read the part of Han Solo. Ford stood up, took off his toolbelt and headed inside, and the rest is history.

PLAYBOY *asked Daily Variety columnist and frequent contributor* **Michael Fleming** *(who most recently interviewed Will Smith) to catch up with Ford as he readies the launch*



"I was never the hippest thing around, which means I wasn't in the position to be replaced by the next hippest thing. I'm more like old shoes. But I can still whip Sean Connery with one hand tied behind my back."



"Nothing is good about being famous. You always think, If I'm successful, then I'll have opportunities. You never figure the cost being a total loss of privacy. It's terrifying to have no anonymity. That's incalculable."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"I didn't ride a motorcycle until I was 45, because I didn't trust myself until then. And I didn't fly planes until my 50s, because I didn't trust myself. I never flew until I trusted my judgment. I trust myself now."

of one of his riskiest ventures yet, starring as the commander of a Soviet nuclear-powered ballistic-missile submarine in K-19: The Widowmaker. The drama is based on a historical crisis that happened in 1961. During a test run designed to show the U.S. that the Soviets could launch a nuke from sea, the cooling system of the sub's reactor failed. A meltdown and subsequent nuclear explosion was hours away, and since the sub was near a NATO base, the accident would have been viewed as a first strike against the U.S. The film details the crew's attempts to repair the reactor, even subjecting themselves to radiation they knew would kill them within days.

Fleming reports: "I was wary going in, because Ford has a reputation for guarding his privacy, a tendency intensified by the dissolution of his marriage to Melissa Mathison, the E.T. screenwriter and mother of Ford's two youngest children, Malcolm and Georgia. Ford stays in New York to be near his kids, but his presence there has made him a target for the tabloids, which covered his marital breakup as well as his subsequent sightings with such women as Calista Flockhart. While I was free to ask any question I wanted, Ford warned me that he was not going to compound his family's pain by discussing that part of his life.

"Everything in Ford's apartment is white, even the dishes and coffee cups. It's not his preference; he sublet the place in a hurry after the breakup. An active art collector and student of interior design, Ford has tastes that run more to the traditional. That sensibility is evident in some of the furnishings he hurriedly bought, and in an aged, framed print that just arrived, a front-view portrait of Ford's de Havilland Beaver—a shot that looks like it came out of an Indiana Jones film. The apartment is loaded with books on art and aviation, and several tables are full of blueprints. They are the plans he and an architect designed for the loft he has purchased downtown, which, over the next six months, will be stripped to the brick walls and rebuilt. Ford has a reputation for being painstakingly involved in the development of movies he stars in, and it's an approach he also follows in his hobbies of carpentry, motorcycling and aviation. He warms to talk of the construction job ahead of him, and to the challenge of starting a new chapter of his life as a single guy just turning 60."

PLAYBOY: We've noticed you're involved in every detail of remodeling your new loft. You're also noted for being hands-on when it comes to shaping your films. What's the difference between being a master carpenter and developing a movie?

FORD: There is a similarity between a blueprint and a script. You have to be able to imagine the whole from a one- or two-dimensional representation. You have to be able to imagine what it will feel like and look like.

PLAYBOY: Most wannabe actors wait tables to make money. Why did you become a carpenter?

FORD: I had been under contract at Columbia and Universal doing episodic television, which I didn't want to do anymore. I'd purchased a run-down home in the Hollywood Hills for my family and attempted to save money by doing the demolition myself. I ran out of money and there I was, living in this demolished house. Out of necessity, I invested in some tools and read several books about carpentry. Later, a friend of mine who was a recording engineer for Sergio Mendes came by and said that Sergio wanted to remodel a garage and turn it into a studio. By the time I got involved, the project had become a $100,000 recording studio. Sergio, much to my good luck, never asked me if I had done remodeling before. I walked the walk and talked the talk pretty well. And happily, he was satisfied enough to recommend me to some friends.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever think you'd end up being a carpenter for life?

FORD: I never gave up my ambition to become an actor. Carpentry was just something to put food on the table, so that I would not have to take those kinds of acting jobs I was being offered. It enabled me to hold out for film work and to be selective.

They sent me to the barber with a photograph of Elvis Presley. They wanted me to change my name and look like Elvis and do dog shit. I was angry.

PLAYBOY: You have built a career as a hero for the past two decades. In *K-19: The Widowmaker*, you play a Russian soldier who's supposed to test-launch a nuclear missile to scare the U.S. Are you concerned your audience won't like you in such a bad-guy role, complete with Russian accent?

FORD: No, I didn't worry about that part of it. That was what I loved about this film. And I was convinced, against every opinion to the contrary, that using accents was absolutely necessary. We have English actors, an Irish co-star, several Russian actors and an American actor, and the Russian accent is to remind you that this is a Russian movie, not told with American jingoism. It disabuses the audience fairly early on that this is not a so-called Harrison Ford movie. This is a Russian movie about Russians, and the audience has to recognize the difference so they don't expect me to rip off my uniform and be revealed as an American spy or something.

PLAYBOY: Since this isn't the usual Harrison Ford film, do the backers say, "Sure, you can do the accent, but it's going to cost you $5 million off your $25 million price"?

FORD: No, because they would find very quickly that they had the wrong number, both telephonically as well as financially.

PLAYBOY: The other departure in this film is how long it takes to determine if you're a good or a bad guy. That's usually clear going in.

FORD: It's not that the film conceals the elements of my character. It's that my character does not reveal himself, because a captain who explains himself is no captain at all. This guy had the unenviable task of serving the high command, understanding that the whole theory of the military is that men are expendable. The character who I play seems hardened to that reality in a way that makes him somewhat unsympathetic. But he learns, to the point where his command forces him to accept his responsibility to a higher moral authority. He does as much as he can to preserve the men's opportunity for survival, but there is something greater that makes for a more complicated story. This guy realizes that he might be the architect of World War III if he doesn't get this right.

PLAYBOY: This is a story set during the Cold War, before many of today's moviegoers were born. How do you deal with that?

FORD: There is an education curve here. The younger part of the audience does not really know or remember much about the Cold War or understand that the central theory of it all was mutually assured destruction. I remember the duck-and-dive drill in schools, where you had to duck under your desk. But I think the context of the story involves good surprises and very strong characters. It's a story that hasn't been told for 40 years. And I get to do something different, which is important to me. I can't do the same shit over and over again—take the money and run. It becomes harder to find something that has grace and a mission, and yet it's a delicate balance between the audience, the baggage the actor brings and the role.

PLAYBOY: Survivors of the *K-19* crew and the widow of your character complained they were portrayed as a bunch of undisciplined, uneducated alcoholics.

FORD: All that was eliminated from the original script. I never would have done the movie if it portrayed that point of view. We came to an agreement early on that we must maintain the Russian point of view at all costs.

PLAYBOY: Given the scrutiny placed on fact-based films such as *A Beautiful Mind*, were you worried about altering facts?

FORD: We didn't become necessarily less accurate, just clearer, among ourselves, about what was necessary to fully tell the story. The other stuff was just a sideshow.

PLAYBOY: Have the people who complained seen the finished film?

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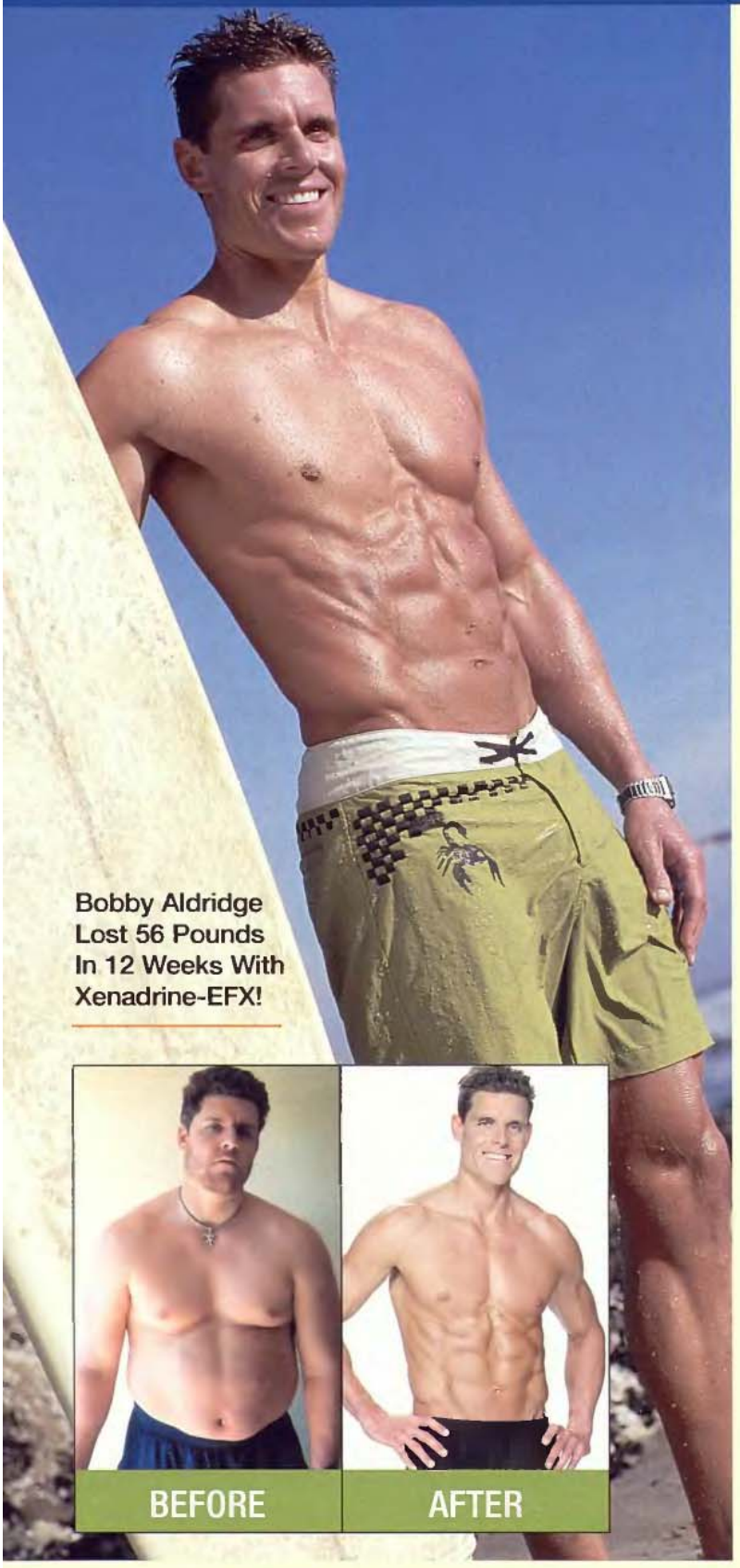

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FORD: No. They felt we were obligated to tell their story. There is no such rule, in life, art or law. Russia is a country without intellectual property rights. We gave people money for their stories, but we are not compelled to tell the stories from their personal points of view. In fact, when we visited with survivors, no two of them had the same story. They were sitting six feet away from one another, all telling different stories. The suffering was compartmentalized. Nobody knew what was going on anyplace else in the submarine, and when you tried to put all these confusing stories together, they made no fucking sense.

PLAYBOY: You could have originated the Jack Ryan role in *Hunt for Red October* but turned it down, thinking that a movie in a submarine wouldn't be viable. Obviously, you've changed your mind about submarines.

FORD: I thought, Wait a second, a submarine movie? You'd never get women to go. I had completely overlooked the charm and potential of Jack Ryan. Since then, there was *U-571*, another submarine movie that worked well.

PLAYBOY: You went on to play Jack Ryan twice. Was it difficult turning down a third Ryan film, in *Sum of All Fears*, which stars Ben Affleck?

FORD: No. I hated the script. Paramount said commit to the development of this and we'll write another script for you. I had never made that kind of long-term commitment, and I said, "Bye-bye."

PLAYBOY: What was wrong with it?

FORD: I just thought the story was dated and unworkable. The central event of the movie is the killing of thousands of people at the Super Bowl. How do you fucking recover from that? Emotionally, how do you care about one character when thousands have been killed? I'm sure that they changed it and made a good movie, but I just didn't want to go through that.

PLAYBOY: Would you feel the same way if you didn't like where Steven Spielberg and George Lucas were taking the next *Indiana Jones* sequel and they said they would recast the role?

FORD: First, I'd tell them to go fuck themselves, then I'd kill them. I'd kill them. But that's a different story. For one thing, it's not based on something written by Tom Clancy.

PLAYBOY: Why has it taken you, Lucas and Spielberg so long to do the fourth *Indiana Jones*?

FORD: We've all been busy, that's most of it. Then there were concepts we didn't all agree on. It has to be the best damned *Jones* we ever made or it's going to get tarred and feathered.

PLAYBOY: Given the time that has passed, will you make concessions for the fact that Indiana Jones is getting older?

FORD: I'll make concessions for the fact that I'm 15 years older.

PLAYBOY: How is Indiana Jones aging?

FORD: As you can see, very well. I can still whip Sean Connery with one hand tied behind my back. We want to preserve the spirit of the original, but I hope we have some good jokes in there about it. The character is still Indiana Jones, and it was always as much fun for the audience to see me get beat up as it was to see me beat somebody up. That is kind of unique. Part of the appeal of Indiana Jones is that he was always in over his head. He always hurt. As he said in the first film, "It's not the years, it's the mileage."

PLAYBOY: You've been famous since *Star Wars* and are extremely protective of your privacy. Is there anything you like about fame?

FORD: Well, first, let me spend a moment on what I hate, which is loss of anonymity. What a burden that is for anybody. It was unanticipated. Nothing is good about being famous. You always think, If I'm successful, then I'll have opportunities. You never figure the cost being a total loss of privacy. That's incalculable.

PLAYBOY: Did it hit you overnight—that suddenly you couldn't shop at the mall anymore?

FORD: It was more cumulative than that. I was driving with Melissa through Morocco and we came to the edge of Fez, where there was a movie theater playing two of my films. I realized I couldn't go unnoticed even in the outer limits of the city of Fez, Morocco. It's terrifying to have no anonymity.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you haven't gotten used to it.

FORD: No.

PLAYBOY: It must have been particularly painful recently, with the breakup of your marriage, and the press covering your every move. Do you understand the media attention or does it make you angry?

FORD: I totally understand it. Occasionally it makes me angry, the misinformation that is put out. But I also have no intention of adding to the pain of anybody involved by participating in it, even to straighten out the misinformation. I'm just not playing that game.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything good about being famous?

FORD: You can get the table you want in a restaurant. Not the best table right inside the front door or where everybody can see you, but the quieter table off to the side. It gets you doctors' appointments. But what is the worth of that? Nothing. The real coin of the realm is freedom. What is a great pleasure is the freedom to make choices, do the projects that you want to do with directors you want to work with, to have some control over the stories and the way a film is released and sold. And the freedom to explore, take chances and maybe talk people into doing something they don't think is such a good shot, because you really want to do it.

PLAYBOY: You are one of the few stars who can get a project made just by saying yes, because your record indicates people will come see you.

FORD: They think they have a better shot with me. That's bullshit, anyway. There is some insurance for a film by hiring a movie star, but it's wrong to think you get anything more than an opening weekend. If it's not a good movie, it doesn't matter at all and it will be bad for the actor next time.

PLAYBOY: You used to make a movie, do some press, then disappear to Wyoming. Your move to New York and your visibility on the social circuit seem to have ended that.

FORD: I've always felt publicity was part of my responsibility and I've done it on every film I've worked on. I just didn't do any personal publicity. I sold movies. My theory was, people have only so much interest in anybody. Take advantage of that interest if you have something to sell and not at any other time. So I never had a publicist, I have never been interested in being involved in the publicity process other than selling a film, because that's taking advantage of the free advertising.

PLAYBOY: How have you managed to hang in there so long, while other big stars have come and gone?

FORD: I was never the hippest thing around, which means that I wasn't in the position to be replaced by the next hippest thing. I'm more like old shoes.

PLAYBOY: So you don't go out of style.

FORD: Yes. Exactly.

PLAYBOY: You turned 60 this year, and have managed to remain cool. There are others, such as Sean Connery, Clint Eastwood——

FORD: Well, they're not 60. They're 70, and they're cool.

PLAYBOY: Is there a reason why you have managed to remain relevant?

FORD: It's just the product you're selling. And I'm selling what I hope is a kind of truth, that thing we all identify as emotional reality.

PLAYBOY: Are you at all daunted by being a 60-year-old leading man?

FORD: No.

PLAYBOY: Because you're able to make the same kind of movies as before?

FORD: No, not the same movies, I never make the same movies. They are all different. I decided for myself early on to appear in different kinds of movies playing different kinds of characters. I played the bad guy for the first time in *What Lies Beneath*.

PLAYBOY: You must have resisted a bunch of offers to play bad guys before taking that one.

FORD: Actually, I hadn't gotten many offers at all. Nobody wanted to let me. When Marty Scorsese did *Cape Fear*, he had Robert De Niro call me to say, "I'm playing the bad guy, why don't you play this other part." I said, "The only fun in

it for me would be to play your part and for you to play my part. That would be unexpected."

PLAYBOY: Would you really have played that villain, who bit off a chunk of a victim's face in one scene?

FORD: Sure, in a New York minute. But Marty didn't see it that way. I guess he knew what he had in De Niro for that part, and he was not about to take a crapshoot. In *What Lies Beneath*, I took advantage of the iconography by turning it on its tail. He was not a real bad guy, because that turn came so late in the movie. I still haven't played a really bad guy, a guy who's really interesting. And I don't mean in terms of party tricks or entertainment value, but interesting in an emotional way.

PLAYBOY: Aside from a bad guy, would you like to stretch more in comedies? Could you do a Farrelly brothers film?

FORD: Oh, I'd love it, just love it. *Dumb and Dumber* is one of my favorite movies. I just love to laugh and make people laugh. I'd love to work with them. I'd love to work with the Coen brothers. I'd love to work with all the brothers.

PLAYBOY: You have two great passions: motorcycles and airplanes. What's the appeal of piloting your own plane?

FORD: It's a combination of freedom and responsibility. It's anonymity. I'm not Harrison Ford, I'm November 1128 Sierra. That has its appeal. There is also an aesthetic appeal to flying, in the places you see and the way you see them. I fly cross-country at least four times a year. I take my airplanes from Wyoming out here, and then back again. My first flight was seven years ago, and I get 225, 250 hours a year, which is not much less than many commercial or corporate pilots. And I like to train. I have different kinds of airplanes that demand different skill sets, different types of finesse.

PLAYBOY: Which would be your favorite?

FORD: That would be like asking which is your favorite child. I have four kids. Do I have a favorite? No. They are all different.

PLAYBOY: When did you first become interested in flying?

FORD: Back in college in 1962, I took flying lessons. But the $13 or $15 an hour for the rental of a plane and instructor was killing me, so I had to give it up. I didn't really get a chance to think about it again until years later. I was flying on Gulfstreams, sitting up front and watching what the pilots were doing and I became intrigued by it again. After a while, I got a Gulfstream of my own, and I asked one of my pilots to go back and get his instructor's license and teach me. I remember on one of my first solo flights, my flight instructor got out of the airplane and was standing on the side of the runway. I went around the pattern, came back in for the approach. The approach was good, then I did that terrible thing you can do with the Cessna 206. I let the nosewheel bounce. And boy, I went porpoising down the runway like nothing I'd ever seen. I went sideways, over the grass, before I got the power to go around. It was ugly.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any other close calls?

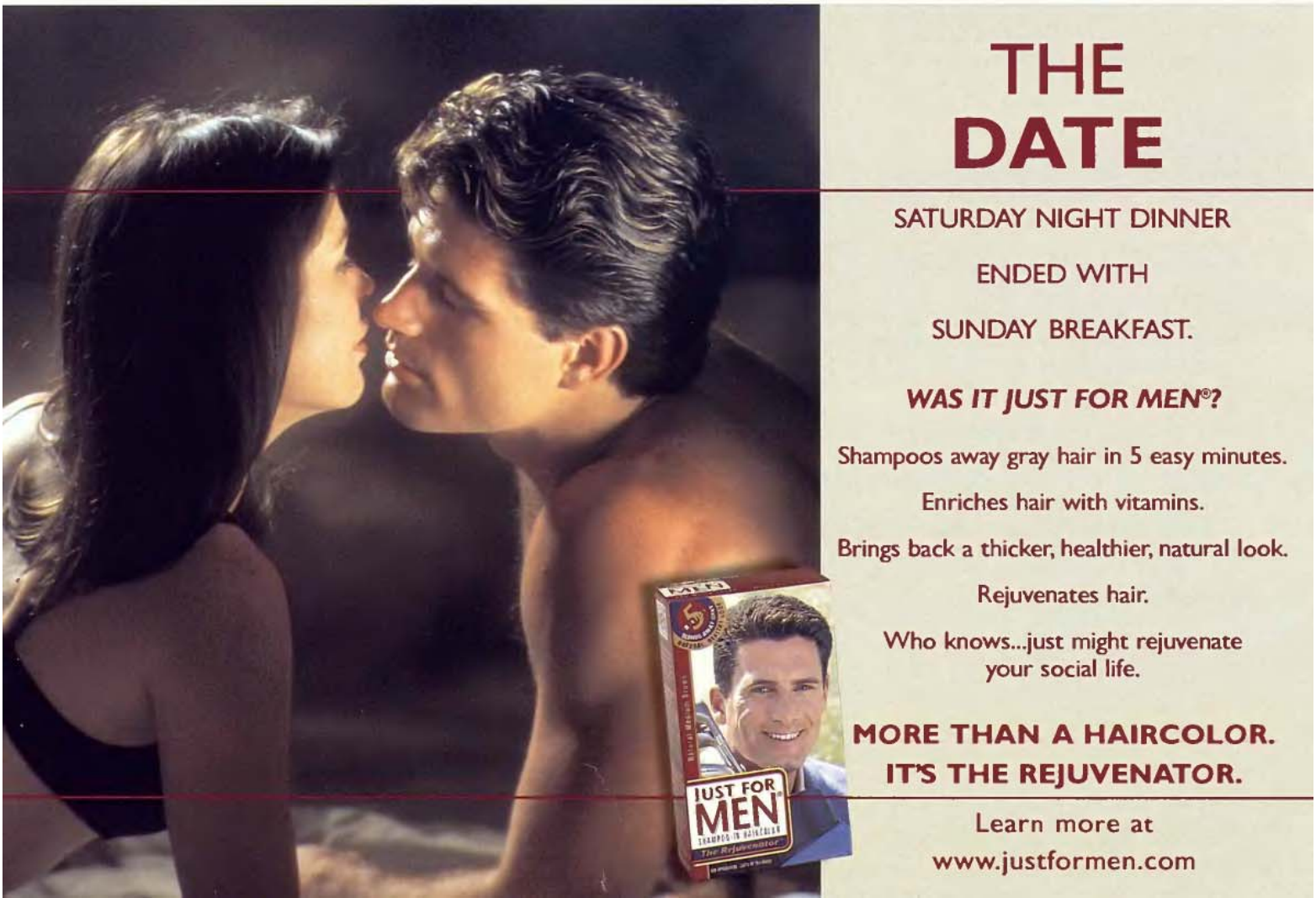
FORD: I've had a couple of incidents that have been classified as incidents and for which I was not blamed by either an insurance company or a federal agency. They were more misadventures of a mechanical or weather-induced type. I got caught in a wind shear one time when I was landing. That was very dramatic and resulted in about $9000 damage to a Beechcraft Commander, which is chump change, like scraping your fender. But it was a very harried and troubling couple of minutes. With my first helicopter, I had an issue with fuel control once, which resulted in substantial damage to the helicopter prop but no injuries to the two souls aboard. So that ended well. You know, shit happens.

PLAYBOY: Is there a kind of plane that you're itching to pilot?

FORD: I've had a chance to fly everything from an F-16 to a huge Russian biplane. One of the virtues of celebrity is these opportunities that come along every once in a while to do things like that.

PLAYBOY: What did you do in the F-16?

FORD: I went with the Thunderbirds, got



to go nine gs in a tight inside turn. I got to fly the thing for 20 minutes.

PLAYBOY: Was that exhilarating, or just scary?

FORD: It was never scary. It was a real experience. A great, intense experience.

PLAYBOY: How about your bikes? What's your best ride?

FORD: I have nine, and they are all different. I don't have many bent-over bikes—my neck and backbone won't stand it. I have sport-touring bikes, which allow you to sit a bit more upright.

PLAYBOY: Is that from the wear and tear of your films?

FORD: Yeah. Let's just say I've had a lot of operations on my knees. My neck has degenerative disk disease. They're all the result of movies. I'm not talking about having done stunts that are unwise. They're just athletic injuries that come in the context of running, jumping and falling down. That's why I have the sport-touring bikes. One's a Honda VFR 750 that has been modified with a lot of stuff. I had the carburetor taken off, and changed to fuel injection. I took off 65 pounds of weight by going with carbon-fiber rims. It's made a monster out of that bike, and it's a fun ride.

PLAYBOY: How fast do you go?

FORD: My heart won't allow me to go that fast, but I go too fast most of the time. But I'm not. . . .

PLAYBOY: Reckless?

FORD: That's why I didn't ride a motorcycle until I was 45, because I didn't trust myself until then. And I didn't fly planes until my 50s, because I didn't trust myself. I never flew until I trusted my judgment. I trust myself now.

PLAYBOY: What about yourself didn't you trust?

FORD: I just didn't really have the ambition for the focus required for these things. I was pulling myself in six different directions.

PLAYBOY: What matured you? Fatherhood?

FORD: It was one of the things that certainly changed my perspective and my focus. I'm sure it helped, but that didn't quite do it enough the first time.

PLAYBOY: At what age did you first feel like you'd matured?

FORD: You mean, when did I feel like a grown-up? What's today? I don't remember any epiphany. There are times I still don't feel much like a grown-up, or even care to. I'm grown up about what I do and I work in a grown-up world, but I still think it's not important to get all grown up.

PLAYBOY: Let's say you are on your ranch in Wyoming. What's your idea of a blissful day? Would it be fishing, watching TV, reading?

FORD: All of that.

PLAYBOY: And watching sports?

FORD: I don't watch most sports. I've never really had the sports gene. I like to watch tennis, especially women's tennis. The game is just a little slower and the legs are better.

PLAYBOY: You play a lot of tennis?

FORD: Yes. I play tennis for an hour a day when I'm in Wyoming. I have a court there and I play with a pro. I don't play competitively. It's the exercise I'm interested in.

PLAYBOY: Rate yourself as a competitive player.

FORD: On any given day I'm either fair or distinguished for my age.

PLAYBOY: What's a good round for you on the golf course?

FORD: I'm saving that for my old age. I have not yet developed a taste for plaid pants.

PLAYBOY: A lot of the movie stars in your league, such as Mel Gibson and Tom Cruise, use their clout to start companies that develop and produce films. You have a reputation for being proactive in your films, but not as a producer. Yet you took executive producer credit on *K-19*.

FORD: I participate in the process more often than I take credit, but this time I decided to take the credit. We had too many goddamned producers. I wanted to make it clear to them up front that I would be among them, that whole creative group, and there was a lot of work to be done. With all due respect and admiration for the original material, a lot had to be accomplished. I was the one person with script approval and I took responsibility to get what I wanted.

PLAYBOY: So once again, you're the one holding the hammer.

FORD: It comes down to script approval and traditionally how that works is, before you start shooting they say the script is finished and you approve. I never do that. I've never yet signed a piece of paper that says that I agree, because it doesn't work that way. I used to have a woman working for me who would say, "There is no limit for better," and that is how I feel. There is no limit for better and we are going to work on this until we have to go over the side of the trench and get it fucking right. I'm not arrogant; I'm interested in what other people have to say, except that if I don't think it's good enough I say it's not good enough. Pay the writer more money. Let's give it one more pass, then let's get another writer. Because the story is it.

PLAYBOY: Do you find most people share your commitment or do they think, This guy's out of control?

FORD: They're afraid the whole thing will dissolve into chaos. But it hasn't.

PLAYBOY: What's your management style?

FORD: I'm nice—cajoling one moment, threatening the next. Whatever it takes, but always in the service of the film. At every opportunity, you have to make sure the character serves the story and the story serves the character's growth.

PLAYBOY: It's probably a wise self-preservation tactic. The blame for failure falls on you.

FORD: That's the unexpected challenge of the leading man. I am going to get fucking blamed for this, so I might as well take the responsibility, in concert with the director. It's been my theory that you first get rid of all the unnecessary dialogue, the beginnings and ends of scenes that aren't necessary in storytelling. That keeps this thing throbbing right through it all. And that's my job. That's what I get paid to do.

PLAYBOY: *Witness*, for which you earned your lone Oscar nomination, has hardly any dialogue in many of its key scenes. Didn't the original script have a lot more dialogue?

FORD: Well, the guys who wrote it got an Academy Award, and they complained that the director and movie star fucked up the movie. Their script ended with the bad guy being undone by a prize mule. Danny Glover's character had the shit kicked out of him by a mule, I swear to God. It made no fucking sense whatsoever, and there were a lot of other things as well.

PLAYBOY: It was a script that had been turned down by a lot of actors when you said yes. What did you see in it that others missed?

FORD: I saw an opportunity for myself as an actor, and an opportunity for a good director. I saw a classic movie. Fish out of water, a character transported to a place in which none of his powers would work. I think Peter Weir is an extraordinary director and it was his first real American film and he did his job so well. But we had no ending. The whole silo thing, we made all of that up. The whole articulation of the scene between me and Glover, with the guy getting crushed by the falling corn and my character digging out his weapon, that was all made up in the last week. I remember we had to scour Pennsylvania to find a bottle of air and a respirator for the guy to wear under the corn.

PLAYBOY: In *Air Force One*, you actually hired a real presidential speechwriter to fix the script. Isn't that extreme?

FORD: I thought the speech the president makes at the beginning of the film was critical to the success of the whole film, and I worked on it and I finally brought in Democratic speechwriter Pat Cadell, who works for *West Wing* today. That's where the work needed to be done in that film.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps the most famous example of a scene change you suggested was in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* where a swordsman demonstrated his prowess, and you shrugged, pulled out your pistol and shot him. Was that improvisation really motivated by a bout of dysentery?

FORD: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Obviously Steven Spielberg was sympathetic. Does he take suggestions well?

FORD: He took that one. He wanted to get out of there as badly as I did. We

(continued on page 137)

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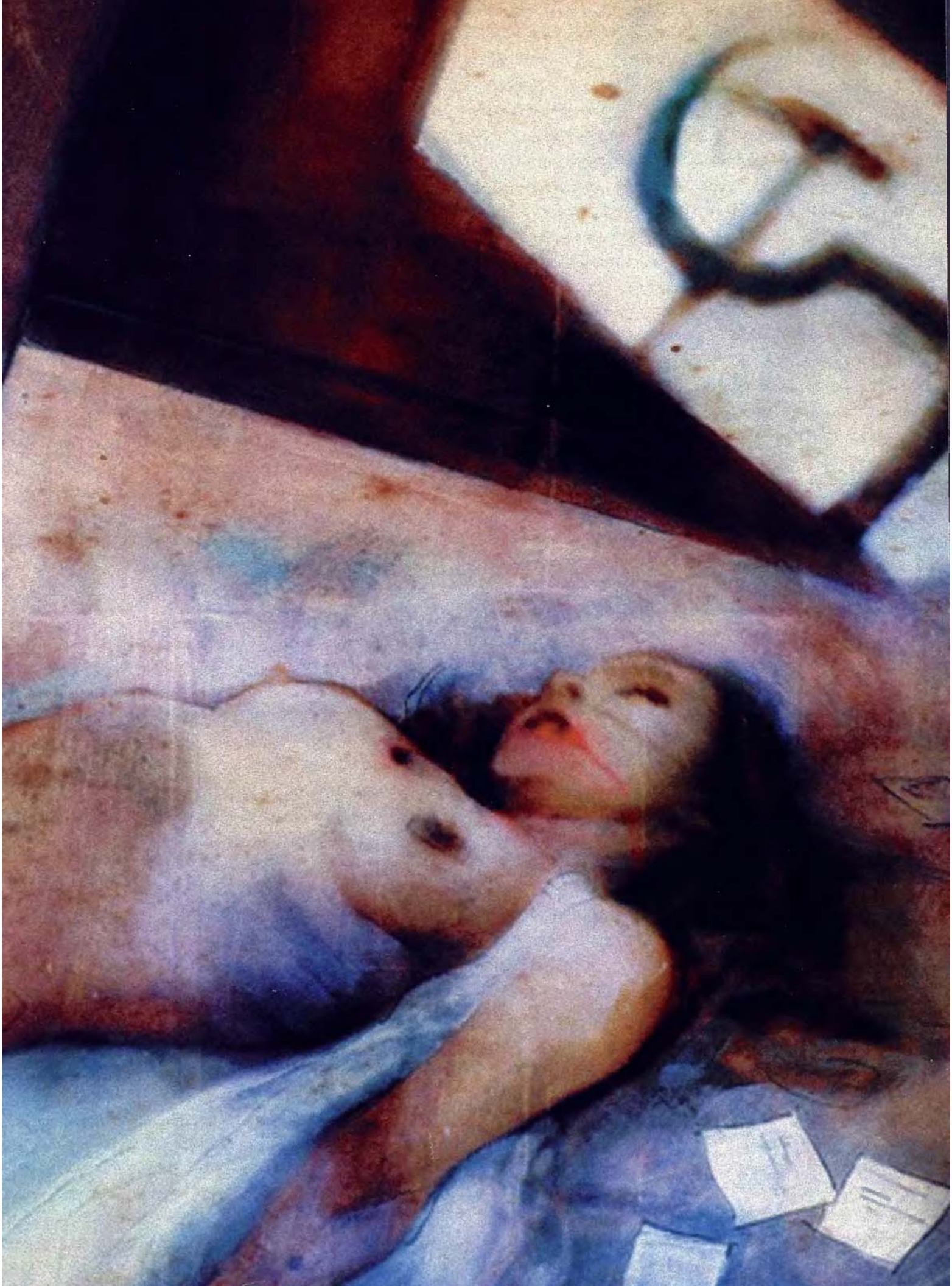
L.A. HOOKERS. RUSSIAN GANGSTERS. SEX AND DEATH

madam alex was dead, heidi fleiss was in jail and hollywood's lucrative callgirl racket is in deadly conflict

article by william stadiem

According to the cops, Leyla Ismayilova was a high-class callgirl, though she refused to admit it even if her life depended on it. Leyla was a 28-year-old, nearly six-foot-tall Ukrainian goddess. She had huge dark eyes, high cheekbones, higher heels and couture by Versace. How else, they figured, would she know that the victim, Lyudmyla Petushenko, another beautiful young Ukrainian, had been beaten and then executed in her Studio City apartment? Having been in the U.S., illegally, for only three months, the leonine, blonde Lyudmyla had been making more than $10,000 a month as a callgirl. She was also recruiting new girls from the Ukraine to join her stable. Ambitious and driven, Lyudmyla was moving fast. Too fast, the cops surmised. Speed kills, especially in what was becoming known as the whore wars, the battle among ruthless Russians to take over the big-buck sex turf left vacant by the

ILLUSTRATION BY ASHLEY WOOD



WHORE WARS TURN DEADLY

With Heidi Fleiss (top right) out of the picture, the Russians took charge of Los Angeles' lucrative callgirl racket. The first victim, Lyudmyla Petushenko (top left), was murdered in her Valley apartment (above). Lyudmyla had left her ex-husband and daughter in Kiev (small photo below) before the Russians smuggled her and others (below left) into LA. Oxana Meshkova (second from left, bottom photo) witnessed Lyudmyla's brutal death, testified against the killer and now faces deportation charges.

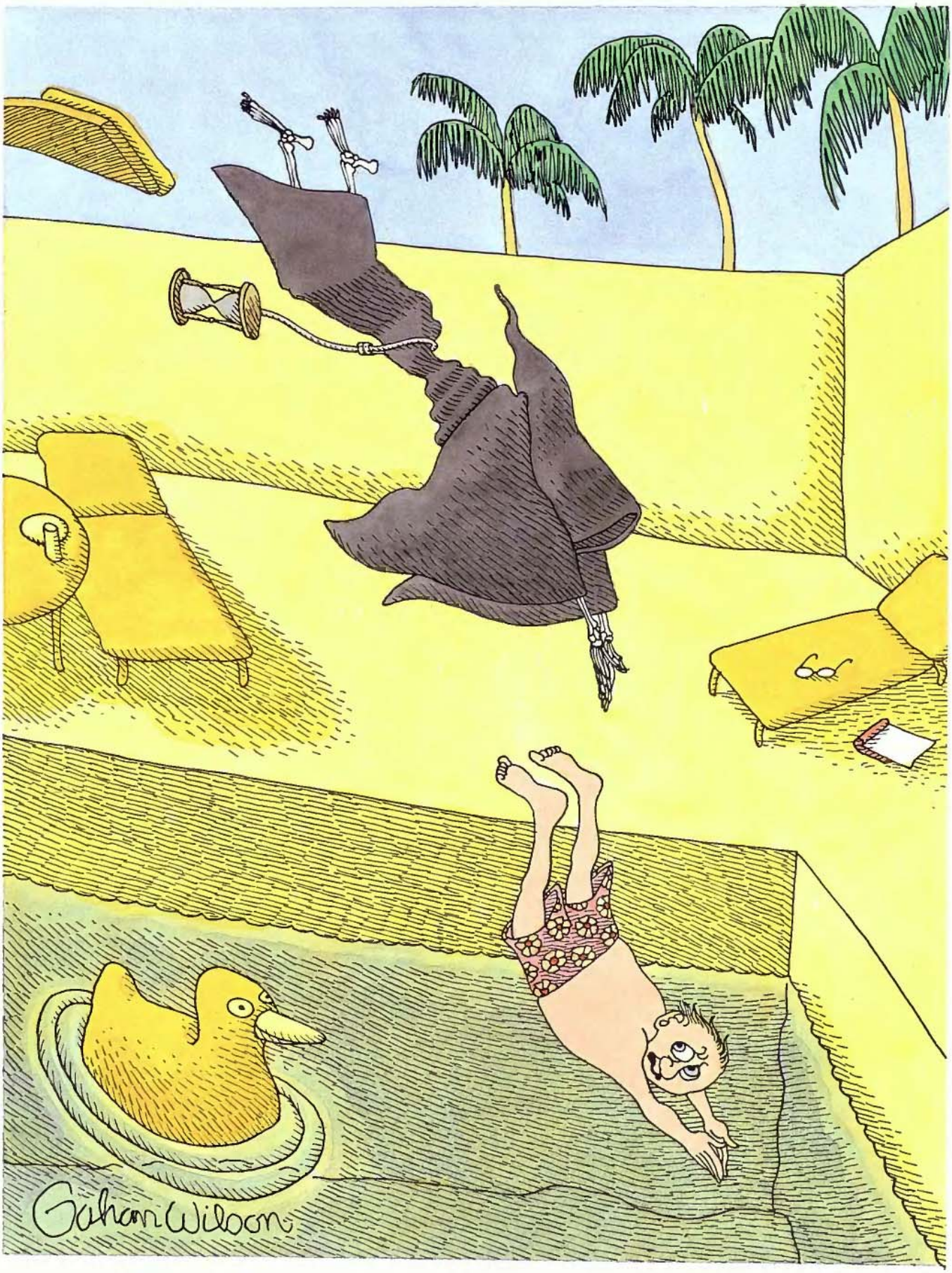
incarceration of Heidi Fleiss.

Heidi Fleiss—the chic Jewish American princess who lived in Michael Douglas' former estate and partied with Jack Nicholson and Mick Jagger—was the second supermadam to hook up Los Angeles prostitutes with a big-name clientele. The first, Madam Alex Adams, had built a multimillion-dollar business selling sex to her black book of stars, moguls, politicians and oil sheiks who would take Alex' charges on trips that started at $10,000 a weekend. After Alex ran afoul of the Los Angeles Police Department, Heidi took over the business and made it even bigger, but her flagrant enjoyment of the elite sex trade also spelled trouble. Eventually, it got her three years in prison. Madam Alex died while Heidi was doing her time, and by the late Nineties the field was relegated to a large number of minimadams and thousands of Internet sex ads. Starlet-level callgirls, even in Hollywood, became increasingly difficult to find. Enter the Russians, who had the looks, brains and greed.

The investigators suspected that Leyla was one of Lyudmyla's callgirl colleagues. Leyla conceded she had befriended Lyudmyla prior to her final bloody morning of Thursday, August 17, 2000. But she steadfastly denied that business of any sort was involved. The two Ukrainians had met at a Russian market in West Hollywood and had bonded. As for tricks, "Never," said Leyla. She said she was the daughter of a small-town police chief, and that she had a rich boyfriend in Los Angeles. She had no need to turn a trick. Her version of events on the fateful morning of August 17, however, did not entirely satisfy the cops.

According to Leyla, Lyudmyla was planning an outing to Magic Mountain amusement park with a Russian friend. A late sleeper, she had asked Leyla to give her a wake-up call at nine A.M. After 11 phone calls with no reply, Leyla told police, she began to worry. Just before noon, she drove her SUV from her West Hollywood apartment into the 90-degree heat and smog of the San Fernando Valley to 4150 Arch Drive. Because another car was entering the security garage the moment she arrived, she was able to enter without being buzzed in.

Walking up to the second floor, Leyla found the front door to apartment 211 unlocked. She entered and called Lyudmyla's name. No answer. Then she went into the bedroom. Lyudmyla was sprawled on the rug in a silk robe, bikini panties and heels. "I thought she was drunk," Leyla told the cops. When she started to shake her awake, a stream of blood poured out of Lyudmyla's mouth. Her body was cold. Leyla fled back to her car and called the Russian woman who had rented the apartment for Lyudmyla. (continued on page 128)


Graham Wilson

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

When 1990 Playmate of the Year Reneé Tenison reminded us she had a twin sister, we experienced minor heart palpitations. When she said her twin, Rosie, wanted to shoot a pictorial with her, we called for the EMTs. Cuba—steamy, idyllic, vaguely illicit—promised to be a suitably special location. The twins' modeling jobs are usually for one or the other, so they're known to play games. "One time we got busted," says Rosie. "But in the end the clients just said, 'We don't care which sister you are, one of you has to be here tomorrow.'" No danger of us being conned—this pictorial is recorded in stereo. (Should you care, that's Reneé, above, on the right.) The Cuba shoot proved to be its own adventure. The twins and some of the crew were diverted from Havana on their connection from Mexico and were sent to a remote airstrip hours away from the capital, where photographer Stephen Wayda's plane landed as planned. Making a long story short is never easy, particularly in a communist country. Let's just say that eventually—after some questioning that smacked of interrogation—the twins hooked up with Wayda in Havana. What a town! The grand old buildings have fallen into disrepair, but the spiral staircases and chipped paint add their own charm. The clubs are packed, the girls are hot. Look at the cars outside and you'd think it was 1957. And talk about hospitality. The group

Reneé asked Rosie to join her in PLAYBOY when she was first chosen as a Playmate. Rosie demurred. At home in Idaho, locals were seeing double anyway. "Back then I was very shy," says Rosie. "I had never modeled. Reneé was the more daring one. It was a little weird—all these guys were looking at me. People were like, 'Dang. We know what you look like!' I always wanted to do it, but I was just too shy," Rosie explains. Things changed when Rosie joined Reneé in Los Angeles. "I had a lot to overcome. I started modeling and acting. Eventually, I was able to get over my bashfulness." We love LA.

Tenison Twins

havana good time

kept being invited into homes for meals. Of course, the invitations probably had little to do with the crew and a lot to do with Reneé and Rosie.

Have they ever pulled a dating switcheroo? "A lot of guys think that they can tell us apart," says Rosie. "But they can't. If a guy says, 'There's no way you can fool me, I can tell you two apart,' I may send Reneé in to see if he can tell. Little stuff. Nothing too sinister. I'll send her in to give him a hug, and then I'll walk in and say, 'What are you doing?' It's just fun." "People who know us can tell which one it is," says Reneé: "'What are you doing, Reneé? Why are you acting like Rosie?' In high school classes we definitely did it, but when I was on a date, I couldn't do it. I couldn't stop laughing." And her dates couldn't stop smiling.

The twins recently started a clothing company called Tenwear. (Check it out at tenwear.com.) "We're selling a lot in Idaho," says Reneé. "In high school, my sister and I used to design all our own clothes. When we were living there, we could never find anything to wear."

SEE MORE OF THE TENISON TWINS AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

BEING WATCHED 24:7

DON'T LOOK NOW—YOU'RE UNDER SURVEILLANCE. WHAT ARE YOU NERVOUS ABOUT?

By MARK BOAL With little or no public debate, surveillance cameras have colonized public spaces in America. Sometimes in plain sight, sometimes hidden, these unblinking eyes are ubiquitous, and it's almost impossible to leave home without being taped. In stores, banks, offices, parking garages and the Statue of Liberty and on the Golden Gate Bridge, they are watching you. Some are controlled by a remote operator with a joystick. Others run automatically, recording loop after loop of film, which virtually no one ever sees. Never before has an entire population been under such observation constantly, not even in the heyday of Stasi, the

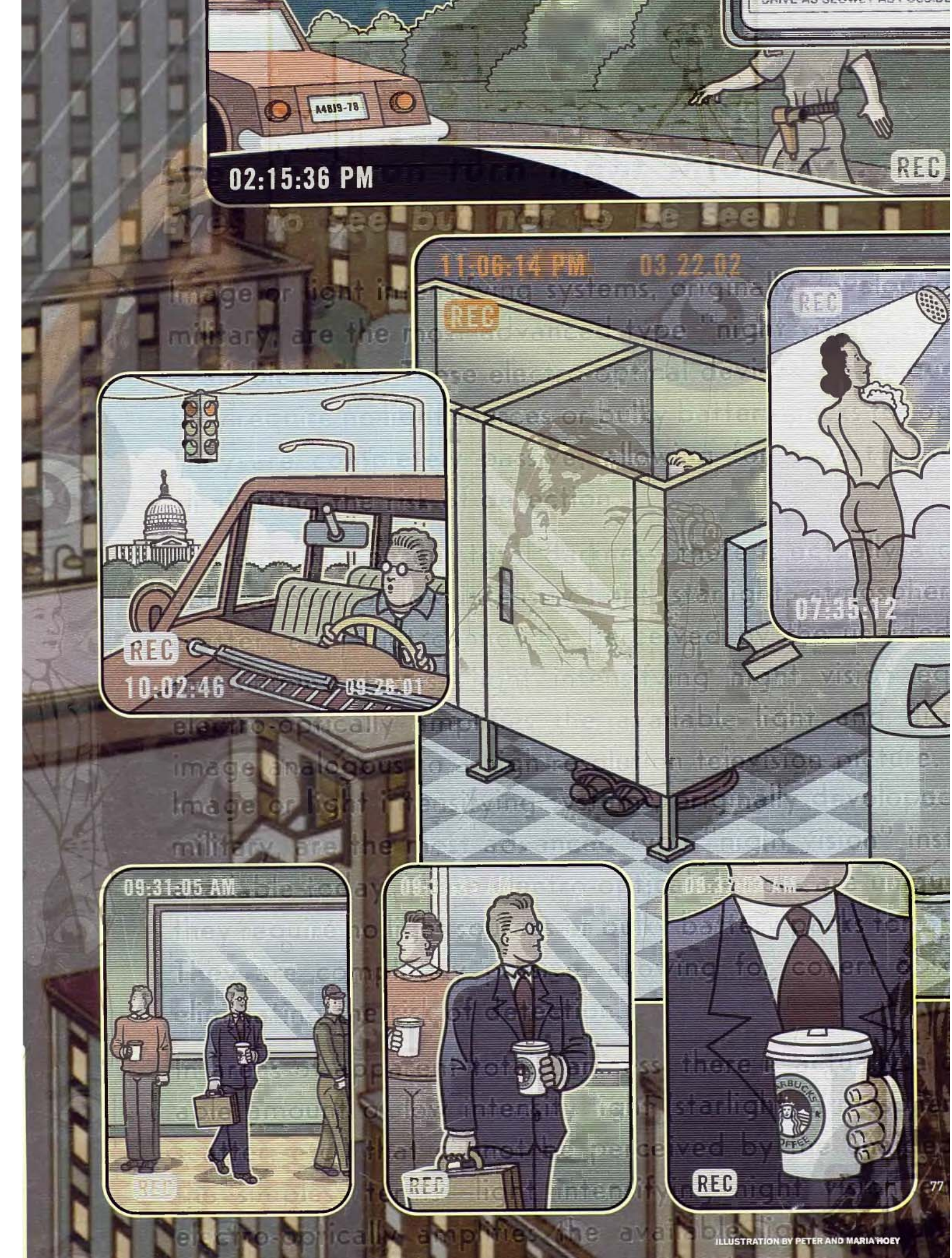


ILLUSTRATION BY PETER AND MARIA HOEY

WATCHING

(1) The first time cameras were used for public surveillance: 1966, in Hoboken, New Jersey.

(2) Number of people arrested before cameras were dismantled five years later: 2.

(3) Number of cameras watching the streets of America today: 2 million.

(4) The percentage of cops who think those cameras fight crime: 2 out of 10.

(5) Total revenue of security equipment suppliers in 2000: $18 billion.

(6) Most frequent law enforcement application of cameras: inside squad cars, to protect officers against frivolous lawsuits.

(7) Growth rate of the camera market in the past 20 years: 589 percent.

(8) Combined lobbying dollars spent by security, retail and banking industries to fight pro-privacy legislation in 1996: $23 million.

(9) City with the most aggressive public surveillance program: Tampa.

(10) Number of suspects identified by face-recognition system on Tampa sidewalks over a four-day period: 14.

(11) The number of those that were false positives: 14.

(12) First group that Washington, D.C. police surveyed with their newly developed camera surveillance system: IMF protestors.

(13) According to a study by the National Institute of Standards and Technology, percentage of face-recognition technology that will incorrectly identify a person 18 months after the initial scan was taken: 43.

(14) The percentage of fans who were scanned at Super Bowl XXV by biametric cameras: 100.

(15) Number of fans told they were under surveillance: 0.

(16) Easiest ways to fool a biametric security camera: grow a beard, wear sunglasses, smile.

(17) The width, in millimeters, of the lens in a popular spy camera that is designed to be indistinguishable from a normal clock: 3.6.

(18) Amount of time, on average, that it took to find a dealer in Washington Square Park before surveillance cameras were installed along the park perimeter: 45 seconds.

(19) Amount of time it takes now: 2 minutes.

(20) Federal rules and procedures for storing and archiving visual surveillance tapes: None.

(21) The number of years after the invention of the telephone that it took before the Supreme Court acted to protect the privacy of phone conversations under the law: 91.

(22) Reason that video cameras do not violate privacy in public places, according to federal law: The cameras don't have any audio pickup devices.

(23) Single most common effect that criminologists say cameras have on crime: moving it to zones of no surveillance.

(24) Single most common effect that security cameras have on normal people, according to sociologists: inhibition.

(25) Number of websites that feature webcam sex, according to Google.com: more than 300,000. —M.B.

notorious East German secret police. It's as if the entire U.S. were a casino or a prison, where constant visual surveillance has long been customary. Still, there is relatively little complaint about all the snooping. The cameras are part of the physical and cultural landscapes of 21st century America.

Is it only coincidence that "reality" television shows have become so popular? Perhaps television is just doing its job—providing a funhouse mirror, adding glamour and sex appeal to our growing habit of voyeurism.

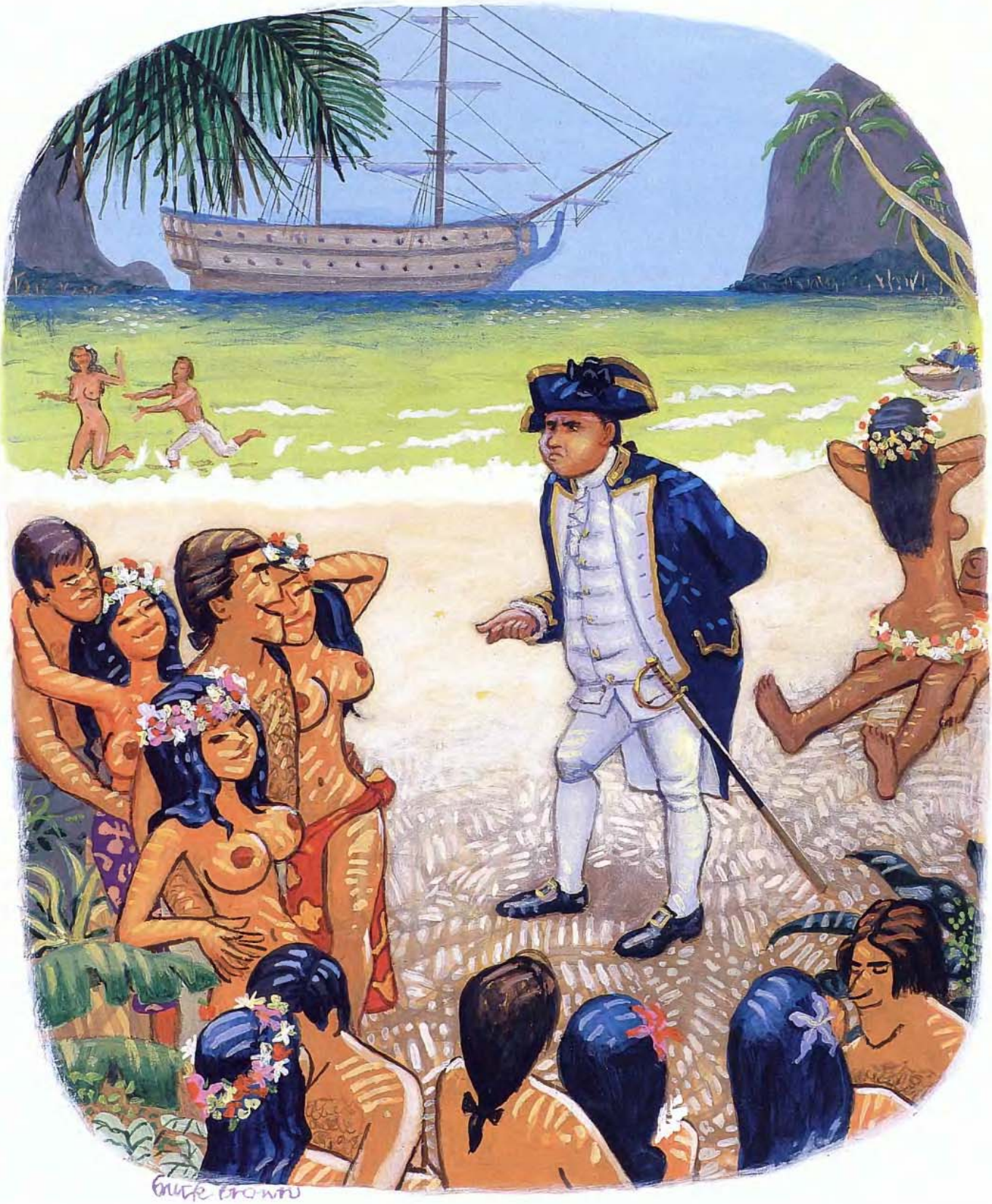
In the wake of September 11, spy cameras have taken on a patriotic shimmer. "We have no choice but to accept greater use of this technology," said a Washington, D.C. law enforcement official, commenting on the profusion of cameras in the nation's capital. By this October, the National Park Service will install round-the-clock video surveillance at tourist attractions such as the Vietnam Memorial and memorials to George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln.

As if to preempt protest, the official stressed that the cameras will not be equipped with face-recognition technology, which can scan crowds and, in theory, spot a fugitive or terrorist. The official said cameras would operate "only in public areas where there is no expectation of privacy and only for valid law enforcement purposes." Such assurances lend poignancy to one of Jefferson's more prophetic observations: "The natural progress of things is for liberty to yield and government to gain ground." Tourists pointing their cameras at the symbols of freedom will be filmed themselves.

Advocates say the cameras make us safer. To be sure, they have helped identify criminals. Who can forget the photographs of Patty Hearst and her erstwhile comrades toting guns during a 1976 bank robbery? More recently, surveillance tapes helped New York police collar two suspected murderers. But these success stories are rare, considering the amount of surveillance that takes place (*see sidebar*).

It remains to be seen if there will be a backlash. In England there have been complaints that law enforcement authorities ignore criminal conduct and instead aim cameras where they hope to see innocent people having sex, or where they can just peer at women. Meanwhile, violent crime is rising.

Cameras provide a cheap illusion of safety, a technological substitute for the real comfort of having a cop on the street. They're here to reassure us that if we watch ourselves closely enough, everything will be all right.



"On the contrary, Captain Bligh, you're the one out of uniform!"

RUNWAY RUNDOWN

STICKING TO CLASSICS, DESIGNERS HAVE CREATED A BUYER'S MARKET

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

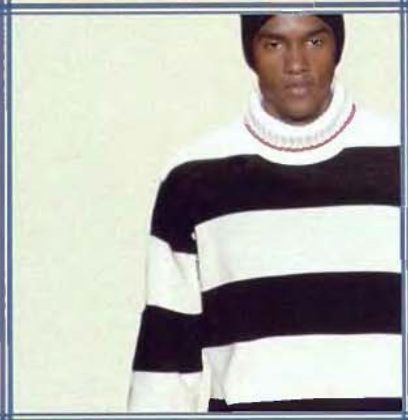
There's good news this year. Designers are talking about elegance. That's a code word—to nondesigners, it means value. When they talk about a return to elegance, what they're really saying is business wasn't so hot at the end of last year so they aren't taking any chances this year. The result? Clothing that will stand the test of time—nothing so daring that it won't last beyond the season. Of course, contemporary clothes have enough detail to be noticed. But this stuff will still look sharp for the next few years. So this is a good time to replenish your wardrobe. One other thing: We know you have a head for fashion. Now's the time to put a hat on it.

You can update your whole look with just one purchase—a hat. The fashion houses are all showing chapeaus (hey—hang out with the fashion set long enough and you can't help picking up some affectations) with their outfits. Bowlers, fedoras, newsboys and woolies—there are plenty of reasons a hat makes sense. For one thing, it will make you taller. For another, it covers bad hair. These doys, you con wear hats indoors, too—anywhere but in church, or at a job interview or a parole board hearing. Of course, to get the aesthetic benefits of a hat, you have to remember that it's all about the fit. Don't go ond buy S, M or L—have your head measured. Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Call it a modern version of the country gentleman look. The sweater and jacket are by Gionfranco Ferre. The outfit with vest is by Trussardi. Though it's obscured in this and a few other shots, suits are being made with ticket pockets again. That's the little pocket on the upper chest. The jacket and pants combo is by John Varvatos. Next is an outfit and overcoat by Fendi, a jacket and sweater combination by Rykiel Homme and two outfits by Seon John. This page, clockwise from top left: The bowler look is by Ralph Lauren. We spotted the modified derby at the Fendi show. The relaxed porkpie was shown with Issey Miyake by Naoki Takizawa. Sean John teamed an outfit with a fedora. Striped sweater and newsboy is by Rykiel Homme. Showing a Sinatra-like flair is an outfit by Fendi. Indiana Jones is in Valentino. And the cabbie hat is part of an outfit by Rykiel Homme.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.

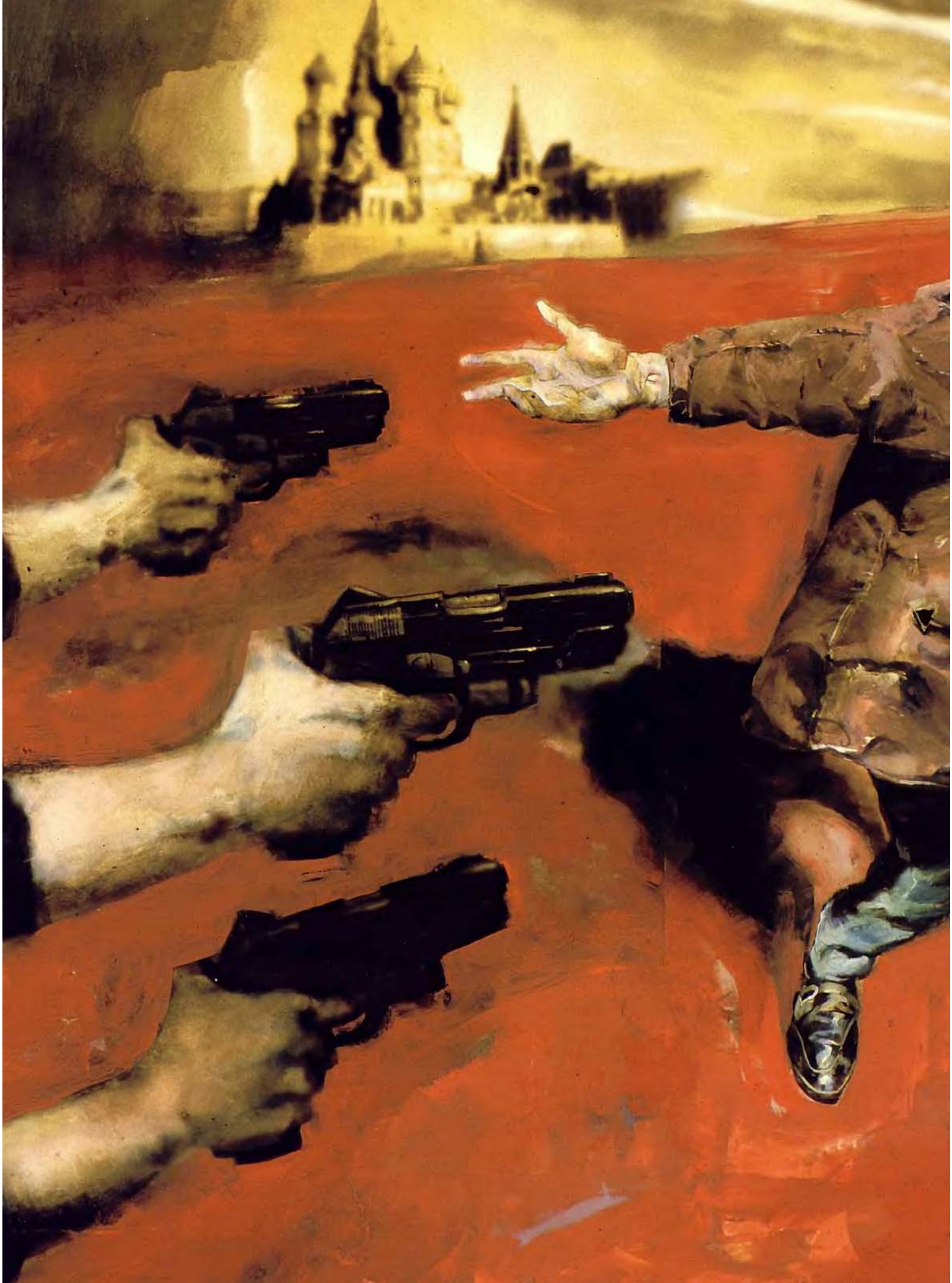
As far as clothes go, the use of elegance as a buzzword is apt—most of the latest styles nod to the class of the Thirties, the appeal of Clark Gable and the camaraderie of the 19th hole. But there's still room for sartorial adventure. This page shows clothes with a more contemporary look—notice the mix-and-match fabrics, plus the extra packets and closures. There are a few other things to notice about this season's outerwear. First, lengths are all over the place. There are full-length overcoats, short jackets and thigh-length car coats. Shearling collars—both real and faux—are being used to give a soft feel but rugged look. (The plush collars can also broaden your shoulders.) Thick fur and fleece collars add a regal air to the power clubber. Clockwise from top left: Jacket and rollneck sweater are by Byblos. Turtlenecks are bigger than ever, as you can see here and elsewhere—in fact, the bigger the better. Leather jacket, suit and sweater are by Gianfranco Ferre. The plush overcoat, sweater, pants and cap are by Sean John. Purple is a big color this fall. The outfit featuring a quilted leather jacket is by Biagiatti. This coat shows another new trend—a new technology that allows leather to be cut by lasers. The result is raw edges along the seams. The full-length coat, V-neck sweater and striped pants are by Hermes. The shearling coat and outfit are by Kenneth Cole. At bottom left is Ethan Zohn, of *Survivor* fame, wearing a leather coat and outfit by Perry Ellis. (See—male survivors can get into PLAYBOY, too.) Finally, the jeans, shirt and motocross-inspired jacket are by J. Lindeberg. One other tip: If you don't feel like wearing a hat, you can just grow your hair out. Long hair is being used to play against sober styles.

Sure, you can shake off the pushy salesman. But at some point when you're shopping for clothes, it still hits you. You look at the displays and think, I want it all. But it doesn't work that way. Aside from financial pressures, you have your own look to maintain. That's why we track the runways for trends you can incorporate in your closet—and still feel like yourself. Take the stuff on this page—a lot of it would fit fine both in a club and in a more sober setting. Runway shows offer great tips, but not always positive ones. Check out the guy whose hair looks like George Washington heading out to vogue at Studio 76. You may not guess it from these pages, but that's the sort of stuff we have to spend hours watching—and we have to clap and look interested. All to find a few cool things, like the other clothes on this page. Clockwise from top left: The suit, shirt and tie are by Giorgio Armani. The big trend in suit fabrics is brushed wool. The finish is soft—approaching a moleskin feel—and allows for ease of motion. Double-breasted suit and turtleneck are by Moschino. Current suits can go smartly from day into evening. The slightly stronger shoulders make you sufficiently imposing in the boardroom, while the soft finishes allow you to boogie down afterward. The gray double-breasted suit is by Giorgio Armani. Notice the high-notched collar—it's a mark of the latest suits. Knitwear with eye-popping stripes is the new alternative to busy checks and geometric patterns. The diagonally striped sweater is by Giorgio Armani. The dark sweater with the stripe across the chest is by Tommy Hilfiger. The brown and maroon block sweater is by Krizia. And the black-and-white striped sweater is by Tommy Hilfiger.



CS ENRON:
CRIME SCENE ENRON
J.J. Sedelmaier PRODUCTIONS, INC.
ART BY ROB BIDDISCOMBE ANDREA GONZALEZ DAVE LOVELACE SEAN LATTRELL
WRITTEN & CONCEIVED BY DANIEL RADOSH
I DON'T GET IT, GRISSOM. HOW DOES THE SEVENTH-LARGEST BUILDING IN THE CITY JUST COLLAPSE?
THESE CASINO CHIPS ARE MY WHOLE RETIREMENT FUND.
LET'S ASK THE CORPSE.
I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS.
ENRON CASINO
BIGGEST PAYOUTS ON THE STRIP
POLICE
SHREDDING PAPER... MAYBE THEY HAD A TICKER TAPE PARADE?
I LOVE A PARADE... OF EVIDENCE.
LATER, AT THE CSE LAB...
BASED ON TRACES OF INK FROM A SINGLE SHRED OF PAPER, THE COMPUTER WAS ABLE TO RECONSTRUCT THE ENTIRE DOCUMENT WITH 97% ACCURACY.
BUT YOU'RE JUST SURFING THE NET FOR PORN.
OK, SO I USED SCOTCH TAPE.
OOH BABY! YOUR VNTR PATTERN SEQUENCING IS MAKING ME SO HOT!
RAPTOR LAUNDROMAT
MARCH 26, 2001
LAUNDER:
✓ 1-SHIRT
✓ 2-PANTS
✓ $504 MILLION
✓ PRESS CHENEY FOR FAVORS
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE GOT TAKEN TO THE CLEANERS.
RAPTOR LAUNDROMAT
ABANDONED!
NOT ENTIRELY. ANNELIDA HIRUDINEA— THE MARINE LEECH. AND JUDGING BY THE SIZE, I'D SAY DOMESTICATED.
EVIDENCE
CATHERINE AND NICK FOLLOW THE LEAD.
RAPTOR? SUSPICIOUS? WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?
WELL, RAPTORS ARE THE CUNNING AND FEROCIOUS VILLAINS FROM JURASSIC PARK.
FAST ANDY FASTOW'S BLOODSUCKING LEECH FARM
I KNEW WE SHOULD'VE GONE WITH EWOK!
RAPTOR INC.
(NOT A DIV. OF ENRON NOPE, NOT IN THE LEAST)
2 +2 = $1.6 BILLION
A-OK
- ARTHUR ANDERSEN
BUT I'M CLEAN. HERE, CHECK THE PAPERWORK.

WHEN EXPOSED TO UV LIGHT, THIS NOITAL WILL REVEAL ANY DIRT YOU'VE TRIED TO WASH OFF.
THEY MAKE IT IN COUNTRY PINE, TOO!
EEEWW!
THAT'S THE SCARIEST THING I'VE SEEN UNDER BLACK LIGHT SINCE I TOOK DOWN MY JOHNNY WINTER POSTER.
JEFF SKILLING? YOUR EARNINGS REPORTS ARE SO OVERINFLATED THEY MAKE BRITNEY SPEARS LOOK NATURAL.
DON'T LOOK AT ME. WHEN I LEFT THE COMPANY IT WAS AS SOLID AS GLOBAL CROSSING.... OK, BAD EXAMPLE.
"ACTUALLY, SURVEILLANCE TAPES SHOW YOU BEHAVING SUSPICIOUSLY."
"I HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF THAT!"
ACCORDING TO THE BRAIN SCAN SOFTWARE ON MY PALM VII, HIS MEMORY IS COMPLETELY BLANK. EXCEPT FOR ONE NAME...
...KEN LAY.
I WAS DUPED!
SOB! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HARD IT'S BEEN FOR US. WE'RE FIGHTING FOR LIQUIDITY!
DO YOU MIND IF I TAKE A SAMPLE OF YOUR TEARS?
THESE TEARS SHOW A MATCH FOR DNA OF CROCODYLUS ACUTUS: THE AMERICAN CROCODILE.
SINCE WHEN IS RIPPING OFF STOCKHOLDERS A CRIME, ANYWAY? I'M EXERCISING MY CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT.
WE DON'T NEED YOU TO TALK, SIR. THE EVIDENCE NEVER TAKES THE FIFTH.
LATER...
YOU GOTTA HELP ME! YOU OWE ME!
THIS NUMBER IS NOT IN SERVICE...
PLEASE HANG UP AND DO NOT TRY AGAIN.
THE END?



A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

SOME SAY THE COLD WAR IS OVER, BUT SAM WATERMAN AND HIS RUSSIAN COUNTERPART KNOW BETTER

FICTION BY JOHN WEISMAN

MOSCOW: October 13, 1998, 10:17 A.M. Sam Waterman spent the morning of his 45th birthday a hostage to his profession, stuffed rudely onto the rear floorboard of one of the consulate's Ziv sedans, the drive shaft hump wedged against his kidneys, his long legs tucked fetal, his body hidden under a damp blanket. Even though he knew he couldn't be seen through the tinted windows, he still held his breath as the car clunked over the antiterrorist barriers at the Russian police checkpoint outside the garage gate. He exhaled slowly when the driveshaft whined as the car merged into the late morning traffic.

"Keep going, keep going," Sam instructed tersely from under musty cover. "Don't check your mirrors. Just drive. Nice and easy."

"Don't have a cow, man." That was consular officer Tom Kennedy, imitating Bart Simpson. Tom, who'd been recruited to do the driving, could impersonate Bart perfectly. He was still working on his Homer, though, reviewing night after night the videotapes his sister sent him through the mail pouch—which tells you what Moscow's social life has to offer a reasonably good-looking African American junior-grade diplomat, even in these post-Soviet days.

Sam grunted and shifted slightly, trying to reduce the pressure on his kidneys as the car turned left, heading west.

ILLUSTRATION BY KENT WILLIAMS

"We're on Kutuzovskiy Prospekt," Kennedy told him. "*Doh*. Crossroads of the world."

"Tom, put a cork in it." Christ, he'd warned the kid this was serious business, and Kennedy still wanted to talk. Not good, because they weren't safe. Not by a long shot. FSB, the Russian internal security agency, had inherited the KGB's elaborate passive surveillance system. *Vizirs* they were called—long-range, high-powered telescopes mounted on tripods, positioned in buildings along Moscow's major thoroughfares. The watchers would scan for diplomatic plates and peer inside the cars. If they saw the driver's lips move, they'd take note. Was he talking to someone hidden in the car? Was he broadcasting? If they thought you were up to no good, they'd send the police to do a traffic stop—diplomatic plates or no.

And Sam couldn't afford a traffic stop. Not today.

He had to meet General Pavel Baranov at precisely five past one, and the rendezvous was critical: Baranov had used his emergency call-out signal, an inconspicuous broken chalk line on a weatherworn lamppost 60 yards from the entrance to the Arbatskaya metro stop. Sam had seen the *short-long-long-short* Morse code signal last night on his regular evening jog—a five-mile run that began outside the embassy's faded walls and proceeded on a meandering but consistent route that took him all the way to the western boundary of the Kremlin and back to the embassy.

The Arbatskaya signal site and the letter P were to be used by Baranov only under crisis conditions. Still in his running gear, Sam sent Langley a code word–secret "blue-striper," an urgent cable alerting his division chief to Baranov's emergency signal, detailing his operational plan and requesting comment. Today he was awake by five, running the operation in his mind. By six he was in the office, checking for response from Langley (there was none, which was typical) and removing gear from the duffel he kept in the station's walk-in safe.

The next step was to shanghai Tom Kennedy, one of three greenhorn consular officers Sam had identified as potential decoys. The decoy factor was critical. As station chief, Sam was a "declared" intelligence officer. And thanks to an American defector, a CIA turncoat named Orville Madison who worked at Moscow Center for the aggressive new FSB director, Vladimir Putin, Russian counterintelligence knew who was Agency and who wasn't.

If one of Sam's people drove, surveillance was virtually guaranteed. So he'd used an outsider, a junior consular officer the Russians thought was uninvolved in intelligence gathering.

At 9:06 A.M., Sam strode unannounced into the expansive office of Sandra Wheeler, the consul general. At 9:12 he returned to his own eighth-floor quarters. Seven minutes after that, there was a tentative knock on Sam's door. [*Enter Thomas Jefferson Kennedy, Foreign Service Officer Grade Four, stage left.*] Twelve minutes later, a wide-eyed Tom Kennedy headed for the garage, having received his first inculcation into the shadowy Wilderness of Mirrors in which Sam Waterman had lived and worked for almost 19 years.

•

10:38. The drive train had developed a nasty vibration. Sam could feel it shudder through the floorboard. He was sweating even though the Ziv's heater didn't work. He lay silent, eyes closed, counting off the seconds, timing the route he'd painstakingly devised as Tom drove in blessed quiet. They'd be heading northwest now, less than a kilometer from Ring Road, which encircled the city. At the Volokolamskoe on-ramp they'd turn north toward the M10 and Moscow's Sheremetevo-airport.

But they wouldn't go there. Instead, Kennedy would exit south onto Leningradskoe and divert to a narrow, deserted strip of parkland where Sam would roll out. Then Tom would drive like hell to the airport, where he'd wait in the no-parking zone—in vain—for a consular official scheduled to arrive from Berlin. And, yes, tickets had been bought. Sam had thought of everything, down to the smallest detail. "Plausible" and "denial," after all, were the foremost watchwords of his particular faith.

The Ziv banked hard right. In his head, Sam saw the exit and the industrial zone. He felt Tom brake, accelerate, then brake again. Show time. Sam pulled off the blanket, reached up, opened the rear door and scrambled out next to the pockmarked brick wall of an alley. He rapped the Ziv's door. "Go-go-go!"

Alone, he made his way southwest toward a swath of green parkland. He checked the cheap Bulgarian watch on his wrist. He was two minutes behind schedule.

10:52. Sam caught the sparsely occupied ferry with 75 seconds to spare, paid his ticket and sat on a bench in the rear of the smoky passenger cabin for the six-minute ride to Zaharkovo. Halfway across, he went to the toilet, a cramped compartment that stank of urine. He stepped across a puddle under the tin trough that served as a *pissoir*, entered the single stall, shut the door and quickly shed his long black nylon overcoat. Underneath he wore a thigh-length brown leather jacket. He stuffed the black coat behind the toilet, pulled a wool cap from his jacket pocket and jammed it on his head. He left the men's room just in time to feel the engines reverse as the boat pulled alongside the quay. Without reentering the cabin, he nudged his way to the rail, marched up the dock and walked across the street. There he boarded bus number 96, which he rode to the Tushinskaya metro stop. Sixty-nine minutes and three train changes later, he emerged from Teksilshchiki station, crossed the road and walked gingerly over a single rusting set of railroad tracks into a deserted industrial park where, in the old days, they'd assembled Moskvich automobiles as part of Joe Stalin's workers' paradise.

What Sam had performed since leaving the Ziv was a Surveillance Detection Route, a timed course during which he'd had half a dozen opportunities to spot a hostile tail. Not to shake it, however. Simply to identify it. Only in Hollywood do CIA officers shake a tail. In real life, you spot the opposition. But you do nothing to alert them. If the other side realizes it has been tagged, it will change surveillance methods, and the cycle has to begin all over. Sam had spent weeks crafting each segment of this SDR, even though he'd use it only once.

He walked until he reached an alley that had a row of corrugated-sheet-metal gated sheds where Muscovites bribed the watchmen in hard currency so they could keep their autos under roof. The streets leading to these shanties were deserted. Even if they had been crowded, no one would have paid Sam any mind, because the tall, gray-eyed man looked like a local.

Careful to avoid getting mud on his scuffed shoes, he stepped around a rusted Latta with a tarp spread under the rear of its chassis. There were two blue-jeaned legs poking out. Sam rapped the Latta's hood. "Yuri Gregorovich, is that you under there, or should I call the police?"

Yuri G. Semerov rented the shed next to Sam's and owned a store near the Arbat, where he sold everything from fake czarist antiques to Soviet Army uniforms. Sam knew the Russian had been checked out to ensure that he wasn't a provocateur.

The legs crabbed from under the vehicle, followed by a torso, then a thick arm holding a big crescent wrench, and finally a broad, flat, mustached Tatar face that peered up warmly at Sam. "Hello, Sergei Anatolyvich."

(continued on page 150)

"The doctor said two weeks of bed rest, but he didn't say you had to be alone."

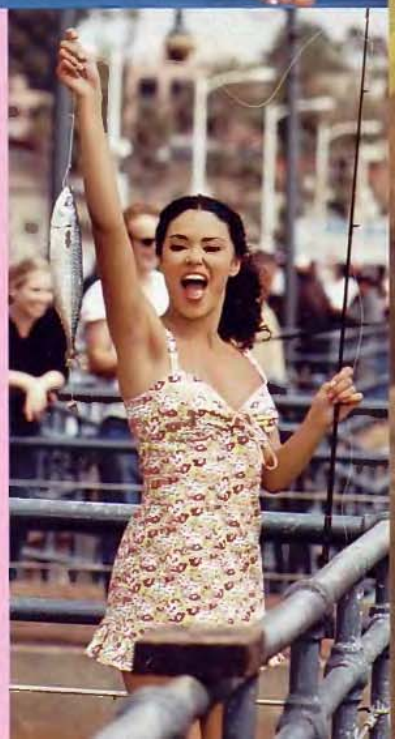
miss august sets a high mark for herself

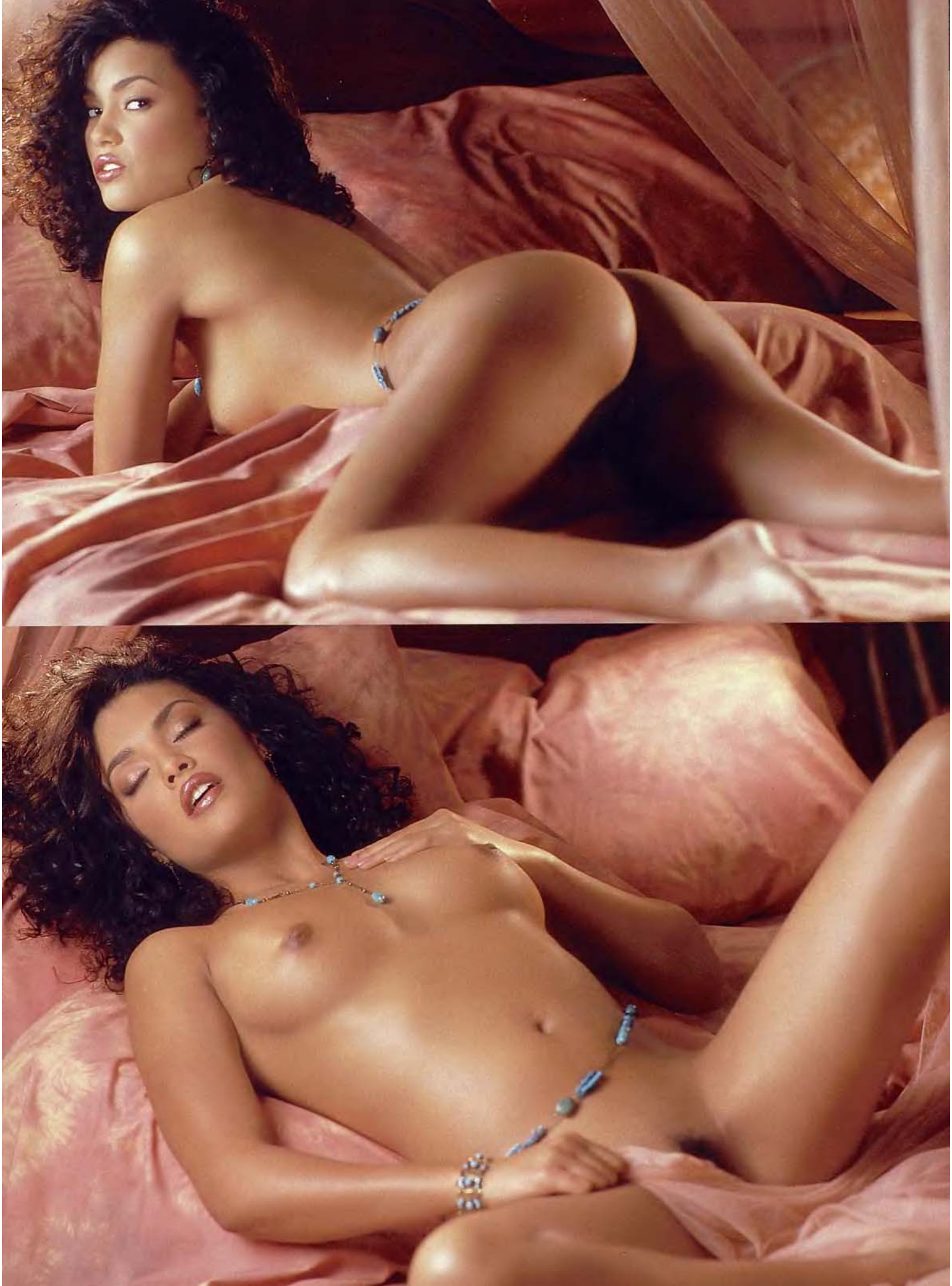
LATIN CLASS

BECAUSE YOU watched Fox' *Girl Next Door: The Search for a Playboy Centerfold*, you know that Christina Santiago was one of three finalists. "I wasn't a sore loser when I lost to Lauren Anderson, but I was disappointed because I didn't understand what PLAYBOY was looking for in a Playmate," she says. "When I got the phone call saying I was going to be Miss August, I had to eat my words." The 20-year-old Chicago native's striking features helped her become a professional model, but she doesn't think she had an advantage over the other 11

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Who gets Christino's vote os the sexiest man olive? "I love Eminem and Brod Pitt," Miss August soys. In her spore time, Christino likes to ploy bosket-boll, jot down thoughts in her journol ond jump around to hip-hop. "I'd like to leorn how to swing dance," she soys.





women. "I'd never done nude modeling before," she says. "I didn't feel uncomfortable, because I'm content with my body, and I'm not afraid to show it." She was even less shy around the cameramen recording her every move for two weeks—much of the footage was deemed too hot for television. "We couldn't talk to the crew at all," she says. "The only thing that we could do when the cameramen left the room, which was probably mean on our part, was to purposely do something outrageous so they'd run back to the room trying to get to their cameras. I made out with this girl on the show, but I don't think you see that on network TV." So all signs point to the contestants' getting along, right? "Everyone thought there would be catfights. But the contract specifically said, 'No pulling hair, no spitting, no biting,'" she says. "I was laughing so hard!"

Christina thinks she will eventually move to Los Angeles and wants to attend a school that specializes in the performing arts. Her experience with PLAYBOY and meeting Hugh Hefner only encouraged her more. "Hef knows I'm a strong person and sees potential in me," she says. "He's willing to give me the chance that no one else has given me. In the next five years, I hope to audition for a big movie, soap opera or sitcom. I'd like to be a choreographer and would love to be onstage for the Oscars or Grammys performing with Jennifer Lopez or something. I try to do the right things in life. Whenever a good opportunity has knocked on my door, I've always tried to make the most of it."

Heads up, guys—Christina is single and looking for Mr. Right. "Why would I want men going through my life, in and out?" she asks. "I want just one. I'm attracted to guys who are older than 26, over six feet tall, with a nice ass. I'm a butt girl, so I like a guy who has a nice body and takes good care of himself. He doesn't have to be cut, just not fat, OK? I would love it if a guy would take me out to karaoke on a first date, because that would show how open-minded and courageous he is. I can always feel the vibe right away if there's the potential to date someone seriously. In the near future, I see myself with my man in our house, being very happy."

There are more photos, plus video, of Christina at cyber.playboy.com.

"I'm a goofball," says Christina about her behavior on Fox' *Girl Next Door*. "I joke around a lot, so there isn't a lot of difference between me on or off camera, except I sometimes talk to myself. I had to control that."

MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Christina Santiago

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Christina L. Santiago

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 108 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 10/15/1981 BIRTHPLACE: Chicago, IL

AMBITIONS: To become an actress or Choreographer.

TURN-ONS: Good looks, honesty, good sense of humor, intelligence and a man in touch with his sensitive side.

TURNOFFS: Vanity, dishonesty, Superficial people and Stupidity.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE: Great shoes, Sexy underwear, an Eminem CD and a toothbrush!

FAVORITE FOOD: Cheeseburgers, pizza puffs + goat cheese salad.

MY FAVORITE QUOTE: Things understood don't have to be explained.

FIVE MOVIES I'VE WATCHED SEVERAL TIMES: Pretty Woman, Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, Friday, What Dreams May Come, Ace Ventura – Pet Detective.

Me at My eighth grade graduation.

Miss Teen Illinois Pageant.

A Night out with my friends.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A married couple was eating at a restaurant when the wife noticed her ex-husband sitting at the bar. "He's been drinking since I left him seven years ago," she said to her current husband.

"That's silly, dear," he replied. "No one celebrates that much."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What do pantyhose and Osama bin Laden have in common?

They both irritate Bush.

A bride became annoyed by her husband's lusty advances on their wedding night. "Just so we understand each other, I demand proper manners in bed," she declared, "just as I do at the dinner table."

So the groom smoothed his rumpled hair and carefully climbed between the sheets. "Is that better?" he asked.

"Yes," his wife replied, "much better."

"Very good, darling," the husband whispered. "Now would you be so kind as to please pass the pussy?"

A man visited a doctor after getting hit in the crotch by a golf ball. He said, "How bad is it, doc? I'm getting married next week and my fiancée is still a virgin."

The doctor said, "I'll have to put your penis in a splint to help it heal. It should be OK by next week."

Without mentioning the incident to his fiancée, the man married her. On their wedding night, she ripped open her dress and took off her bra. She said, "You're the first to see or touch these."

Then she took off her panties and said, "No one has ever touched me here, either."

Barely able to contain himself, the man dropped his pants and said, "Look at this. It's still in the crate."

At his 30-year high school reunion, a man ran into his high school sweetheart. He asked her, "How have you been?"

"I just had a hysterectomy," she replied.

"Oh my, that's too bad," he said.

"It is," she said. "But the good news is that the doctor found the class ring you thought you'd lost."

A young boy asked his father, "Daddy, is it true that in some parts of China a man doesn't know his wife until they get married?"

The father replied, "Son, that happens in every country."

A mother was cleaning the house when she found her son's hidden stash of S&M magazines. She asked her husband, "What should I do about this?"

"Well," he said. "One thing is for sure. Don't give him a spanking."

The two hottest guys in high school were Juan and Amahl, the twin sons of a Spanish mother and an Arabic father. Every girl in school wanted to have sex with them. Two sisters were lucky enough to have some success in bedding the twins.

"I did it with Juan when we went out last night, and it was really nice," the younger sister said. "But I won't be really satisfied until I've had his brother, too."

The older sister rolled her eyes. "Hey, they're twins, and I've had them both. Take it from me, if you've fucked Juan, you've fucked Amahl."

Why do married men hang strobe lights in their bedrooms?

So they can pretend their wives are moving during sex.

A woman told her friend, "I made my husband a millionaire."

The friend asked, "What was he before you married him?"

She replied, "A billionaire."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Two men were trying to get in a quick 18 holes, but there were two slow female golfers ahead of them. The first man said, "I'm going to ask them if we can play through."

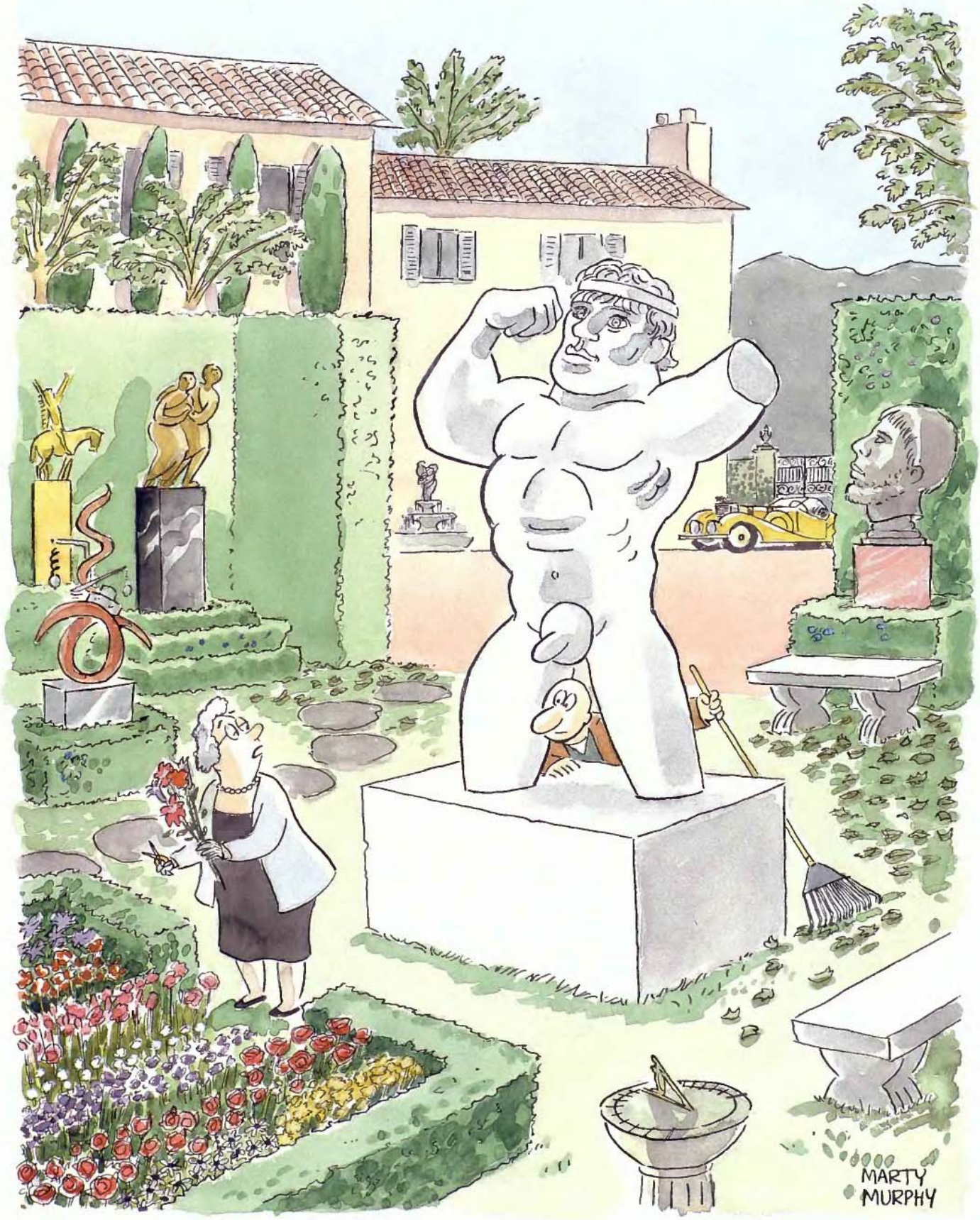
He got about halfway there and then turned around. His friend asked, "What happened?"

He replied, "One of them is my wife and the other one is my mistress. You try."

So the second man walked toward them. Halfway there, he turned around. His friend asked, "What happened?"

He replied, "Small world."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*



". . . Oh, it's you, Hawkins. For a moment you gave me quite a start!"

SECRETS OF A ROUND-THE-CLOCK PICKUP ARTIST

BY COREY LEVITAN

Women are easy. It's men who make things tough. Meeting women and getting laid is simple. It requires one part charm, one part looks, one part money and 97 parts balls of steel. Sometimes, though, formulas and lists and advice on pickup lines fall flat on the page. Sometimes you aren't convinced. Sometimes extraordinary measures are necessary to get lucky.

Corey Levitan is a guy like many other guys. Not average—just regular. What he lacks in height he makes up for in an easygoing personality and the ability to have a good laugh. He was perfect for this project. His assignment? Hit on every attractive woman he meets for one week. No personals, no friends of friends. Pure cold-calling. Instead of hitting on women he thought were obtainable, he had to speak to every one he saw. If he didn't employ our techniques 24/7, he wouldn't get paid. Turns out he was paid in full. Here's his story.

THE SUPERMARKET

Food shopping is better than clubbing for hooking up. It doesn't matter what aisle you're in; everywhere is the meet department. If you crash and burn with an attractive female in a club, you have to see her the rest of the night. In a supermarket, the talent recycles every 20 minutes.

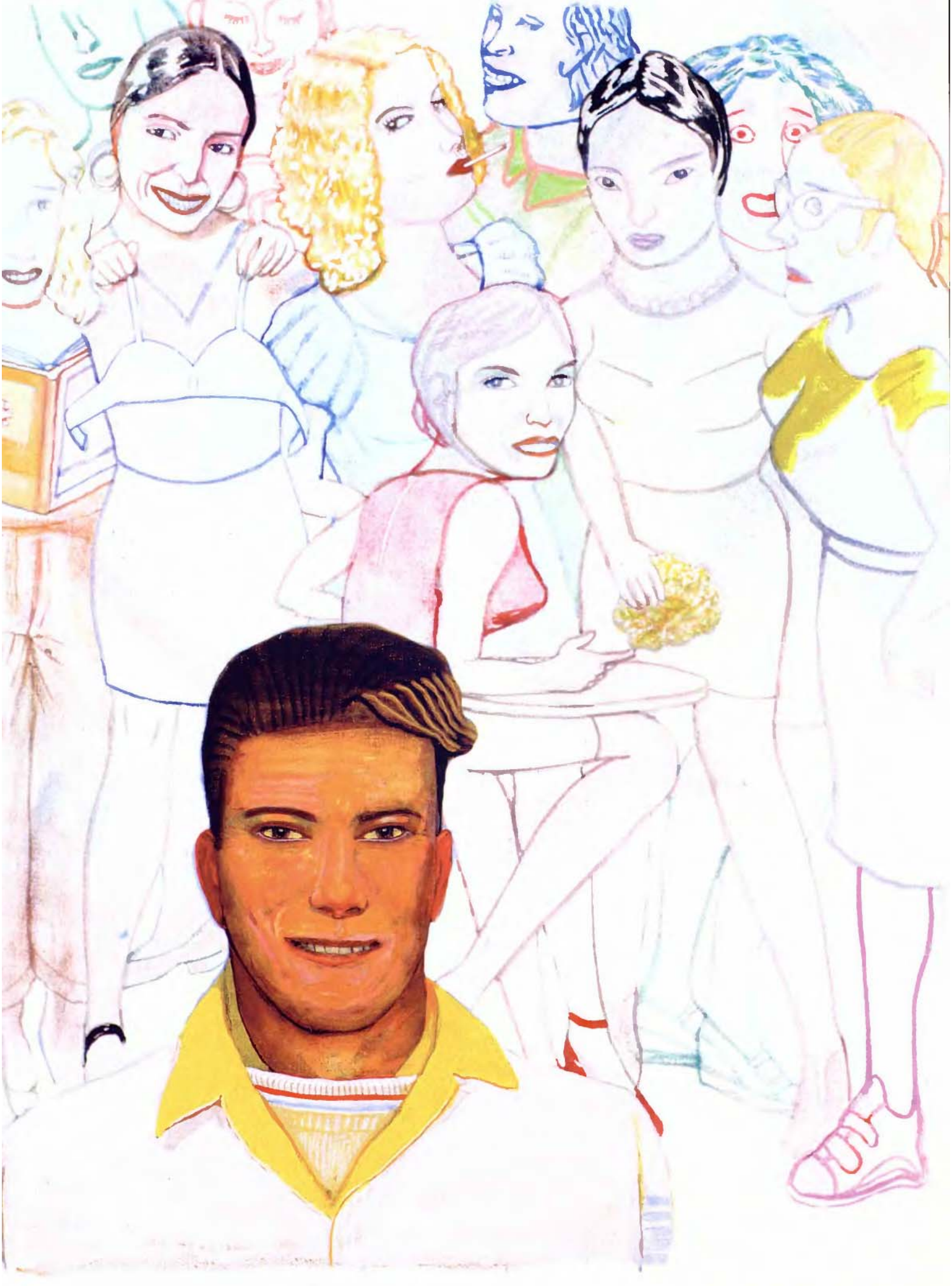
My depraved sociology experiment begins with a tall girl (5'10") who looks like Jessica Simpson's older, sluttier sister. She's strictly top-shelf. (I'm 5'6" and can't usually reach the top shelf.)

I trail her around the market as she fills her basket, waiting for the moment to launch my first sexual torpedo. There isn't one. So I talk some shit.

"Hi, do you know where the milk is?" She points to the dairy case right behind me. I am forced to walk away. That's all she wrote.

I select a carton of two percent I don't need and search the store for her. I figure I might be able to score a laugh if I ask her where a different item is every couple of minutes until what I'm doing becomes obvious. *(continued on page 144)*

ILLUSTRATION BY PAT ANDREA



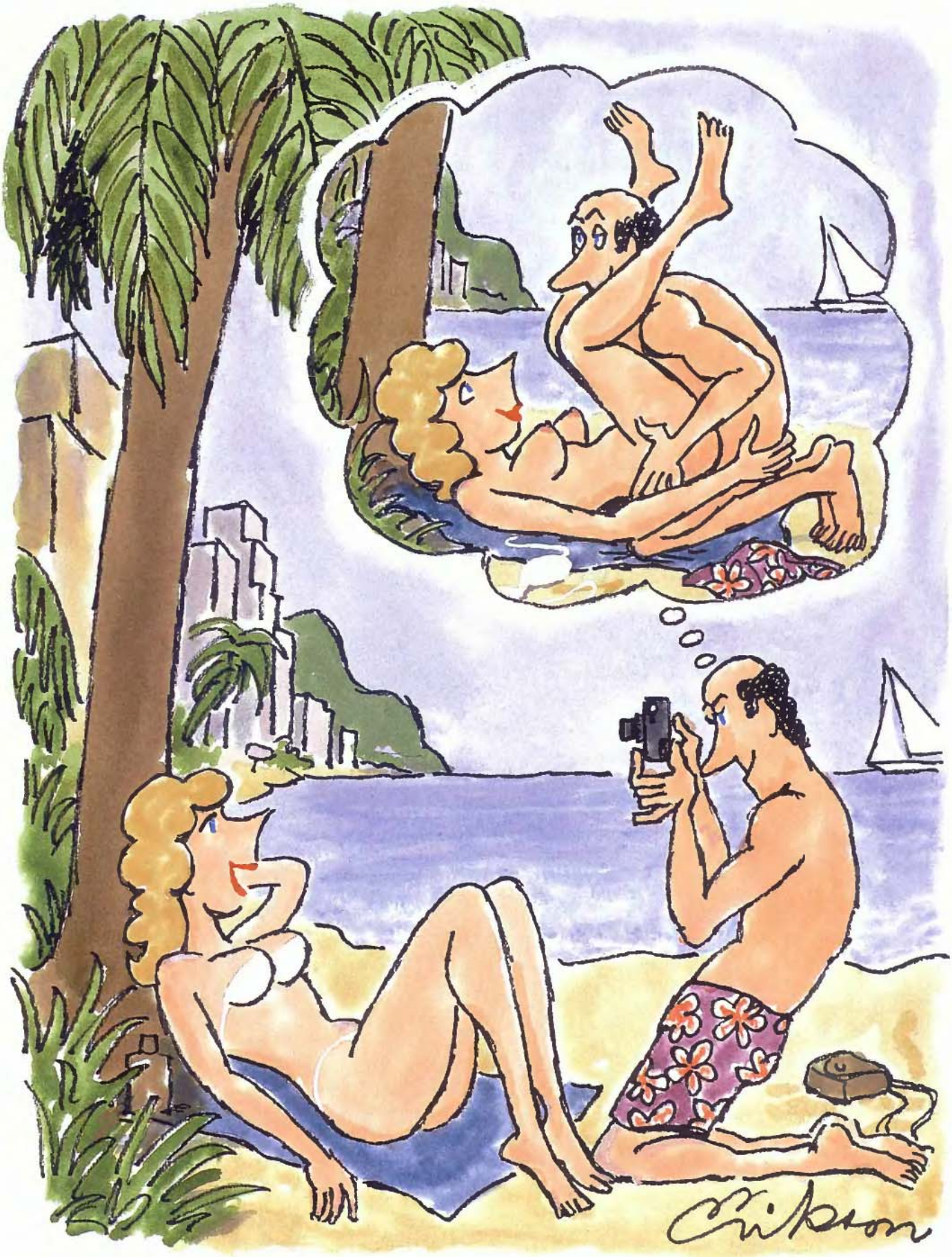
A FISTFUL OF FAST

speed thrills—and then some

By James R. Petersen **Before the 20th century began, doctors debated whether the human body could survive speeds greater than 60 mph. Motorcycles, first designed as pace vehicles for bicycle races or as labor-saving devices (no peddling up hills), quickly settled that question. In 1904 Glenn Curtiss took a five-horsepower Hercules bike up to 67.4 mph. Soon, commentators were writing about the motorcycle's ability to annihilate distances. Three years later, Curtiss put a 40 hp V8 engine into a two-wheeled frame and went 136.4 mph, a record that stood until 1930. At the time, the motorcycle wasn't just the fastest bike on the planet, it was the fastest thing. To quench his thirst for speed, Curtiss moved on to airplanes. By the Twenties, speed was recognized as a dangerous sin. An expert on the moral breakdown of youth in 1934 blamed electric lights, lurid movies, automobiles, jazz and nightclubs, literature tinted with pornography, the theater, cheap magazines with fabricated tales of true love, the growing cults of nudism and open confession, the prevalence of economic uncertainty—and speed. Of all these temptations, speed is the purest and the most involving. Speed is a modern invention, a mortal sin, a** *(concluded on page 142)*

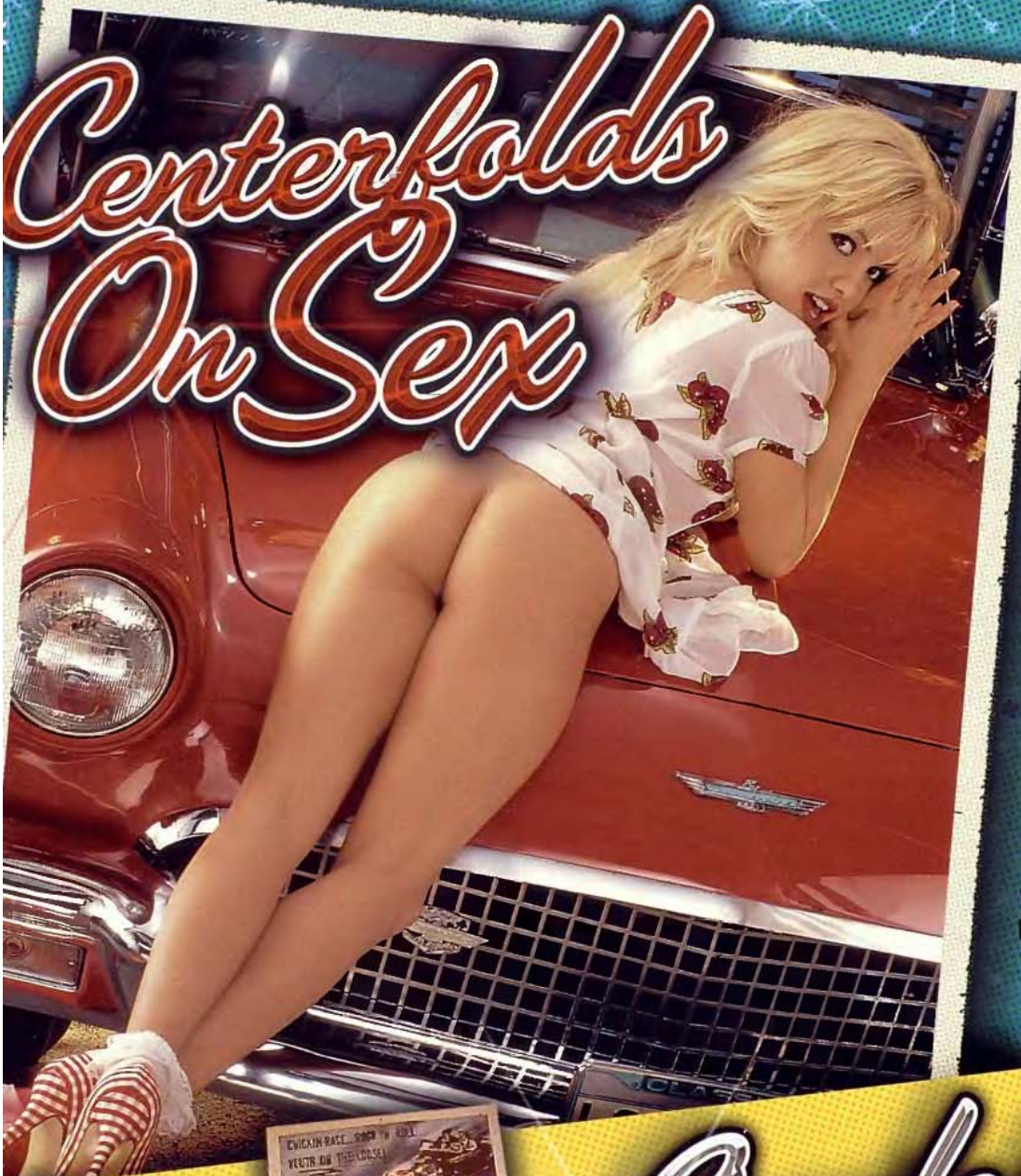
The Yamaha YZF-R1 is everything an open-class road warrior should be: sleek, swift and sexy. The in-line four puts out 152 horsepower. Top speed: 167 mph. Price: $10,299.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU



"Is that one of those new cameras that do all the thinking for you?"

Centerfolds On Sex



Angela Little

WAS YOUR FIRST SEXUAL EXPERIENCE A GOOD ONE?

No, it was terrible. He was my boyfriend of two years. In retrospect, he had a cocktail weenie, but I thought at the time it was gargantuan—this big, ugly thing coming at me. I thought it would never go inside me. We tried and tried, but it just didn't fit. I mean, we needed a shoehorn. After two or three attempts it finally worked. But it still wasn't fun—I guess because we didn't know what we were doing. It really wasn't on my agenda. I was having too much fun being a cheerleader. I was real peppy and flirty.

DESCRIBE A PEAK SEXUAL ENCOUNTER

We'd had about six dates, and all we had done was kiss passionately. On this incredible night, though, we didn't get too kissy-kissy. He took me to his house, put on some music and took the reins. He started kissing my belly button, but not tentatively. He went for it. Then he pulled my panties down and went to work. I was speechless. He knew what to do with his hands. It seemed natural, not like he'd read about it in a book or anything. He kind of bit a little, with his lips covering his teeth. But then his lips slipped off and his teeth would touch and he would pull back. He had some kind of technique. Afterward, I wanted a massage, because I'd seen enough fireworks.

Angela Little

SEE ADDITIONAL ANGELA IN THE PLAYMATE VIDEO JUKEBOX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

JACKPOT!

david edwards'

life was broken.

then he won

$28 million.

what did

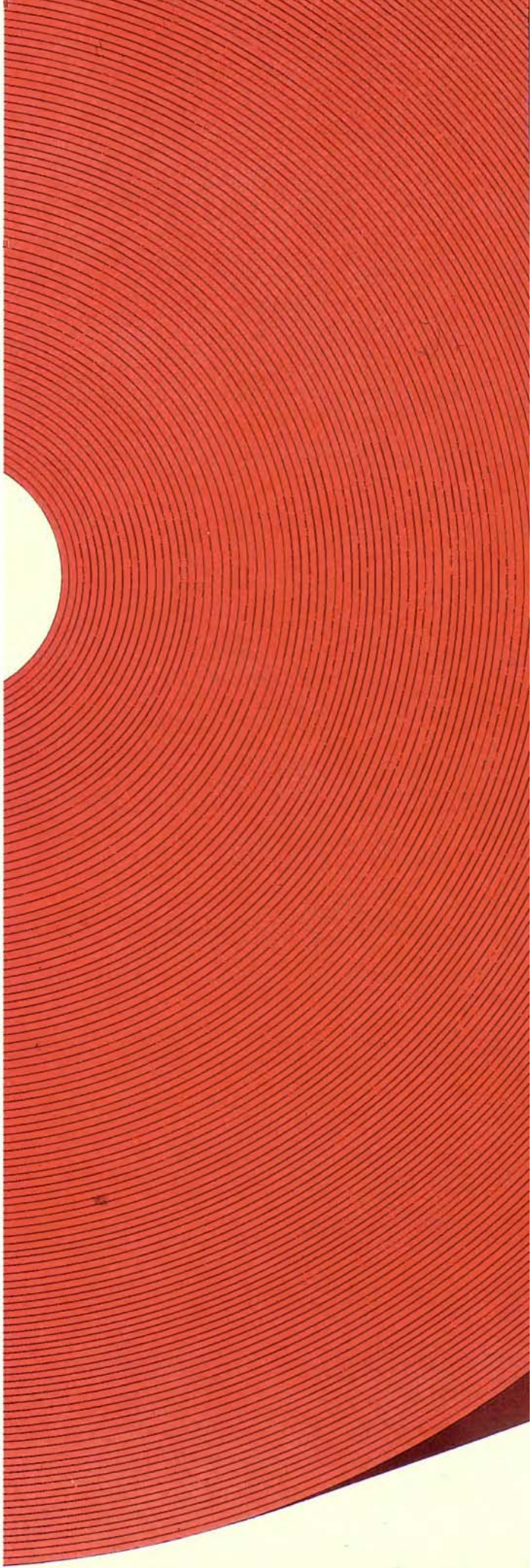
the money fix?

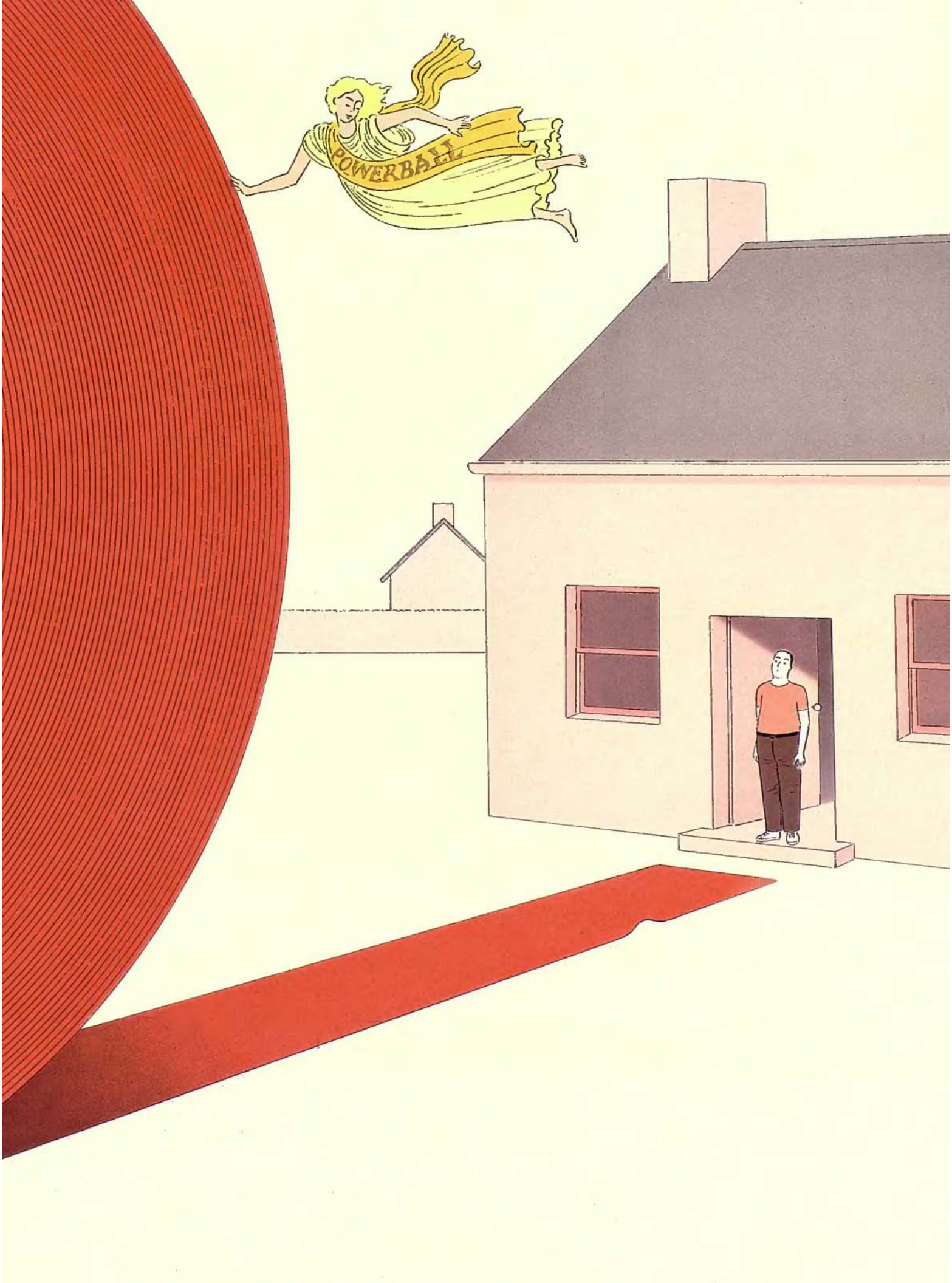
STANDING AT the checkout counter of Clark's Pump 'n Shop in Westwood, Kentucky, David Edwards decided to forgo his usual lottery ritual. Instead of picking numbers by family birth dates, he closed his eyes and went with the first thing that came to mind: 8, 17, 22, 42, 47, 21. Half a dozen numbers, locked and loaded, like a thousand fruitless times before.

He walked across the street to his little mustard-colored house behind the funeral home. It was Saturday evening, August 25, 2001. Edwards was 46 years old. He owed more than $1000 in child support, had no job, no health insurance and, at the moment, no running water. What he had were two ex-wives, an 11-year-old daughter, a 26-year-old fiancée, a felony prison record, a chronically bad back from having been run off his porch by a drunk driver and the psychological shrapnel from a traumatic childhood. When he was a baby, his sister, a seven-year-old with a bad heart, died in surgery. When he was 10, his 18-year-old brother died in Greenbo Lake after diving into shallow water. At 11, Edwards had to be teargassed from beneath a house like a possum during a shoot-out with the state police. After dropping out of high school he went to Ohio and then Florida, holding a variety of jobs—bartending, construction, peddling china door-to-door. Eventually, Edwards went to Vegas and worked as a bodyguard for a casino president's wife. It was a thug's life of mansions, flashy jewelry, concealed weapons and slick *(continued on page 139)*

 article BY PAIGE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT




POWERBALL

Amanda Peet

the beautiful brainiac on quakers versus shakers, belching and firearm safety while nude

Born and raised in New York, Amanda Peet attended a private Quaker school until she was seven, when her family moved to London. Upon the Peets' return four years later, she completed her Quaker schooling, then attended Columbia University, from which she graduated with a major in American history. Interested in acting throughout school, Peet was accepted into theater coach Uta Hagen's class while in her junior year at college. Over the next few years, Peet auditioned for roles, winning a Skittles commercial, doing off-Broadway, small parts on Seinfeld, Law and Order and Spin City, and acting in a load of forgettable, low-budget independent films such as Grind, with Billy Crudup. In the mix were a few mainstream movies, like One Fine Day, starring George Clooney, and Edward Burns' comedy She's the One, where she gained attention playing Jennifer Aniston's sister. Peet stole scenes and gathered momentum in the underappreciated Simply Irresistible, Body Shots and Isn't She Great, with Bette Midler and Nathan Lane. The WB network took notice and signed her to star in Jack and Jill, in which the former tomboy played Jacqueline "Jack" Barrett. The series had a two-season run. Her breakout film role arrived in The Whole Nine Yards, opposite Bruce Willis, in which she shows off her comedic talent shooting two guys while nude. She followed with Whipped, co-starring her now ex-boyfriend Brian Van Holt, and Saving Silverman, playing a bitchy psychologist opposite Jason Biggs and Jack Black. This year, Peet had three major-studio films: Changing Lanes, with Ben Affleck and Samuel L. Jackson, High Crimes, co-starring Ashley Judd and Morgan Freeman, and Igby Goes Down, playing Jeff Goldblum's heroin-addicted mistress.

Robert Crane caught up with Peet at the Coffee House in West Hollywood. He reports: "Amanda is smart, beautiful and easily bored, and has exceptionally attractive feet. She's also the first person I've interviewed who has the attractive ability to stretch her upper body across a dining table, all the while purring into my tape recorder. She occasionally sat back and sipped a cup of tea."

1

PLAYBOY: How much of the Quaker has rubbed off on you?
PEET: A little. The Quakers have a literal interpretation of the Bible. I find the antihierarchical pacifism and "Love thy neighbor" powerful. Most people have a misconception about Quakers, that they're gray, austere and conservative. But the truth is they're politically radical. It's not sexy, but there are some sexy Quakers.

2

PLAYBOY: Can you name any?
PEET: There were some sexy teachers at my school. I had a big crush on my math teacher. He was a Quaker, very sexy. I almost liked math because of him. Too bad I was dreadful at it.

3

PLAYBOY: What school did you attend?
PEET: I went to Manhattan Friends Seminary. My mother loved the school. She's Jewish and wanted me to go there.

4

PLAYBOY: List the advantages of a Quaker education.
PEET: You can call teachers by their first names. You don't get grades until ninth grade. You're not allowed to punch anyone. If you do, you get into big trouble, even if you're not on school time. You have to participate in a race day. It's the opposite of a *Sixteen Candles* school. You were deemed inferior if you didn't know what was going on in politics and didn't perform well in school.

5

PLAYBOY: Are there important differences between Shakers and Quakers?
PEET: I think Shakers get up and convulse during their meetings, whereas Quakers sit still unless they are moved to speak. Then you have what's called a popcorn meeting, where people get up and speak and then sit down. Everyone's allowed to speak because there's no priesthood. The idea is that the light of God is equal within everyone, so that precludes any kind of hierarchy. No one's closer to God than anyone else. I don't know the difference, really. Shakers sound sexier, though.

6

PLAYBOY: Account for Columbia University's dismal football team.
PEET: Everyone's too busy talking about bullshitism. Our football cheer is: "Our football team may not win, but at least we're not in New Haven." My sister went to Yale, so I used to sing it to her.

7

PLAYBOY: We understand you toss the football around. How tight is your spiral? Do you get good speed on it?
PEET: It's tight. On occasion, it veers ever so slightly. Its precision is flawless. My father was a quarterback at Yale.

8

PLAYBOY: Did the gun you used in *The Whole Nine Yards* have a kick to it?
PEET: Yes—I fell over and screamed the first time I shot the thing. And for a while they considered keeping that take, but then they thought I should be more suave in my handling.

9

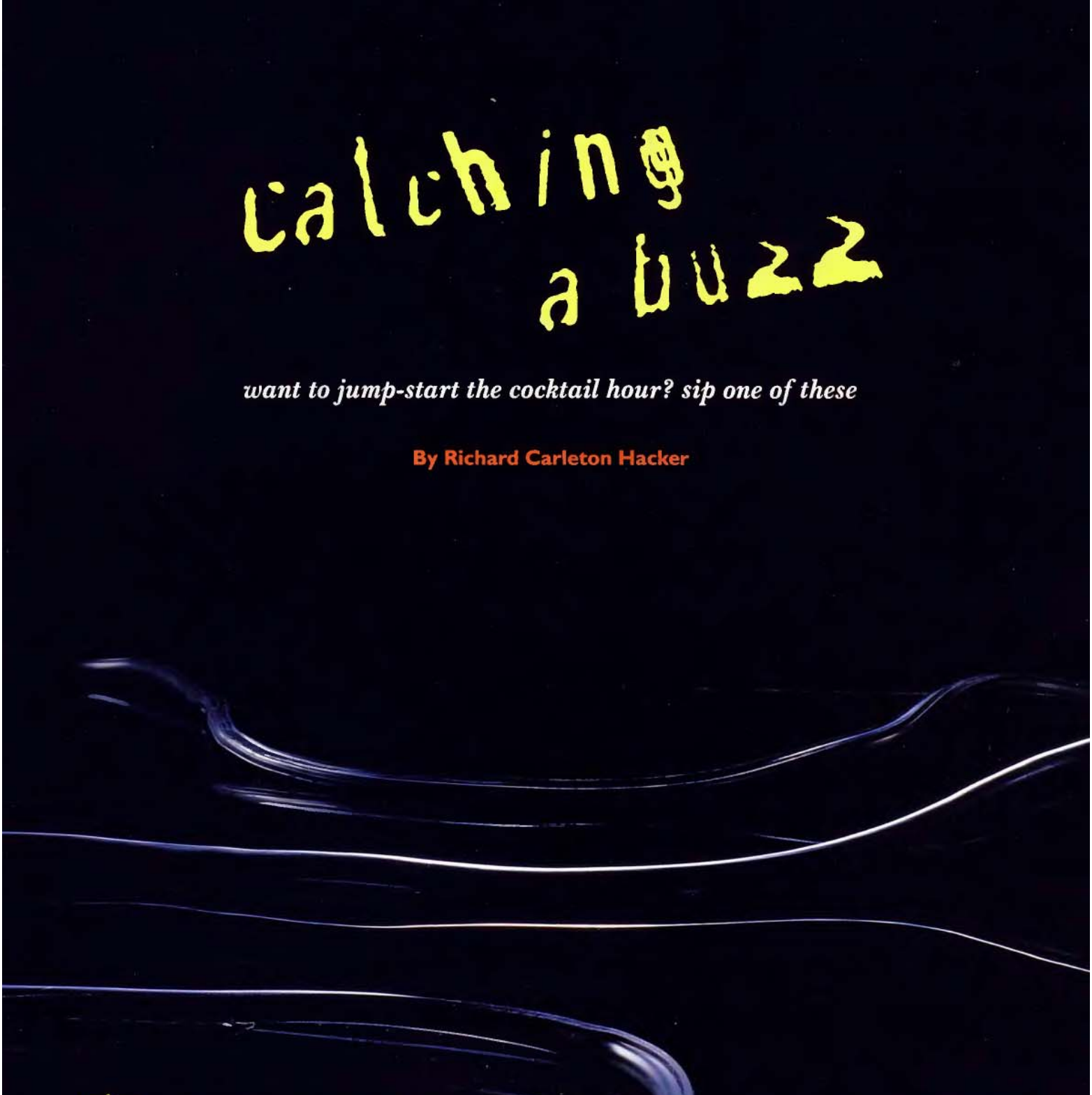
PLAYBOY: Is it possible to be topless and maintain firearm safety?
PEET: Yes. I came out of it unscathed. No discharges—from my gun, anyway. Dealing with a gun is scary whether or not you are wearing any clothes. It was liberating, actually, kind of like skinny-dipping. *(concluded on page 154)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FIROOZ ZAHEDI

catching a buzz

want to jump-start the cocktail hour? sip one of these

By Richard Carleton Hacker



Some of the country's trendiest nightspots have raised the bar on cocktails. You may feel like raising the bar, too, after you toss back a concoction of alcohol and energy drink. These babies pack a wallop—think of them as liquid power boosters. The canned or bottled kicks boast brands such as Red Bull, Magic Recovery and Rockst*r. Flavors range from the light and creamy Merlins to the sweet strawberry taste of Power Horse. Bomba comes in four varieties—champagne blast (it tastes like candied bubble gum), mint raspberry, orange fire and black magic (currants)—each bottled in a hand grenade–shaped glass container. By the way, don't pack one in your carry-on. Some drinks have enough carbonation to pop the lid off a martini shaker. Handle with care when mixing, or you may end up wearing your cocktail. Many drinks contain B complex vitamins—niacin (B_3) and pyridoxine (B_6)—and herbs such as caffeine-rich guarana and ginseng (said to increase sexual prowess), plus taurine (supposedly reduces stress). The cocktail on the right is the Star F**ker—that's the way it's spelled on the menu at Lola's, the West Hollywood hot spot that originated it. According to Loren Dunsworth, owner of Lola's, "Customers order the drink just so they can say 'Star Fucker' to their dates." As the number of energy drinks grows, so does the number of cocktails you can make with them. Here are a few to get you started—then experiment with your own. *(concluded on page 116)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

STAR FUCKER
LOLA'S, WEST HOLLYWOOD

The Star Fucker was created for the 2001 Oscars, as many attendees end up at this Hollywood restaurant after the ceremony.

2 ounces Finlandia Arctic Cranberry vodka
2 ounces De Kuyper Apple Pucker schnapps
3 ounces Red Bull energy drink
Star fruit slice

Pour vodka and schnapps into shaker filled with ice. Shake for 30 seconds, then pour into chilled martini glass that is filled one third with Red Bull. Garnish with star fruit.

BAT AND BULL

2 ounces Bacardi Light rum
6 ounces Red Bull

Pour into tall glass filled with ice. Stir.

SAPPHIRE BULL

2 ounces Bombay Sapphire gin
2 ounces Red Bull
Fresh lime

In tall glass filled with ice, pour gin and Red Bull. Add squeeze of lime and stir gently.

NAUGHTY BY NATURE
VISION NIGHTCLUB,
SAUGUS, MASSACHUSETTS

½ ounce Absolut vodka
¾ ounce Passoã passion fruit liqueur
8 ounces Sobe Adrenaline Rush energy drink

In collins glass filled with ice, combine vodka and Passoã. Add Sobe and stir. Note: Passoã is available at liquor stores in a number of states, mainly in the East, Midwest and South.

PACIFIC RIM

1 200ml bottle Red Square energy drink (contains alcohol)
¼ teaspoon powdered wasabi
2 drops Tabasco
1 chili pepper

Pour Red Square into shaker filled with ice. Add the wasabi and Tabasco. Shake gently and pour into chilled martini glass. Slice pepper into halves. Remove seeds. Garnish with pepper.

STRONG ARM

1 bottle Guinness stout (cold)
1 bottle Red Square (cold)

Gently pour Guinness into highball glass until half full. Add Red Square. Do not stir.

BORIS YELTSIN

1 bottle Red Square
1½ ounces Stolichnaya vodka
1½ ounces Beefeater gin
1½ ounces Jose Cuervo tequila
1½ ounces peppermint schnapps
Lemon slice

Pour Red Square into highball glass filled with ice. Stir in vodka, gin, tequila and schnapps. Garnish with lemon.

BLOW ME

1 bottle Red Square
1½ ounces Smirnoff vodka
1½ ounces Kahlua
2 tablespoons freshly whipped cream
½ teaspoon powdered nutmeg

Pour Red Square into highball glass filled with ice. Add vodka and Kahlua and stir. Using the back of a teaspoon, gently float whipped cream on top. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

IRISH FLORIDIAN
ABBY'S HIGHWAY 40, RENO

¾ ounce Boru orange-flavored vodka
¾ ounce Boru citrus-flavored vodka
½ ounce fresh orange juice
4 ounces Red Bull
1 tablespoon sugar

Combine all but sugar in shaker and shake gently, keeping a tight hand on the lid. Rim an oversize chilled martini glass with sugar. Fill glass with crushed ice. Strain contents of shaker into glass.

ABSOLUT ROCKST*R
THE SOUND FACTORY, SAN FRANCISCO

1½ ounces Absolut vodka
5 ounces Rockst*r energy drink
Lime slice

Pour vodka and Rockst*r into rocks glass filled with ice. Stir and garnish with lime slice.

ROCKY SAKE
MIYAGI'S, WEST HOLLYWOOD

8 ounces Rockst*r
1½ ounces hot sake

This is a group drink. Each person places two chopsticks parallel over the top of a highball glass filled with Rockst*r. Fill shot glasses with sake and set on chopsticks. Everyone bangs on the table with their fists until the chopsticks part and the sake shot falls.

CELTIC PIPEBLOWER
DICK & JANE'S, RENO

8 ounces 180 energy drink
1½ ounces Celtic Crossing Irish liqueur

Pour in ice-filled collins glass. Stir.

THE ENERGIZER BUNNY

½ ounce Boru orange-flavored vodka
½ ounce apricot brandy
½ ounce Celtic Crossing Irish liqueur
4 ounces Red Bull
¼ ounce cranberry juice
Lemon wedge

Combine all ingredients except lemon in rocks glass filled with ice. Stir. Squeeze in lemon.

RED BULL MARGARITA
GARDUÑO'S, PALMS CASINO RESORT, LAS VEGAS

1¾ ounces Jose Cuervo Gold tequila
¾ ounce triple sec
3 ounces Red Bull
3 ounces sweet-and-sour mix
½ tablespoon sugar
Lime wedge

Place all ingredients except sugar and lime in blender. Blend well. Rim margarita glass with sugar. Add crushed ice. Pour ingredients into glass. Garnish with lime.

RAVING MARGARITA
GARDUÑO'S, ALBUQUERQUE

1¾ ounces Jose Cuervo Gold tequila
¾ ounce triple sec
3 ounces Red Rave energy drink
3 ounces sweet-and-sour mix
1 tablespoon sugar
2 lime wedges

Combine all ingredients except sugar and lime in shaker and shake gently. Rim margarita glass with sugar. Fill with ice. Pour mixed ingredients into glass. Squeeze juice from one lime wedge into glass, stir, then garnish with other lime wedge.

RED MAGIC

1½ ounces Redrum (tropical fruit–flavored rum)
8 ounces Magic Recovery energy drink

Pour into tall glass filled with ice. Stir.

CANNONBALL

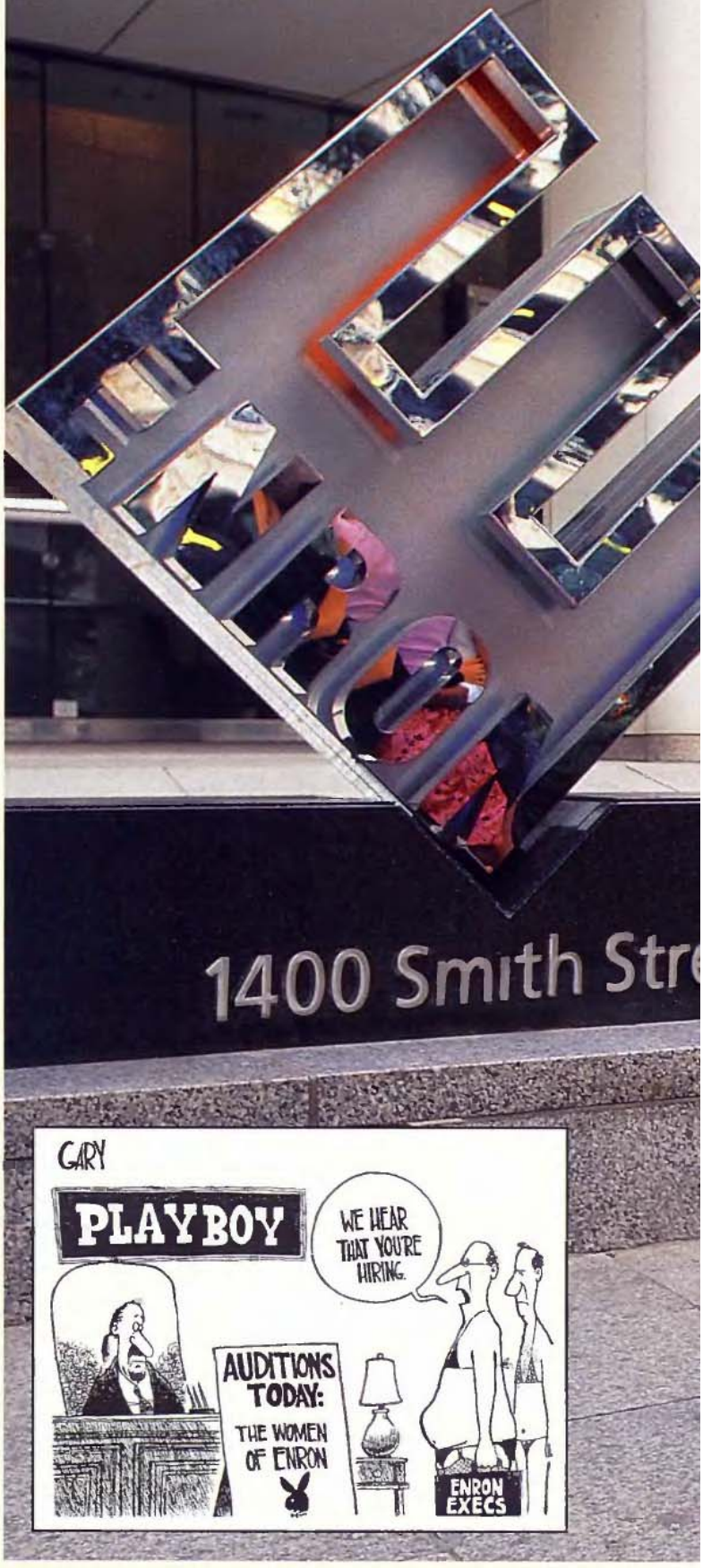
1 bottle Red Square
4 ounces blanco tequila
¼ ounce Angostura bitters

Pour into glass over crushed ice. Stir.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.

"Loved your personal ad! 'Retired Vestal, Extra Virgin'!"

EXTRAVAGANT, driven, daring, reckless—in many ways, Enron mirrors its hometown of Houston. Like oil-well gushers on the prairie, both rose from nowhere, the former to become a $100 billion Fortune 500 favorite and the latter the nation's fourth-largest city. Here, if you could dream it, you could make it happen. That's what made the collapse of the company so hard to believe. Last December, 5000 souls lost their jobs, not to mention their life savings and homes, as Enron's stock dropped from $90-plus a share to pennies. Then the unthinkable unfolded: Enron declared bankruptcy—the biggest in U.S. history. Hundreds of lawsuits followed, accusing the energy giant of off-the-books accounting, insider trading and bilking shareholders and employees. "Enron was a hall of mirrors inside a house of cards—reporting hundreds of millions of dollars of phony profits each year, while concealing billions of dollars of debt that should have been on its balance sheet," read one suit, filed by the board of regents of the University of California, one of many institutions to be affected nationwide. "Enron has turned into an enormous Ponzi scheme—the largest in history." Though the dream has dried up for the former energy firm, whose execs pleaded the fifth as paper shredders worked overtime, its most gorgeous employees have found that full disclosure is the way to go. They happily lost their shirts in what has come to be known as our pink-slip pictorial. "I've had a couple of tough breaks," said Carey Lorenzo, a former New York City sales rep, who echoed the sentiments of our other models. "What happened to Enron was a valley in my life, but PLAYBOY is definitely a peak. I do believe in the adage 'What goes around, comes around,' and it's definitely my time to get a little bit back. If you surround yourself with goodness, it'll come. I'm going to ride this 15 minutes of fame and try to make it a million hours." The same boldness that drew Lorenzo and another nine of Enron's most lovely to Enron has led them to shed, not shred, for PLAYBOY. *(text concluded on page 126)*



With the local media hot on their trail (from left), Vanessa Schulte, Shari Daugherty, Taria Reed, Courtnie Parker and Janine Howard, in typical work attire, take time out for a drive-by photo shoot at the crooked E logo outside Enron's downtown headquarters. It was the first visit for Schulte, Porker and Howard since their layoffs. "It's sad to see the building so desolate and with debris out front," Janine says. "It's like a huge empire defloted. And now that Enron has tumbled on its side, the E's an M—and it stands for moron." The cartoon at right was one of many spawned by the furor over Enron's fall and the fascination with PLAYBOY's pictorial.

there's no accounting for beauty

WOMEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GEN NISHINO

OF ENRON

Exhibitionist she may be, but Carey Lorenza (above), 31, makes no apologies. "There's nothing wrang with a waman's body. We were born nude," says Carey, wha sald energy at Enran's NYC office. Taria Reed (right), 31, has no regrets abaut her time with Enron. A married database coardinatar for the company, she hapes ta became a math prafessor. If a student asks for an autagraph, "that would be coal." For licensed pilat Janine Haward (oppasite), 39, the ultimate rush is speed—miles per haur, that is. She alsa rafts and scuba dives. A farmer Houston energy sales exec, she knows what she wauld cantribute ta Jus' Stuff, the secondhand shap of Kenneth Lay's wife, Linda. "A heart—that's what he needs."

Bay may help Courtnie Parker (left), 27. The former recruiter has scads of T-shirts, mugs and other Enron stuff. She also values a lesson learned: "With men, size matters—but with companies, it doesn't. Now I'm looking for a firm that's stable, not large." Vanessa Schulte (opposite), 28, may consider it a literary laugh track, but she's holding on to her Enron ethics manual. "Our values were based on respect, integrity, communication and excellence. Now it all seems a big joke." Yet the former web developer in Houston misses the "cutthroat but energizing competition. It was a lot like Hollywood: fancy cars and people who had more money than they knew what to do with." The married aspiring art gallery owner now counts "a solid retirement plan" as her major turn-on versus her turn-offs of "hairy backs, accountants—and anyone who's arrogant, which exemplifies Enron."

Electric describes both Christine Nielsen's photo session (opposite) and the air at her Enron office in Portland, Oregon, where she was a project coordinator. "At Enron, the hair on my arms stood up as I watched people running around," says Christine, 28, who's training to be a midwife. "I realized I didn't have the needed killer instinct." Doffing duds runs in the family for Maya Arthur (above), 29, whose husband is an ex-stripper. Houston ex-sales rep Lori Hodges (at left), 35, isn't anxious about her father's reaction to the pictorial. "What's he going to do—ground me?" Since being laid off, Cynthio Coghlan (below), 28, has padded-Sumo wrestled in Cuba and cheered on the Maple Leafs in Toronto, where she sold Enron energy.

Exciting! That's what 22-year-old Shari Daugherty thaught when asked to stand starkers in front af Enran headquarters and the world. Nudity—anytime, anyplace—daesn't faze the infarmatian technology security administratar at Enran. "I'm free-spirited, open and sexual." Her only cancern when security laitered at her shaot was "I didn't want it ta end." The Houstanian plans ta mave ta France ane day with her French husband, a former Enran employee. "It's near everything I hald dear: snawbaarding, scuba diving, shapping and sex."

Like Enron itself, PLAYBOY's exploits in Houston received plenty of attention. Secret Service men surrounded the PLAYBOY photographers, who were victims of bad timing, bringing a mass of electronic equipment to a hotel just as Vice President Dick Cheney was arriving for a dinner with Saudi Arabian crown prince Abdullah. Given his druthers, perhaps Cheney would have preferred meeting our energy industry representatives to eating dinner with foreign oil dignitaries. Our models certainly had no place they would rather be. "I'm afraid to go to sleep because I don't want to wake up and find out my dream is over," says Shari Daugherty, one of the self-dubbed "Hotties of Enron."

MORE WOMEN OF ENRON AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

L.A. HOOKERS *(continued from page 68)*

"I thought she was drunk," Leyla told the cops. Then a stream of blood poured out of Lyudmyla's mouth.

Leyla asked her to call the police. Why hadn't she called herself? the investigators asked. "My English was no good," Leyla answered. Why didn't she wait for the police to arrive? She had no answer.

A team of policemen and criminalists from the LAPD's North Hollywood Division arrived early in the afternoon and didn't leave until after midnight. The corpse itself had awful bruises all over the head and neck, and a single, neat bullet hole directly above the left nipple, right into Lyudmyla's heart. There was no evidence of any sexual assault. The beige-carpeted modern apartment, where the air-conditioning had been turned down to a Siberian chill, had little furniture other than a large bed, nightstand, television and sound system. The closets overflowed with sexy lingerie and expensive shoes. There was an industrial supply of condoms in the bathroom.

The first search yielded no identity papers, no address books—only a lot of telephone numbers jotted on random scraps of paper. As the cops tried to track the calls on the phone Lyudmyla had been using, they made their most surprising discovery—her phone had been tapped by the FBI. As the LAPD was about to find out, Lyudmyla's death was no routine murder; it was a can of worms.

As soon as they learned the FBI was involved, the local police kicked the case upstairs, or actually downtown, to the Robbery-Homicide Division. The RHD, as it is known, is the elite corps of the LAPD. Robbery-Homicide handles the city's highest-profile cases: the big bank heists and big murders, such as the Manson carnage and the Nicole Brown Simpson–Ronald Goldman slayings. The Lyudmyla Petushenko case was assigned to two of the department's stalwarts, Charles Knolls and Brian McCartin.

Knolls, 45, had roots in the San Fernando Valley, where the victim had been found. He had worked his way up at Von's grocery chain from bag boy to the head office, when at 30, frustrated by corporate life and inspired by a brother-in-law in the FBI, he joined the LAPD.

McCartin, a wiry 42-year-old who "didn't like to sit still," served as an Army paratrooper as well as a New York City fireman before moving west to join the LAPD in 1983. The styles of the two detectives couldn't have been more different. Knolls, true to the laid-back California stereotype, likes to "sit back and let people talk and talk and talk," he admits. McCartin, who has a master's degree in behavioral science, likes to "get into people's faces. My training was based on boot camp," he says. "Take names and kick ass." As Knolls, in his understated way, says, "Brian has a tendency to do things a little quicker than I do."

What the two detectives had in common was a total inability to penetrate or comprehend Los Angeles' 250,000-member Russian community, a Byzantine agglomeration of Slavs, Jews, Armenians, Georgians, ex–KGB officers and ex-Communists—a citizenry as diverse as that of the old Soviet Union, united only by a common desire to make it in California. To lead the way through this maze, the RHD assigned Knolls and McCartin a new partner, 30-year-old Kiev-born, Valley-raised David Krumer, who'd recently joined the force after graduating from UCLA and Southwestern University School of Law. One of the rare Jews and rarer native Russians in local law enforcement, Krumer made an unlikely cop. With his Tom Cruise looks and James Stewart purity, he could have used his law degree as a passport to any number of high-paying law firms. Yet this son of a baker, who had recently gone back to the Ukraine to marry a premed daughter of a family friend, had his own unique take on the American dream.

Not wanting to be "one of those smart Jews who get beat up," Krumer had become a black belt and Kempo karate instructor. He was a pretty boy, but he was tough. He was also more interested in justice than he was in wealth. His parents were disappointed by his new career choice. "There are no bragging rights for a Jewish cop," says Krumer. Nevertheless, the new officer was thrilled to be on the force and working with such pros as Knolls and McCartin. What he wasn't thrilled about was experiencing the dark side of the Russian community that his parents had hidden from Krumer and his two sisters.

The initial meeting between the FBI and the LAPD smacked of a Mexican standoff. The always secretive FBI did not want to show its hand; the LAPD had no hand to show. The ice was broken when a certain chemistry developed between the handsome Krumer and a woman on the FBI team. Aside from his looks, she was interested in his ability to access a world the FBI had been exposed to only via its wiretaps. Why not let the RHD do the FBI's dirty work? Knolls, McCartin and Krumer had no problem serving as the feds' truffle hounds.

The FBI offered its files, and the LAPD dived in, only to discover the complexity of the case. The feds' interest in Los Angeles' Russians involved not merely the FBI, but also the Immigration and Naturalization Service and the Border Patrol. The focus of all three agencies was the large-scale trafficking of Russians, particularly young Russian women, over the Mexican border. The route under investigation was from Kiev via Amsterdam to Mexico City, then to a Mexican villa in Rosarito and over the border at Tijuana to San Diego and the promised land. There had been hundreds, if not thousands, of people smuggled across in the past few years. The wiretaps showed that a ring was organizing the smuggling as well as conscripting the women to prostitution. One of the most frequently dialed numbers on Lyudmyla's phone was that of the suspected ringleader, a charismatic character by the name of Serge Mezheritsky, who is currently under indictment.

"That was the slickest piece of work I ever saw," says McCartin, who went with Knolls and Krumer to interview the 6'2", muscular, blond 35-year-old Russian in his multilevel home in the Hollywood Hills. There were five expensive vehicles out front, including the latest Mercedes. The cops later learned that Serge was planning to use a "Sex UV," a converted pleasure van equipped with a bed and its own Jacuzzi, as a rolling brothel, ferrying johns and hookers up and down Sunset Strip. "He was sly, very ingratiating, like a nightclub shill," says Krumer. "He was so cocky and arrogant that he agreed to take a polygraph. When the results were inconclusive, he couldn't believe it. He was convinced the machine was defective."

To Serge, everything in America worked; it had always worked for him. The son of Jewish émigré parents and a graduate of Fairfax High School, Serge had made a lot of money in assorted schemes, claiming to be in the auto parts business. Whatever he called it, he did well enough to live large in

"Could you please help me out? My girlfriend's flight is delayed and I've taken Viagra."

the hills. Well enough, in fact, to run for City Council in West Hollywood. He lost, but he was intent on running again.

Cars were Serge's passion. Police theorized he was involved in an auto theft ring that sent stolen cars to Mexico. They have presented their evidence to the DA and as of May were still awaiting a possible indictment. Serge was no stranger to the LAPD's Burglary Auto Theft Division. They had investigated Mezheritsky so often, and so unsuccessfully, that he felt he had not only an immunity from prosecution but also a relationship with the police. "He thought he had the same deal with us," Krumer says. "He told us tons of stuff," McCartin adds, "assuming that in return for helping us, we would protect him. But everything he told us was self-serving and mostly lies. He thought he was a genius, and we were flat-out stupid."

Without actually confessing to any personal wrongdoing, Serge told the police he was having a torrid affair with Lyudmyla. For free, of course. He also told them he was having affairs with a number of the other newly arrived Russian prostitutes. And always for free. He was that irresistible. He had no interest in how his lovers earned their living. Serge surmised that Lyudmyla had met her end at the hands of a jealous madam. Insisting that he wanted to see her avenged, Serge gave the investigators the names and numbers of several Russian callgirls.

Almost all the women Serge identified were extremely attractive—tall and tawny with great figures, the athletic beach-goddess types the world associates with southern California. The cops could see why these women were taking over the sex trade. American girls with these looks charged upwards of $500 an hour. The Russians had undercut them with a bargain rate of $150 an hour. Small wonder that Heidi Fleiss, upon her release from jail, hadn't gone back into the business. The Russians had priced her out of the market.

"One thing they are not is lazy," McCartin explains. "In the USSR they grew up with no religion, no morality. Prostitution is not considered a bad thing. In fact, it's considered a great way to make money. That's why it's exploding here. What we saw was just a tip of the iceberg." McCartin minimizes the notion of white slavery. "These girls didn't come over here expecting to be nannies. They knew exactly what they wanted and what they were getting into."

There were three ways that the women could enter the U.S. The most enterprising would pretend to be Jewish and request political asylum. With the liberalization of the new Russia, religious persecution has become largely a nonissue, making this ruse much more difficult to employ. Others would enter the country on a three-month tourist visa and simply never leave. And then there was the third option, the one the feds were trying to stop. It was called being trafficked, but, as McCartin notes, there were few unwilling participants. A fee, ranging from $2500 to $10,000, paid to a "travel agent" in Kiev would get a girl to Mexico and a villa in Rosarito for about a month. There, to get the California look, she would work on her tan, start dressing in LA clothes—UCLA T-shirts or anything Gap—and be taught American inflection and slang like "totally" and "awesome."

Once in California, the girl would be auctioned to a Russian pimp or madam for anywhere from $2500 to $20,000. The sum of the travel fee, the auction fee and a cost-of-living fee constituted what a girl had to earn out before she was free. In hooker accounting, the girl could credit only half of her sexual gross toward her goal of breaking even, then breaking out, which took the average girl about a year. With no English and few lucrative options, most of the girls elected to remain in the game. The most motivated of the lot would become madams and take their place in this pyramid scheme of commercial sex.

The prostitutes would be housed in apartments in Beverly Hills, West Hollywood and Studio City, places with high concentrations of entertainment industry types, the core clientele. The madams would advertise their charges on the Internet and in local alternative newspapers such as *LA Weekly* and *New Times*. In addition to the estimated thousands of Russian prostitutes in LA, there was an elaborate support group of drivers, telephone touts, hairdressers, manicurists and bikini waxers to sell, transport and glamorize the girls, and another support group of lawyers, accountants and money launderers—almost always Russian—to keep track of the spoils. The system was decentralized. There were many small agencies, as the madam operations were known, and few ran more than 15 girls at a time.

For the past several years Mezheritsky himself was believed to have been in an alliance with an elegant 50-year-old Russian in the Valley named Tetyana Komisaruk. An indictment alleges that together they imported illegal aliens from Ukraine and sold some of them into prostitution. Tetyana's involvement was a family affair: Her 40-year-old husband, her pretty daughters, 31 and 25, and her stylish son-in-law, 29, were allegedly all part of a ring that included a number of Kiev-based Ukrainians on the supply side and a real estate agent in Los Angeles who laundered profits by buying and selling expensive property.

"Good to finally meet you, Ms. Schaeffer. Your X rays really don't do you justice."

(Advertisement)

Are you losing your hair?

The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia

R. Ortiz, M.D., D.J. Carlisi, M.D., A. Imbriolo*

These studies (condensed version) were made possible by a collective effort of The Hair and Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic

ABSTRACT

This data represents the results of a 24 week controlled study which shows the positive biological effects, efficacy and safety of a combined, unique herbal oral therapy and topical solution on hair regrowth. Two hundred subjects (100 males and 100 females were enrolled in our study. A combination of herbal oral therapy and a special complex of herbal based topical formulation was evaluated. The topical formulation has special enhancers that significantly increase the rate of penetration into the scalp. On the average, active hair regrowth was noted with the combined therapy in over 95% of the patients as early as two to four months. No further hair loss was reported as early as one to two months. Long term follow up has shown no side effects and/or unwanted reactions. The results presented here provide evidence of the effectiveness, safety and the high degree of success achieved with this revolutionary modality. This therapeutic approach represents the latest and most advanced treatment in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair loss) in both men and women.

HERBAL ORAL MEDICATION

Testosterone is a naturally occurring sex hormone (androgen), normally produced, mainly by the male testis with a small contribution from the adrenal glands in both men and women. For this reason it is found in higher concentrations in men as compared to women. It is the compound solely responsible for the male sex characteristics in man as opposed to estrogen and progesterone, the androgenic hormones determining the female sex. Through very complex biochemical pathways in the body some of Testosterone undergoes a series of transformations resulting in various compounds each with a different physiologic function in the body than the original hormone. One of the main compounds produced is dihydrotestosterone also known as DHT.

Accumulation of DHT within the hair follicle is considered to be the hormonal mediator of hair loss through its direct action on the androgenic receptors in human scalp tissue. Through an unknown mechanism, DHT appears to interrupt the normal physiologic environment and function of the hair follicles in the scalp resulting in the alteration of the general metabolism (normal hair growth). The final outcome of this interaction ranges from the partial destruction to the complete obliteration of hair follicles resulting in an increase dropout in the number of functional hair cells.

The organic extract of the herbal formulations tested acts at the level of the cytosolic androgenic receptor of the scalp in a direct competitive manner with DHT. It works as a natural androgenic blocker, by inhibiting the active binding of DHT to the hair follicle receptor thereby modulating its effects and decreasing the amount of follicle damage and hair loss.

HERBAL BASED TOPICAL FORMULATION

A special herbal topical medication was exclusively designed by experts in our institution. This revolutionary and unique development represents the latest and most advance treatment modality for patterned baldness currently available anywhere. This medicinal complex consists of of a specific blend of natural herbs in combination with a variety of penetrating agents (enhancers) which improves the penetration rate to the affected site. In addition a carefully selected combination of minerals, vitamins, amino acids and known hair growers was added in order to provide the basic nutrients necessary for the metabolism of healthy follicular development.

MATERIALS AND METHOD

Two hundred volunteer patients consisting of one hundred men and one hundred women exhibiting pattern baldness were enrolled in the study. The severity of hair loss ranged from stage I to the most advance stage IV on the Hamilton scale. Each participant was subjected to a thorough physical examination and a complete medical history was taken. All patients were in apparent good health and none have been previously involved in any studies or treatment as this type. The age range was 18-65 years. The mean age for men in years with their standard deviation was 32.1 + 9.1 and 37.7 + 12.9 in women. The total duration of the study was six months.

RESULTS

The overall outcome of this therapeutic modality has proved to be an extremely beneficial treatment approach in the management of androgenic alopecia (hair loss). There was a significant difference in the rate of hair loss and regrowth noted between males and females. A dramatic decrease in the rate of excessive hair loss and fallout was noted in most patients after the first 1-2 months of treatment. In women exclusively, this was evident as early as 2-4 weeks. Actual regrowth of hair was usually seen on the average within 2-4 months in > 95% males and within 2-3 months in > 98% females (figure 1). Thickening and lengthening of hair throughout the scalp occurred in all patients over the course of the study.

* Herbal Medicine Consultant

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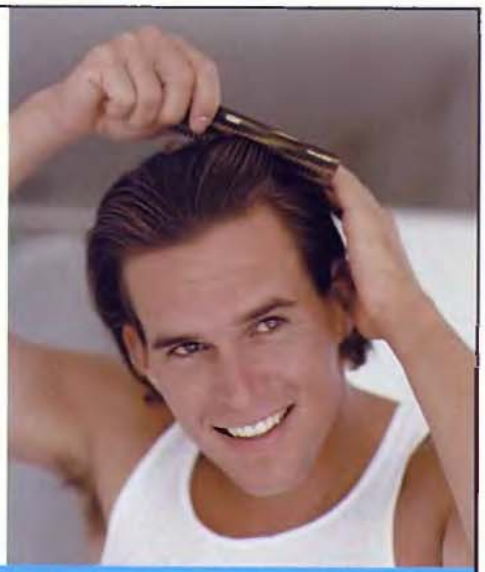

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Serge had two pleasure crafts he used to transport Ukrainians from Tetyana's fancy beach villa in Rosarito to San Diego. He also had a Lincoln rigged with special shocks so that the car wouldn't look weighted down by the Ukrainians being hidden in the trunk. But Serge was getting greedy. Having learned the smuggling business from the Komisaruk family, police theorized that Serge wanted to jettison them and take on a single partner, namely the clever, hard-working Lyudmyla. Lyudmyla was well connected in Kiev; she could be Serge's new Tetyana.

Moreover, as the feds learned through wiretaps, Serge was concocting a far more ambitious prostitution operation, typified by such jazzy accoutrements as his Sex UV. He was talking about setting up video cameras in the apartments of his whores to blackmail rich and famous johns. Serge had seen how Hugh Grant and Eddie Murphy, apparently at sea without a madam like Heidi Fleiss, had suffered in the press for their street dalliances. The hush money he discussed would be as much as a quarter of a million dollars per celebrity. Serge also wanted to upgrade to "Heidi prices," so that the cream of his Russian beauties would each gross $10,000 a day.

As titillating as these details were, they were of no real help to Knolls, McCartin and Krumer. They had a murder to solve, and a month later there were still no tangible leads. Then they learned of a taped conversation between Serge and his Fairfax High classmate Alex Van Kovn, another Americanized Russian who had become a lawyer. Van Kovn was indicted for allegedly providing fraudulent documents for some of the illegal Ukrainians. He later pleaded guilty to harboring illegal aliens, witness tampering and making false statements in court. The cops listened to a tape on which Serge and Van Kovn discussed someone called Boxer. Van Kovn stated, "He killed your girlfriend, he killed my girlfriend, he killed your business completely."

"Absolutely, pal," Serge agreed. "He just totally killed my business." Then Van Kovn, who sounded as if he, too, had been sleeping with Lyudmyla, shared his regrets that Serge's "grandiose plans" had all been destroyed by Lyudmyla's murder.

Who was Boxer? The cops had the tape from the surveillance camera at the Arch Drive apartment on the morning Lyudmyla was murdered, and it recorded lots of people going in and out. The three cops pored over the grainy tape until they could identify each tenant, each delivery person, each handyman and maid. Finally, there were only two entries who could not be identified: a bald man and a woman who arrived together at 9:03 and departed at 9:23. It was a short stay, but time enough to have dispatched Lyudmyla.

After they showed the video to the FBI, the feds recognized a potential suspect. The man, Alexander Gabay, 36, was a classmate of Serge and Van Kovn at Fairfax High. Unlike Serge, however, Alex had gone straight. A former Navy Seabee, he had graduated from the prestigious Southern California Institute of Architecture. Alex' specialty was architectural welding, and he had a fancy clientele in Beverly Hills, Brentwood and Malibu. A killer? Not likely. But as Krumer worked the West Hollywood grapevine, he found out that before his family had immigrated to Los Angeles when he was 15, Alex was a kickboxing expert in Moscow. Hence the nickname Boxer, used only by Serge, Van Kovn and a few others in the high school circle.

The girl on the tape was identified as Oxana Meshkova, 23. She was one of six Kievans Serge had helped transport from Mexico to San Diego on July 4, 2000. She and three other fellow travelers were sold to Lyudmyla Petushenko at auction with the expectation that they would enter the business.

Lyudmyla became dissatisfied with Oxana, who clearly had no interest in play for pay. Lyudmyla tried to unload Oxana to other madams. None wanted her. Only Gabay, who had met Oxana at a party Serge had thrown for his new arrivals, showed any interest in the girl, who had lifted weights back in Ukraine. He invited her to move into his downtown loft on East Sixth Street. Alex and Oxana became the LAPD's prime suspects in the murder of Lyudmyla Petushenko.

Speaking perfect English, Gabay acknowledged having gone with Oxana to visit Lyudmyla on the day of her death so Oxana could pick up a bag of clothing she had left there. He found Lyudmyla alive and left her alive. In a separate interrogation room, Oxana, extremely anxious because of her illegal status, told the same story to Krumer, who translated it for his superiors. By the end of a long day, however, Oxana had changed her story several times, from Lyudmyla's being alive when she and Alex left to Lyudmyla's being dead when they arrived. That evening Alex and Oxana were arrested and charged with Lyudmyla's murder.

Alex Gabay's loft didn't fit with his image of being a successful architect. "It was a pit," says Krumer. "His mother would have been appalled." The bathroom plumbing didn't work, and there was nothing but a hot plate to prepare food. The walls were plastered with pornographic photos of Alex' assorted girlfriends, some of them with a naked Alex participating in kinky poses. Weapons abounded. There were crossbows and arrows, rifles, pistols and bullet casings. There were welding torches and clumps of metal the police assumed were Alex' art. "It was a junkyard," said Krumer. Although Alex did not seem like a killer, his lifestyle did nothing to establish confidence in his character.

"My wife here thinks I'm a great lay, but I'd like a second opinion."

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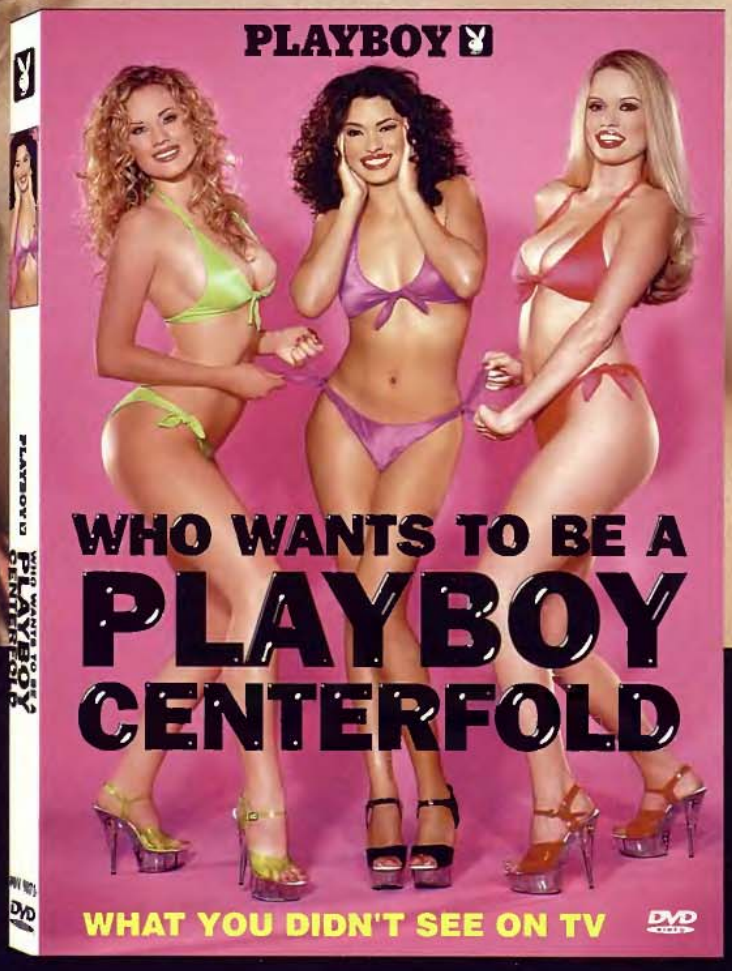

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Still, the LAPD case was by no means open-and-shut. For nearly a year after their arrest and incarceration in downtown jails, Alex and Oxana continued to insist on their innocence. Despite repeated police interrogations, they confessed to nothing. No witnesses to the murder came forward. None of Serge's prostitute friends knew Alex; he wasn't in that loop. A few of the Kievans had met Oxana when she arrived, but none had ever worked with her. As far as anyone knew, she had never turned a trick in America.

Serge Mezheritsky proclaimed his friend Alex' innocence, even after Serge himself was arrested in May 2001 by the federal task force. Serge, Tetyana Komisaruk and her family—in total, 18 coconspirators—faced years in prison on alien-smuggling charges. Serge continued to bargain. "His lawyer came to me and said Serge would give us the information we needed if we got him released. I said no dice," McCartin says. "I had told him at the beginning that if I didn't get the truth, it would come back to bite him, and it did. He's convinced I screwed him." Feeling betrayed by his cop friends, Serge now claimed that the FBI's wiretaps of his conversations with lawyer Van Kovn, also indicted as part of the ring, about Boxer's culpability had been grossly misinterpreted. The alien-smuggling trial began this past April.

Unwilling to risk using any of Serge's doubletalk in a trial of Alex and Oxana, the prosecution got a break when DNA evidence linked a tiny spot on a pair of Alex' jogging shoes with Lyudmyla's blood. But no other blood was found on any of the alleged assailants' garments, and the spot didn't necessarily come from the commission of the crime. It could have been generated by casual contact with the splattered blood in the apartment after someone else had killed Lyudmyla. The DNA was helpful, but not enough to build a case.

As the cops waited for a bigger break, the smuggling case and the arrest of Serge and Tetyana had halted the supply of Russian prostitutes in Los Angeles. The only way madams could offer new faces and bodies to their insatiable clients was to raid the stables of their rivals. What ensued were the "whore wars." In late August 2001, two Russian girls were lolling about in Gucci cocktail dresses in a fancy Sherman Oaks apartment, waiting for a client who had seen their Internet ad. When the man arrived, he had a gun in his hand and several large accomplices behind him. "You're working for us now," the intruder announced, as his heavies ransacked the apartment for cash and passports. The girls were blindfolded, packed into a van and taken to an equally luxurious three-bedroom condo off of Beverly Boulevard.

"The madam who organized this raid was making $4 million a year, laundered through Russian-owned banks in New York City," says a source in the LAPD. Adds Bret Richards, 44, the LAPD detective in charge of a series of felony kidnapping cases in the whore wars: "These are brutal people." A few days after the August abductions, another Russian madam's army invaded a rival's mid-Wilshire playhouse, kidnapping four more prostitutes. One of the abductees called 911 from the bathroom of the Beverly Hills penthouse where she had been taken, and the LAPD made its first raid. "But the girl got the Stockholm syndrome," Richards says. "She fell in love with the chief abductor and refused to testify against him." Richards has been frustrated that several of the other rescued girls, whose testimony is key to convicting the madams, have returned to Russia or New York. "Even if the girls stayed under our protection, they're terrified that they could be targeted for reprisal. It has been a tough case," says Richards.

As Richards worked to end the whore wars, Knolls, McCartin and Krumer finally got their break. Oxana Meshkova decided to testify against her lover Alex Gabay to get herself out of jail and out of trouble. "We made a deal with her," McCartin says. "But only because we believed she was finally telling the truth." Oxana now said that she and Alex had gone to Lyudmyla's to ascertain the whereabouts of Oxana's close friend, also a prostitute. Oxana had heard that her friend had been turned into a heroin addict, and she wanted to rescue the 19-year-old she referred to as her "baby sister."

According to Oxana, when Lyudmyla refused to reveal her friend's whereabouts, a fight followed. Alex nearly kicked Lyudmyla to death, then finished her off with a bullet from his .45. What gave Oxana added credibility was her revelation that a third person, Alex' buddy Marvin Graham, a Santa Monica bartender, had driven Alex and Oxana to Arch Drive that August 17.

Knolls had now been transferred from the RHD back to the beat work that he loved, so it was McCartin who found and questioned Graham. The interrogation proved extremely successful. Graham not only told him Alex had admitted to

"That 'something' he wanted to bounce off me was him."

him that he had shot Lyudmyla, but also surrendered part of the murder weapon: the frame of a gun he had been hiding for Alex, who had melted down the .45 barrel but hated to let a good gun go to waste. With Oxana, with Graham and with the DNA, the DA was at last ready to go to trial.

Alex Gabay's mother and stepfather, a prosperous Russian businessman, hired ace criminal lawyer Ronald Hedding to defend Alex. Hedding passed up a plea bargain. In spite of the evidence, he believed that the cops' deal with illegal alien and would-be prostitute Oxana would not survive scrutiny in court. Why should she go free just to get Alex, whose own record was spotless? Hedding felt there was enough reasonable doubt to win an acquittal for his client.

The trial in the case of *California vs. Gabay* opened on January 2, 2002. Opposing Hedding was Deputy District Attorney Jane Winston, who looked like a surfer girl gone Armani. In the two-week trial, Winston would call a battery of witnesses, but her star was Oxana Meshkova, just as Hedding's was Alex Gabay. In the end, the battle of reasonable doubt would come down to he said–she said.

Oxana, dressed in jailhouse blues, with her even drabber prison pallor and greasy hair, was an unlikely callgirl. According to her, as explicated by a string of translators, she never was a callgirl, never intended to be one, nor had any idea that sin would be the price of her immigration to California. She recounted how, after Lyudmyla was reluctant to reveal her friend's location, a nasty argument erupted in which, after Lyudmyla ridiculed her as a "cow," Alex erupted in a lover's fatal rage.

In his cross-examination, Hedding challenged Oxana's entire story. Oxana knew precisely why she was here, Hedding said. He dragged out her weightlifting past, which she minimized as an attempt to shed pounds. He also got her to admit she occasionally shot guns for target practice in Alex' loft.

Deputy District Attorney Winston ran a chaste prosecution. She stayed away from sex. She didn't bring up prostitution when she questioned wake-up caller Leyla Ismayilova. Serge Mezheritsky was barely mentioned. And so it went, until Alex took the stand in his own defense.

His head no longer shaved and his blond hair slicked back, Alex, in his navy Italian suit, could have easily passed as a European banker. In a mellifluous voice, Alex conveyed his incredulity that he could be accused of this murder. The inelegance of it seemed to offend him. He spoke of his teenage kickboxing laurels. His athletic physique spoke for itself. Why, Hedding asked him, would he beat a woman to death if he could have neatly killed her with one thumb pressed to her temple? "She wouldn't have had a mark," Alex said. Yes, the gun that killed Lyudmyla belonged to him, for recreational use. But Oxana kept it in her purse "for self-defense," and it was Oxana who had shot Lyudmyla. According to Alex, weight lifter Oxana had beaten the madam to a pulp for her role in turning her beloved girlfriend into a heroin addict. After Lyudmyla called her a "fat cow," Oxana snapped, crushing Lyudmyla to the floor, stomping on her head and neck, and, as the coup de grâce, shooting her.

What did you do? Hedding asked. "I thought I should let them duke it out together," said Boxer, unaware of the depth of Oxana's rage. One witness said Alex loved Oxana as a "cultural girlfriend" who would please his mother. Alex explained that he had told Marvin Graham, who had simply stopped for them at Lyudmyla's en route to what was to have been a pleasant day at the beach in Venice, that he had shot Lyudmyla because "I didn't want Oxana to be implicated at the time. I think if he would have known that she did it, he would have just flipped" and turned Oxana in. As it was, Alex trusted his friend to protect him, if not his girlfriend.

Cross-examined by DA Winston, Alex Gabay had an answer for everything. Except for one detail. If Oxana had the gun in her purse, why was that purse not visible on the surveillance tape? Winston repeatedly played the entrance and exit of Alex and Oxana. Alex kept his composure, complaining that the tape was blurry and vague and stating that Oxana always carried her purse. So where is it? Winston pressed, and, for once, Alex could only shrug.

In summation, Hedding denounced the government's deal with Oxana, who had the motive of revenge against Lyudmyla, a motive Alex lacked. He was a gentleman who might stand up for this lost soul of a lover, but would he kill for her? Hedding said no.

After deliberating for less than an hour, the jury found Alex Gabay guilty of second-degree murder. Since he used a gun, he faced a mandatory prison sentence of 40 years to life. As always, Alex remained cool. His mother wept.

Oxana was released, but still faces deportation charges. "She has nothing to celebrate. Even if they were to let Oxana stay, God knows what could happen to her family back in Kiev. Russians do not forgive or forget," says Krumer, who went on to help Richards on the whore war cases. By April 2002, four male abductors had been sentenced to prison terms ranging from two to 12 years. None of the madams, however, was convicted, and the investigation continues.

"I feel good," says McCartin of the verdict. "There was a time when Gabay was testifying that I questioned the jury's ability to come to the right decision. He was good." McCartin is off on another capital case now. He's relieved to be moving on from the prostitution scene. He'll leave the whore wars to other cops. "Gabay's conviction will have no deterrent effect" on Russian crime, McCartin says. "They're all backstabbers. And there will be a lot more Lyudmylas. They're entrepreneurs. They're looking at $10,000 a month for turning tricks. For them, that's the American dream."

"Oh, she's not my model. She's waiting for me to take my break."

HARRISON FORD

(continued from page 64)

were looking at a three-day scene. That one somehow became legend because, first of all, George Lucas went nuts when he heard we had strayed from his script. I remember what director Irvin Kershner let me do in the second *Star Wars*. As my character was about to be frozen, Princess Leia says, "I love you," and I was supposed to say "I love you" back. I argued against that, suggested the character instead say, "I know." And George was crazed.

PLAYBOY: Not a good kind of crazed?

FORD: No, no. More like, "That's a horrible mistake!" [*Laughter*] And so I persuaded him to leave it in for one test screening. It was up in San Francisco and the line got what I would call a good laugh at an emotional moment. And you got the bonus of her sincerity and his in-character sincerity, which I thought was important.

PLAYBOY: You first worked with Lucas on *American Graffiti*, which turned out to be an explosion of young talent, with actors like Richard Dreyfuss and Ron Howard. Was that a fun shoot?

FORD: Lord, no. I almost got fired once for taking an extra doughnut. There was so little money to make that film, and they were all so stressed out. They shot it all at night. I remember getting in trouble for staying up late on nights when I wasn't working. And I got blamed for everybody else's pranks. I'm not the guy who pissed in the ice machine. Swear to God.

PLAYBOY: You starred with Brad Pitt in *The Devil's Own*, in which you played a cop who finds out that he's harboring an IRA terrorist. You two clashed over the script. Why?

FORD: I wanted my character to have the moral equivalence of the problem that Brad's character had. To me, the script was almost an apologia for the IRA, which Brad was very fond of. And anything that mitigated against his powerful expression of a case for the IRA was hard fought. And I quite understand.

PLAYBOY: Is that why most movies have one big star and not two?

FORD: Well, Brad was honestly fighting for the script he had, but that script was never going to get made. I came along and suddenly there was the potential to get it done—not because Brad wasn't a big enough star. There wasn't a strong enough secondary character so you could have a case for this political point of view, either. There needed to be dramatic tension. If the two of us could agree on a director, we'd get the movie made. We agreed on Alan Pakula, who went away and wrote his own version, which neither of us agreed to. But we had to go into production and there was much work done after we went to work. I was pleased, actually. I like the movie very much.

PLAYBOY: It was a conflict that got wide play in the press. But Brad blasted the film in a *Newsweek* article.

FORD: I am not blaming him. He had a different movie in mind. There are a lot of movies that I feel terrible about because of the tortured process. I have enormous respect for him as an actor and as a man. He's a dear, gentle soul and I really like him. And it was rougher on him than it was on me, because I was fighting for what I wanted to do and he was just trying to hold on to what he had, this object that was slipping out of his hands. I think the lesson that he learned is, you can never let the motherfuckers in the media know what you're really thinking. They'll kill you for it. And they did.

PLAYBOY: When PLAYBOY profiled Ridley Scott, he said you didn't much care for *Blade Runner*, which has become a classic. Your performance was so spirited, but. . . .

FORD: But you hated the narration.

PLAYBOY: Did you deliberately read it badly, hoping they'd drop it?

FORD: I was compelled by my contract to do the narration. When I first agreed to do the film, I told Ridley there was too much information given to the audience in narration. I said, "Let's take it out and put it into scenes and let the audience acquire this information in a narrative fashion without being told it." And he said it was a good idea. We sat around the kitchen table and we did it. When we got done, the studio said nobody will understand this fucking movie. We have to create a narrative. They had already thrown Ridley off the movie—they were over budget. So I was compelled by my contract to record this narration, which I did five or six different times. Finally, I show up to do it for the last time and there's this old Hollywood writer sitting there, pipe sticking out of his mouth, pounding away at this portable typewriter in one of the studios. I had never seen this guy before, so I stuck my head in and said, "Hi, I'm Harrison Ford." He kind of waves me off.

He came to hand me his pages. To this day I still don't remember who he was, and so I said, "Look, I've done this five times before. I'm not going to argue with you about anything. I've argued and I've never won, so I'm just going to read this 10 times, and you guys do with it what you will." I did that. Did I deliberately do it badly? No. I delivered it to the best of my ability given that I had no input. I never thought they'd use it. But I didn't try and sandbag it. It was simply bad narration.

PLAYBOY: Scott expressed regrets about the film to PLAYBOY, mainly that he didn't stand up for it more. He said he was a young English chap who felt compelled to please, when he should have told them all to fuck off.

FORD: Well, me included, probably. Ridley and I have made our peace. I had a great time making the movie—most of the time. He had one idea that he didn't

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reveal to me, which he thought was fair game and I didn't. All of our contentions are about whether my character was a replicant or not. And I was convinced, and still am, that for the audience to participate, they have to feel that there was one person on-screen who was their emotional representative, and that person had to be a real person. Ridley turned that on its ass at the last minute, saying maybe he is a replicant. I said, "How dare you?" We still kick it around, but I am eager to work with him again.

PLAYBOY: *Traffic* was a movie you helped develop but didn't star in. Any regrets you didn't play the drug czar who was ultimately portrayed by Michael Douglas?

FORD: The main reason I didn't do it was this is a guy who learns in the first couple of scenes that his 16-year-old daughter is a crack whore. And what are you going to wear on your face? You'd have to wear the same face that I had just worn in *Random Hearts*, where my wife dies at the beginning. It is grief that paints your face into a corner, and I had just done that. I couldn't wear that face again right away, and I didn't want to put the audience through this same experience with me. It was all about the audience and what was commercially viable for me to do at that time. But I told Steven Soderbergh, "Listen, if I were going to do it, these are the notes I would have."

PLAYBOY: They must have been good, because Michael Douglas said he passed on the role but reread it after you made your suggestions and then agreed to do the movie. What did you suggest?

FORD: I think my notes spoke to making the character accessible, to clarifying what his objective was, making you aware of where this guy was coming from before being forced into a dilemma. There were clarity issues. I don't even remember all of them.

PLAYBOY: For years, you've relied on one person—your manager—to make deals. But recently, you signed with an agency. Why?

FORD: I now realize that the best stuff is never getting out of the agencies, which is why I got an agency after years of never having one. These guys represent the writers. I want access to this material before it goes into the studios. See, I'm not the youngest or prettiest guy anymore. So to ensure myself a stream of material of interest to me, I've decided to involve myself more in the movie process.

PLAYBOY: When you were younger, you had a reputation for being angry. Russell Crowe didn't help his Oscar chances on *A Beautiful Mind* when he threatened an awards show producer in England. Mel Gibson also had a rep for being angry when he was young. Where does this anger come from?

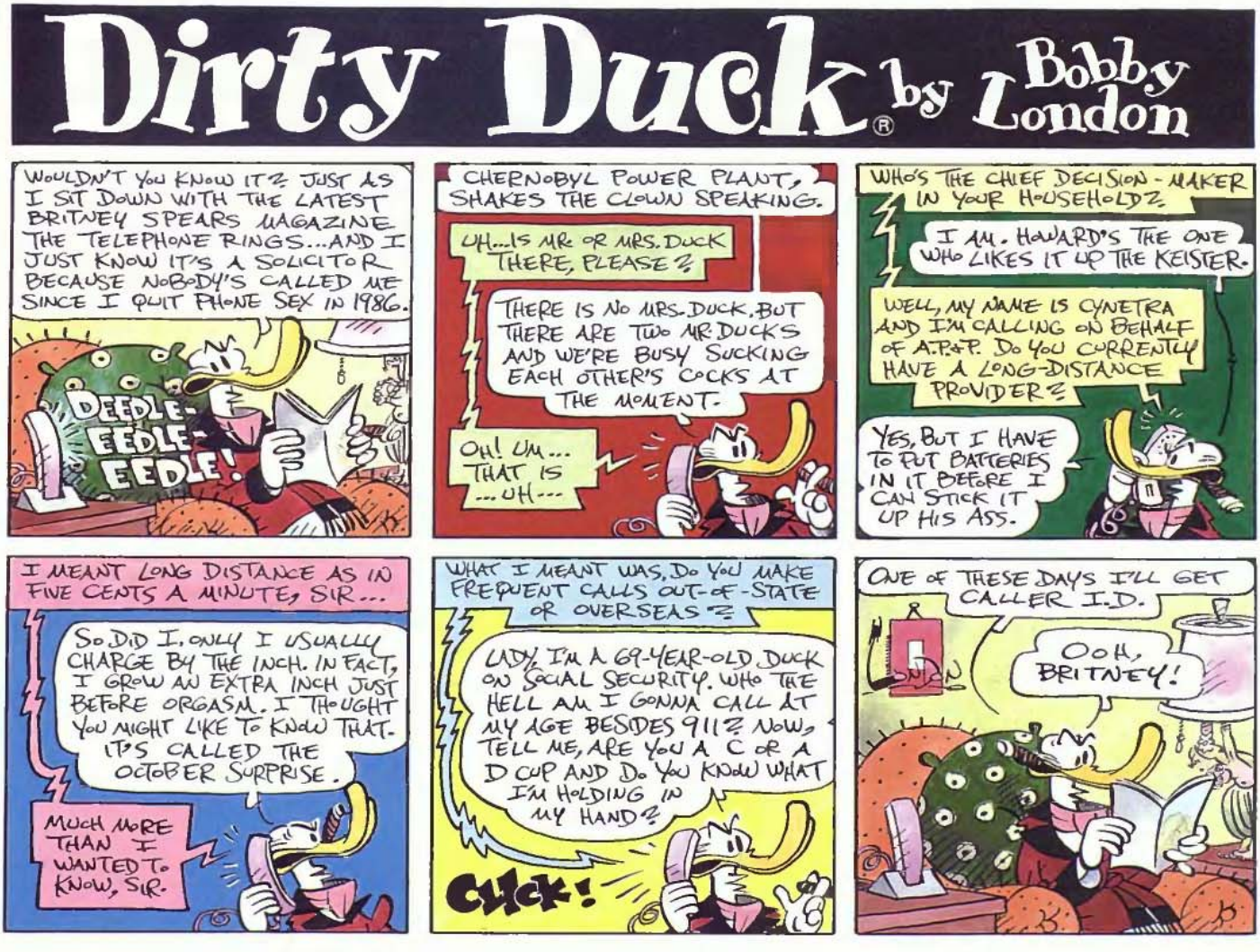
FORD: You have to stand up for what you believe. If you have to do it through whatever confirmation of personality resources you have, anger is one of them. Edge and steel are effective. I have less reason to be angry or pissed off now than I had then. I'm more comfortable with my situation than I was when I was younger. With me, you're talking about situations where I was under contract to Columbia Pictures. They sent me to the barber with a photo of Elvis Presley so I'd come back looking like him. They wanted me to change my name and look like Elvis and do dog shit. I was angry.

PLAYBOY: Because it was so demeaning?

FORD: Yes, it was demeaning, but beyond that, it was just wrong. It was not a way to be successful.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, are you happy that success didn't come quickly for you?

FORD: Absolutely. I was much better able to handle it. When I started, I didn't know how to act. I was getting $150 a week and worth every penny of it, and I didn't know a sweet fuck-all about acting or making movies or about life. Over the years, I have learned something. And it ain't over yet. I'm still learning.


Dirty Duck® by Bobby London
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT? JUST AS I SIT DOWN WITH THE LATEST BRITNEY SPEARS MAGAZINE THE TELEPHONE RINGS...AND I JUST KNOW IT'S A SOLICITOR BECAUSE NOBODY'S CALLED ME SINCE I QUIT PHONE SEX IN 1986.
DEEDLE-EEDLE-EEDLE!
CHERNOBYL POWER PLANT, SHAKES THE CLOWN SPEAKING.
UH...IS MR OR MRS. DUCK THERE, PLEASE?
THERE IS NO MRS. DUCK. BUT THERE ARE TWO MR. DUCKS AND WE'RE BUSY SUCKING EACH OTHER'S COCKS AT THE MOMENT.
OH! UM... THAT IS ...UH...
WHO'S THE CHIEF DECISION-MAKER IN YOUR HOUSEHOLD?
I AM. HOWARD'S THE ONE WHO LIKES IT UP THE KEISTER.
WELL, MY NAME IS CYNETRA AND I'M CALLING ON BEHALF OF A.T.&T. DO YOU CURRENTLY HAVE A LONG-DISTANCE PROVIDER?
YES, BUT I HAVE TO PUT BATTERIES IN IT BEFORE I CAN STICK IT UP HIS ASS.
I MEANT LONG DISTANCE AS IN FIVE CENTS A MINUTE, SIR...
SO DID I. ONLY I USUALLY CHARGE BY THE INCH. IN FACT, I GROW AN EXTRA INCH JUST BEFORE ORGASM. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW THAT. IT'S CALLED THE OCTOBER SURPRISE.
MUCH MORE THAN I WANTED TO KNOW, SIR.
WHAT I MEANT WAS, DO YOU MAKE FREQUENT CALLS OUT-OF-STATE OR OVERSEAS?
LADY, I'M A 69-YEAR-OLD DUCK ON SOCIAL SECURITY. WHO THE HELL AM I GONNA CALL AT MY AGE BESIDES 911? NOW, TELL ME, ARE YOU A C OR A D CUP AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M HOLDING IN MY HAND?
CLICK!
ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL GET CALLER I.D.
OOH, BRITNEY!

"One of the first things that I picked was an alligator coat, $33,000—cost more than my home."

cars. Edwards enjoyed it immensely until a brush with the law took some of the pleasure out of his stay. He moved back to Kentucky where he had some success selling insurance. Then, at the age of 25, he robbed a gas station. He served seven years for that one, plus another six months here and there for parole violations and firearms possession. When he finally turned his life around and got a job installing telecommunications equipment, he quickly worked his way up to project supervisor and employee of the year—then he got laid off.

David Edwards' whole life had been bad moves and bad mojo. And now the unemployment checks were running out.

"God," he had prayed in bed the night before he bought the lottery ticket, "me and you been through a lot of things and you know I mean well. If you've got an answer I wish you'd tell me, or else let me hit this lottery!" The Powerball was up to $295 million. The chance of winning was 80 million to one.

Edwards' fiancée, Shawna Maddux, was waiting tables at a country club, but her salary wouldn't support the two of them, not even in a tiny place like Westwood. Westwood is a hamlet just next door to Ashland (population 27,000), a blue-collar city where the brushy hills and coal mines of eastern Kentucky meet the Ohio River. Just that day Edwards had asked a friend for a $150 loan so they could get the water turned back on and quit slopping buckets from the neighbor's tap to wash dishes and flush the toilet. He and Maddux could afford a couple of drinks, though. It was Saturday night, and there was live music in the lounge of the Ashland Plaza Hotel (where, it turns out, his second ex-wife was having her wedding reception). The couple got dressed and went to the hotel around midnight. On the way into town, they stopped at the Pump 'n Shop so Edwards could pick up a printout of the numbers; he had missed the drawing on the 11 P.M. news.

In the hotel parking lot, he smoked a cigarette and compared the prize numbers with those on his lottery ticket, and it was in the front seat of a 1992 Buick Roadmaster that David Edwards—ex-con, broke as a joke—became a rich man.

•

He jumped out of the car and ran up and down the street hollering, "Praise God, thank you, God!" Maddux, a cool-headed one, said, "Honey, get back in the car." They checked the numbers a few hundred more times and then drove to see friends and start spreading the good news.

"We won the lottery!" they said to Maddux' mother, Ethel, over the phone at two in the morning.

"Uh-huh," Ethel said.

"It's true—we won!" they said.

"That's real good. Night-night."

They didn't want to go home so they checked into the Days Inn and tried to get some sleep, but their eyes kept springing open and finding each other smiling. At five in the morning they couldn't fight it anymore and got out of bed and started drinking coffee, fueling up for the first day of their new life.

All day Sunday Edwards kept the winning ticket in his pants pocket. That night, a banker in town let him put it in a vault. On Monday, he hired one of his ex–brothers-in-law, a 6'6" weightlifter, to be his bodyguard. The bodyguard, along with a pair of armed state troopers, drove Edwards 200 miles to the state lottery commission in Louisville, where Edwards learned he would share the $295 million with five other ticket holders: a brother and sister from the East, a medical records clerk in Minnesota and an elderly Maine couple who had hidden their winning ticket in a box of Corn Chex.

Edwards' share came to $73.7 million. He opted for a lump sum instead of payments over 25 years, knocking the loot down to $41.5 million. Even after taxes took 32 percent of that, he still walked away with $28,393,819 and change for a Pepsi. In a single check he would receive 1000 times the amount his average neighbor earned in a year in the Ashland area. Not bad for the son of a steelworker and a seamstress who worked hard all their lives. "It's a poor man's dream!" Edwards told reporters.

He wore a suit for the cameras that day and tried to impress the journalists. Edwards is 6', slender and tanned, with a dark beard, a long ponytail, high cheekbones, blue eyes and a faint scar over the bridge of his nose, a combination that gives him a slightly menacing look. He looks smooth and talks smoother. He is comfortable onstage. He has a touch of the evangelical in him, a bit of the country huckster who knows when to inflect for effect, when to bring it down to a whisper or to narrow his eyes to hammer a point. He possesses a kind of streetwise instinct for opportunity, always ready to deal but unable to make anything stick.

David Edwards knew how he wanted to live, though. He had always driven Cadillacs and Lincolns, even when he couldn't afford them. To the manner born, as they say.

Slick might have served him well in sales, but what Edwards began selling

"No, Mother . . . no marriage proposals yet . . . I'm currently between boyfriends."

that day in front of the cameras was himself, as someone with more to offer the world than a rags-to-riches story. Almost immediately, however, some people in his hometown began grousing that he didn't deserve the windfall, that fate had chosen the wrong guy. One of the state's largest newspapers felt obliged to remind the citizenry that the lottery is not a character test. No one should assume "sudden wealth comes only to the worthy," read an editorial in the *Lexington Herald-Leader*, two days after Edwards cashed in his ticket. "Winners may have some degree of luck. But just how much luck depends on how the person handles a suddenly more complicated life."

Here is how Edwards handled it: His first move as a multimillionaire was to hire someone to manage the loot. He wasn't hurting for volunteers. Planners called from hither and yon to offer their services, but in a traditional move, Edwards went with a young Morgan Stanley broker named Jim Gibbs because he was local and Edwards knew of his family. Then he put himself on a budget: X amount for rich-man trappings (house, cars, clothes, jewelry), X amount for gifts and the bulk for new businesses.

Then he went to Vegas.

Edwards and Maddux went straight from Louisville. They didn't even go back to the little yellow house behind the funeral home. They had a friend pack their things, clean the place; they never lived there another night. For their new start they went to the city of new starts, where lives change every day at the altar of money or matrimony.

Technically, Edwards still had another week to wait before his millions would be wired into his account back home. In the meantime, Gibbs had to call the people at the Rio hotel and assure them his new client was good for the bill, that if they were smart they would treat him like a big shot and put him up in a fancy Palazzo Suite, which they did. Edwards instantly had butlers, chefs, limousine drivers, a private swimming pool and a seat not at a $10 blackjack table but in the plush quiet of the high-stakes parlors. Mostly, though, he was eager to shop. "He's got a little woman in him when it comes to that," says one of his friends. "He'll take you to the mall and wear you out."

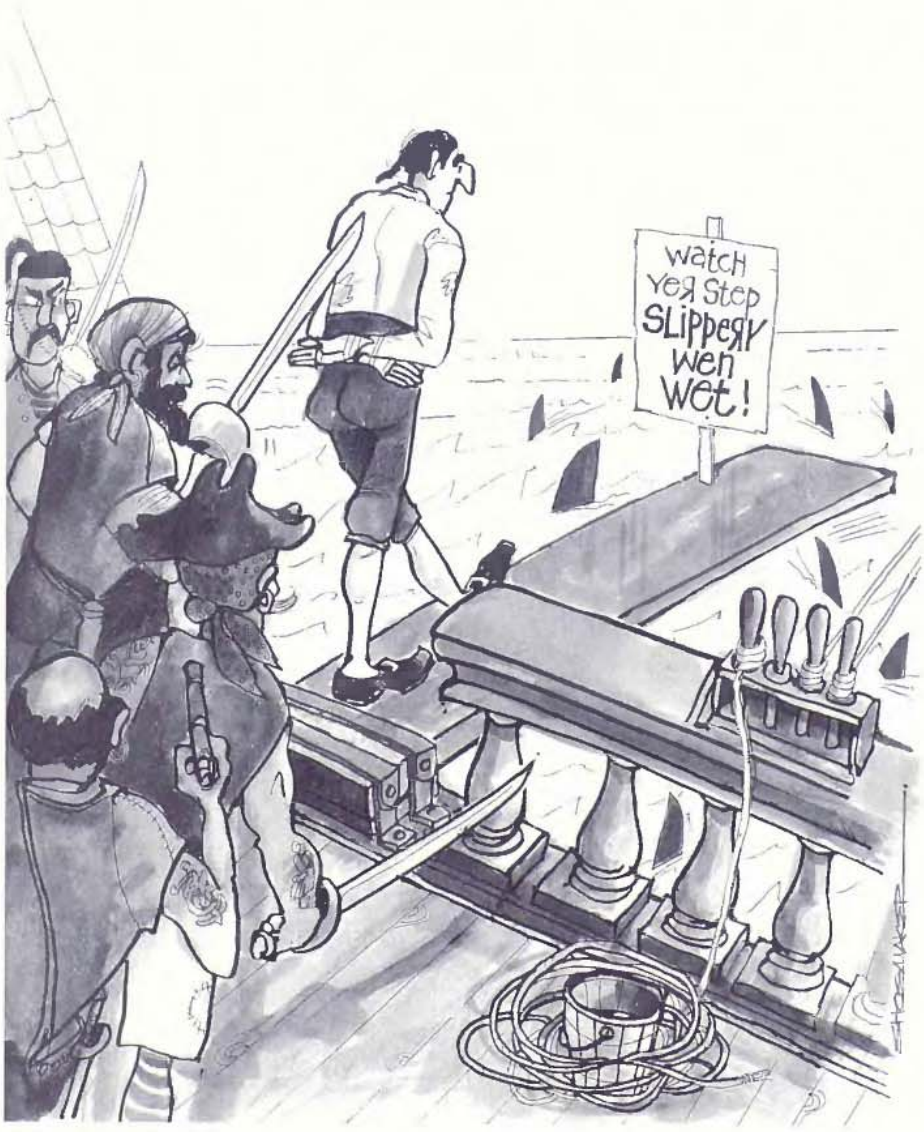
One day he put on a $200 off-the-rack suit and walked into Bernini, the exclusive Italian men's shop, and just started pointing. "One of the first things that I picked was an alligator coat, $33,000—cost more than my home. I thought, I'm wearing my home! I didn't ask the prices of anything," he says. "I walked in there and blitzed them. The suits were $6000 a whack. I was saying, 'Gimme that one, that one, that one, that one.'" These were custom-made Brionis and Versaces. His new watch was a $80,000 Breitling, and Maddux' was a $35,000 Rolex. Life was getting to be right pleasant.

There was only one hitch. Gibbs had secured Edwards plenty of credit, but Edwards couldn't pick up most of his new clothes and jewelry until early the following week, when his millions officially wired through. "I call Jimmy Gibbs and he says, 'Look, we want to take you to Morgan Stanley in New York at the World Trade Center to talk about what we're going to do with this money—you need to be there Monday or Tuesday,'" Edwards says. "I said, 'I'm not going to New York City until me and Shawna are dressed correctly and our new life has started, so let's put this off a week.'" That was at the end of the first week of September.

When the planes hit the World Trade Center, Edwards took it as a sign. "I told Shawna, 'Tomorrow is not promised to us. We've got to give money away.'"

When they got back to Kentucky, they checked into a suite at the Ashland Plaza Hotel, and the handouts began in earnest: $50,000 to the Boys Club, a new playground for an elementary school, $45,000 for the volunteer fire department to fix trucks and buy new equipment. "There was a lady who had cancer and she'd given her burial plot away to her son and was spending the last days of her life trying to figure out how to pay her own death bill," Edwards says. "I went out and bought her a $7400 funeral. She picked out a white and pink casket and a big spray of flowers, the whole thing, and I drove her down to National City Bank where I gave her $10,000, told her to spend every dime."

Maddux' mother, Ethel, suffers from lupus. She had been living in a housing project and fantasizing about moving to a double-wide trailer. Edwards bought her a roomy split-level house in a nice neighborhood and a brand-new Pontiac Grand Prix. He has purchased vehicles for seven people and paid off struggling friends' bills and mortgages. He knew a guy who had been robbed and was whacked so hard in the head with a two-by-four that his eye popped out and he had to get a glass one; Edwards gave him $5000. He's been giving another fellow, who is waiting for a liver transplant, $2000 a month. In Miami, he had his



limousine driver stop so he could hand $3000 to a beggar on the street. He even gave money to the drunk driver responsible for screwing up his back.

"David is extremely generous," says Gibbs, who has stopped trying to keep track of how much Edwards gives away. "If a stranger gives him a good enough line, he'll help the guy out."

When people started reading about his donations in the local papers, they set upon him with letters and phone calls. Strangers showed up, asking him to pay off their credit card bills, hospital charges, mortgages and car loans. "You know what amazes me?" says Edwards. "People don't ask for $100 or $1000, they ask for $50,000, $100,000. They look at me like I'm trash if I give them anything less than $50. There's some brass people, boy." He has lost a few friends for not giving them what they want, for being determined to give only to those who are "right up against it," a position he remembers well. When it got to the point that he couldn't walk out the door without bumping into an outstretched hand, he knew he had to move from Ashland.

A month after the lottery win, Edwards and Maddux bought a $1.2 million home on the 16th hole of Ballenisles Country Club outside West Palm Beach, Florida, where they hoped to blend in with all the other millionaires. Soon a black Bentley appeared in the driveway, then a 360 Ferrari Spider for Maddux, then a Lamborghini Diablo, yellow as an egg yolk, a Dodge Viper, a rare Shelby, a Cadillac Escalade, a Chevy excursion van and a Hummer golf cart with faux-zebra seats. That belongs to Edwards' daughter, who does not play golf.

In the marble foyer Edwards has two suits of shining armor. On display in the dining room is a collection of medieval daggers and jewel-handled swords. For his bedroom he bought a 61-inch plasma flat-screen television ($45,000). For help around the house he hired a full-time butler. For travel he bought a share in a private Learjet. It's easier that way—no annoying security checks or crowds. Edwards routinely sends the jet to fetch Ethel or bring friends to the beach or send his daughter home to visit her mother, at roughly $7000 a pop.

He and Maddux flew to Hawaii for New Year's and were married on the beach in Maui. They had been together seven years before the lottery win. When he bought his-and-hers Kentucky Thoroughbreds to run in the Derby, Edwards named his Powerball Pick and his new wife named hers Mr. Right.

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Once Edwards had the clothes and the home, had lavished friends as well as strangers with hundreds of thousands of dollars in gifts, he began to work. He bought a telecommunications firm and a limousine company, and invested $6 million in a Kentucky housing development. The other day he walked into a Cracker Barrel, his favorite restaurant, and tried to buy it, but learned it wasn't for sale. His favorite venture involves two soon-to-be-unveiled burn medications, Alocane and Biocane, that he believes will make him richer still. "The businesses that he's gotten involved in seem to be sound," says Gibbs. "I don't know how he learns about them, but he does. It's ironic—I think David would have been a lot more successful if he hadn't had those problems in childhood, but if he hadn't had that anchor pulling him down he probably never would have won the lottery, because he would've been so successful he wouldn't have bought a ticket.

"The only problem has been trying to get him to slow down. His mind moves so fast, trying to figure out ways to make money with this money. In five years there's a possibility that he might be worth $50 million." Edwards is clearly thinking big. He named his conglomerate World Solutions Inc.

The transition from poor man to rich has been smooth, as though Edwards stepped through a portal from one reality to another. He marvels at his luck every day.

During a recent visit with Edwards, I asked about all the excess—why, for instance, all those luxury automobiles? Edwards grinned and answered, "Why not? I'm rich. I'm damn rich!" It was a Sunday evening in March and Edwards had been laid up all day with his bad back. He shuffled out of the bedroom in slippers and silk pajamas, cigarette burns on his sky-blue bathrobe, to find a quiet spot on the sofa overlooking the swimming pool and palm trees. He looked around for his pack of Camels and, not finding it, hollered for Fred, the butler, who slipped in and out with a smoke and a light. Edwards dragged and exhaled, gave a little wave of the hand and said, "Everything I touch is making money."

He finds himself in the unusual position of perhaps being able to answer a timeless question: Can money buy happiness? Ask around eastern Kentucky and the people on the receiving end of his generosity will say money can at least buy breathing room, a new start. This, above all, is what money has brought David Edwards, but within limits. Though he and his wife recently decided to quit smoking and drinking and to follow strict diets, after all those years of hard living, health problems remind Edwards of what money cannot cure. And now that he can afford a trip around the world, he can't take it, because even multimillionaire ex-felons have trouble getting passports. Somehow, though, even the stickiest problems seem surmountable these days. As Edwards said, with a grin, "I've got a team of lawyers working on it."

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FISTFUL OF FAST

(continued from page 107)

basic need and/or the perfect use for discretionary income. It still generates headlines, if not moral concern. Last summer a Chicago citizen on a Honda was clocked doing 165 down Lake Shore Drive. The cop who wrote the ticket was impressed and thought the violation might be some sort of record. (Well, if you count only those who were caught, maybe.) The rider had to put the bike up for sale on eBay, then tried to cash in by asking for a job as a factory rider. The manufacturer declined.

It's not whether you succumb to temptation—it's how. Most of these bikes are built around one-liter engines, the so-called open-class road warriors, a blend of power and handling barely contained by a racetrack. Imagine riding a light howitzer: The speed is that sudden.

After a day on the ZX-12R, I stared at my wrist, trying to judge the increment that had sent me from 60 to over 100 in the space of a few heartbeats.

These bikes are not for idiots. People who buy these machines tend to be students of speed, guys who sign up for sessions with Keith Code's California Superbike School or Freddie Spencer's High Performance Riding School in Las Vegas. They dress in full leathers and wear Kevlar because they are speeding bullets. They are knowledgeable about tires, cornering techniques, traction, power management, suspension preloads—the life-support systems of rapidity. When faced with an open road, they pull the trigger.

These motorcycles inspire respect, if not reverence. Articles on open-class motorcycles often invoke the Japanese phrase *jin ba itai* (which, we are told, translates as "making man and machine as one"). This is a field where state of the art involves more than a color change, miniaturization or a clever new logo. These machines generate language: Test rides include words like nimble, sensual, sleek, edgy, balls-out, hard-charging, flickable, hair-trigger, canyon-straf ing big scare and simply "Wow."

After spending most of one day on the irrational side of the speedometer, I asked a group of motor journalists an intriguing question: What percentage of Americans did they think had ever driven a motor vehicle in excess of 100 mph? The guesses started high—on the assumption that half the population was male and 17 at least once in their lives but slowly dropped. It used to be that doing the ton meant something—especially if you were trying to coax your Harley or BSA into triple digits. Now the bar has been raised: How many Americans do you suppose have gone faster than 150 mph? You know who you are.

Designer Erik Buell lives to innovate: On the Firebolt XB9R (left) he discarded the gas tank, put the fuel in the frame and tucked the exhaust under the engine to create a low center of gravity. This is a concept bike you can ride (for $9995). The 984cc V-twin puts out 92 horsepower, but for its weight it has more torque than a Vette. Buell calls the bike a sportfighter, a balance between the racetrack and the real world.

Ducati has won nine World Superbike titles in the past decade. The 998 is a thoroughbred, the kind of machine that makes us wonder what the world would be like if motorcycles could be put out to stud. The new narrow-head 998 V-twin Testastretta engine produces 123 horsepower at 9500 rpm, more than enough to hit 162 mph. The price: $17,695.

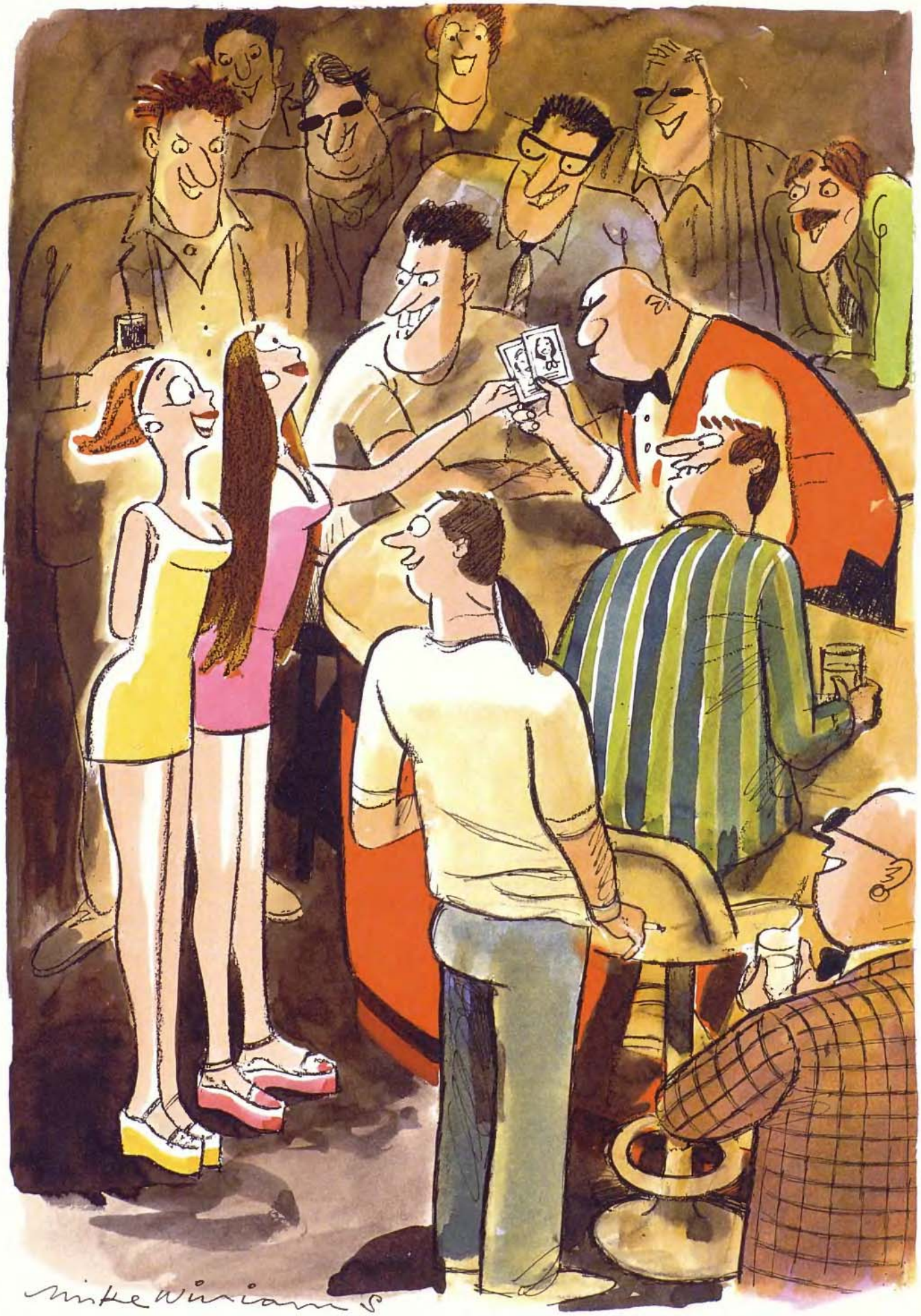
The Triumph Daytona 955i, Centennial model, is the culmination of 100 years of English motorcycling history. Engineers refined an already formidable machine, adding muscle while trimming some 20 pounds off the original, making the Daytona Europe's most powerful production superbike. The 12-valve triple generates 147 hp. Price: $10,999.

When it debuted in 2000, the Kawasaki ZX-12R created something of an international incident: The German government passed a law prohibiting motorcycles capable of exceeding 186 mph. With that ceiling in mind, Kawasaki refined the ZX-12R, tweaking power, handling, braking and looks. It puts 163 horsepower in a 463-pound package. Drag racer Rickey Gadson says riding the ZX-12R is like being drop-kicked by God. A religious experience is yours for $10,999.

We debated which Suzuki to put in this collection: The GSX R1000 is arguably the company's go-fast flagship (145 hp, estimated top speed of 175 mph). But here, in 15 words or less, is how we made our choice: In 1999, a stock GSX 1300R Hayabusa hit 194 mph. The current speed-limited model does a quarter mile in less than 10 seconds. It costs $10,849. Do you really need to know anything more?

Honda has taken the gloves off: The press kit for the CBR954RR announces that the new in-line 16-valve four-cylinder engine produces 154 hp at 11,250 rpm. For years, manufacturers coyly (i.e., on the advice of lawyers) refrained from trumpeting raw power, or, for that matter, top speed. The bike weighs 370 pounds dry, giving it the best power-to-weight ratio in the class. Price: $10,599.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.



"We know we're not legally old enough to drink but we are old enough to get laid and that's why we came here."

PICKUP ARTIST (continued from page 104)

"I have a stupid question," I say to one workout goddess in sweats and a headband.

But by then she's already in line at the cashier. (Note: Hit only on the cart pushers; basket carriers don't stay long.)

Then I see my next victim, reading the labels on spaghetti sauce jars. She selects one and puts it in her cart.

Even as an old man, Paul Newman is still the guy chicks want.

"Is that a good sauce?" I ask. She's blonde and resembles Monique McMahon, the fashion-model-in-waiting who in third grade wouldn't let me sign her leg cast because "the cool people had to go first." She jumps a foot in the air. She hadn't seen me at all.

"I've never tried that sauce," I say, attempting to slow her adrenal output. "Yeah," she says, looking like one of Robert De Niro's hits in *Goodfellas*.

She walks out of the pasta department and into the display case in my rejection hall of fame. Get a mop, please. There's a broken heart in aisle six.

All right, so commenting on the food doesn't work, but free samples are another story. From the end of the soda aisle I stake out who's headed for the display of cubed Swiss and cheddar. I plot a course to intercept a 5'8" target with long black hair and perky breasts.

"Which do you like better?" I ask, as we pluck one of each cheese variety.

She pauses, giving me that "Why are you talking to me?" stare.

The stare frightens me off a little, but I'm not a sleazoid asking her sign. I'm a connoisseur of *fromage* talking shop. My eyes hold their ground.

"I like the cheddar," she says, in something resembling a Persian accent. Foreign accents are great. They could indicate unfamiliarity with our customs, such as "Don't sleep with a guy you just met by the free cheese."

"I like the cheddar, too," I say as I watch her saunter off down the aisle. I stroll up the next aisle, and our carts nearly collide when I turn the corner.

"You're following me!" I say, robbing her of the chance to say it first.

She smiles.

"Hmm, we already did cheese, now we need wine," I say.

I was proud of myself for that one. "Come on, help me choose one," I insist. "I don't know anything about wine and I need to buy some for my place."

We exchange names during our cruise to the booze. Robyn shares some basic information about reds and whites. I pretend not to know anything, including how much of her information is wrong.

"What will you be drinking the wine with?" she asks as we reach the liquor aisle.

"Well," I say slowly, "a really cute girl, I hope." I gaze downward, then up again.

"Hey, you're a really cute girl," I say, blushing like a cheap zinfandel.

"You are bad!" she says, rolling her eyes.

"I'm serious," I say. "Pick out your favorite wine and I'll share it with you tonight."

She's busy, she informs me.

"How about next Thursday?" I ask. I wasn't going to let our first date go unspecified.

"That's sweet, but I don't think so," she says.

I don't know what possesses me, but I grab her cart as she pushes it away. "At least give me your number, Robyn," I say.

She susses me out for a second, then offers her business card. Disappointing, but it's something.

While I wait to pay for the $148 in groceries I don't need, I receive a bonus at bat. A blonde from Uruguay doesn't have her club card. I offer mine. Just as the total rings up "a savings of over $3," I say, "Now you have to give me your number."

"Are you saying that my number is only worth $3?" she asks. "Why don't you give me your number instead?"

I oblige and then ask her for the three bucks back.

HITS: Nine.

NUMBERS RECEIVED: Three.

GIRLS DATED: Two.

HOME RUNS: One. Even though I only got a business card from Robyn, I called her and made her laugh, for several weeks, until she caved in. We still see each other (or we did until this article came out).

ERRORS: One. I should have pushed harder for the blonde's number, not given her mine. Never in the history of number giving has a girl pushed digits received in this manner.

BOOKSTORE

Never mind the generic feel of chain bookstores. They have places where you can drink coffee and talk, which greatly aids our cause, and magazines to browse. The only thing you have to prove is that you're not a nerd.

Intense readers are hard to crack. They're into their book learning, and that's that. You need to get them to look up at least once so they won't be startled when you interrupt.

I clear my throat several times, loudly, while standing two feet in front of the chair occupied by a fair-skinned girl with auburn hair and the most striking green eyes ever frozen to a hardcover.

No, she doesn't notice me. But everybody else in the bookstore notices the throat clearing emanating from the Gay and Lesbian section.

One embarrassing stroll to the magazine rack later, I find a dead ringer for Lucy Liu reading something called *Aperture*. The word means opening, and I think of one.

"You must know about cameras," I say. "What's a good starter digital camera?" This way, she doesn't feel like prey.

"I don't really know much," she responds, hurriedly putting the magazine back. "I'm interested, but I don't know

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that much."

Geez! I'm making *her* nervous. Why haven't I bitten my lip and talked to strange women every day of my life?

"I'm interested in photography, too," I say. "Are you busy now? Let's get coffee upstairs and talk about it."

The echo of my ballsiness hangs thick in the air, but I have nothing to lose. Cheryl agrees to coffee. The rest of my groundwork takes a week and two dates.

HITS: Three.

NUMBERS RECEIVED: One.

GIRLS DATED: One.

HOME RUNS: One. Cheryl had just broken up with a long-term boyfriend, hated bars and admitted that she was having trouble meeting people. She told me she had always expected to meet someone at a bookstore, but it had never happened. Until me.

ERRORS: None.

LAUNDROMAT

I have machines in my apartment building, so there's no need for me to take my dirty wash elsewhere. But I've never met anyone in my laundry room except for the fat asshole who takes my shit out of the drier before it's done. So I pack a big laundry bag, lug it down the street and get set for an afternoon of washing, drying and lying.

It is impossible to hit here with supermarket-like abandon. People pretend it's too loud, but the truth is, it's a small room where everyone eavesdrops on every word said. You have to choose your targets carefully or sacrifice all of them.

"I have a stupid question," I ask one workout goddess in sweats and a headband. "If you put more money in the washer, does it go longer?"

"The driers, yes," my new friend says, rolling her eyes. "The washers, no."

She then finishes unloading her drier and leaves. (Note: Drier unloading is equivalent to basket carrying in predicting imminent departures.) An amazing brunette, about 20, sits by the detergent dispenser. She's another intense reader. I get closer and see she's buried in a script. Hey, we are in Los Angeles.

"Is that a student film?" I ask. (If she had been older, I would have earned immediate points for thinking she was in school.)

"It's a play," she responds, barely looking up though obviously annoyed. "I'm auditioning."

"Sorry, I get nosy when I'm bored," I say. I figure that the only way to get sex out of a stranger is to convince her it's not what I want.

Two minutes pass.

"So tell me about this play," I say. She finally puts her script aside. Is my luck changing?

"It's about a woman who's a professor of Eastern religions," she says.

"Eastern religions?" I say. "There's a great Zen garden right nearby where I

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meditate all the time." (OK, it was a lie. I was there once and couldn't sit still.) "What are you doing this weekend?" I ask. "Let's go together." Karen gives me her number and we do.

HITS: Three.

NUMBERS RECEIVED: One.

GIRLS DATED: One.

HOME RUNS: None. I didn't get fluffed, but it wasn't because I folded. Karen and I had our date, after which she told me it would be nice to hang out "as friends." (If I ever lose my sex drive, I'll take her up on that.)

ERRORS: Two. That drier-emptying thing and not screening my wash for colored briefs from my less refined years.

CAR WASH

Find a hand wash. They take longer, and if a chick cares enough to give her car the best kind of cleaning, you know she's also getting waxed.

"Nice day, huh?" I say to a blonde in a white dress. Her fingernails are long red talons. She blows cigarette smoke before answering. "Nicest," she says, without so much as looking in my direction.

"So what do you do?" I ask. "Are you a model?"

She blows smoke again. No answer. You know what I'm discovering? Being rejected by beautiful bitches really doesn't damage my self-esteem the way I thought it would.

This time, I don't even wait for the car-wash talent to rinse and repeat. When a new girl saunters outside to wait for her car, I start in while the blonde is still there. This shows her she meant as little to me as I meant to her.

"You know what, Kimmie?" I say after I exchange names with my new friend. "I'm sick of asking people what they do. I'm not going to ask you that. I'm going to ask what your favorite food is," I say. "That probably says more about who you are."

Kimmie likes oysters. I am not making this up.

Out of the corner of my eye I watch as the blonde picks up her convertible BMW (figures).

"Kimmie, I'm taking you out for oysters," I say. "Give me your number."

HITS: Eight.

NUMBERS RECEIVED: Three (one fake).

GIRLS DATED: One.

HOME RUNS: One. Hey, Kimmie likes oysters. But I don't think this has any long-term potential. She doesn't know any big words. We're talking blank stares at "clarification." And to tell you the truth, I don't like oysters.

ERRORS: One. When I pulled into the car wash, I made the mistake of actually having my car washed. So the man with the greasy towel flagged me over in the middle of my first rap. Later, I parked elsewhere and just pretended to wait.

DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES

Here you have all the time in the world to flirt with the beautiful woman in front or in back of you in line. If there isn't one, just leave—like you forgot something—and wait in the parking lot for someone interesting.

A smoking number with five-foot legs and horn-rimmed glasses gets in the license renewal line.

"Hi," I say. "Do you know if this is the line to renew licenses?"

Perhaps this is not the best opener. There's a giant sign indicating just that; anybody who doesn't see it can't hope to pass the vision test.

After a minute, I speak again. Vision is on my mind.

"You know, some women don't look good in glasses," I say. "But you look great."

"Thanks," she says, introducing herself as Kristen.

Then I threw a curveball. I offered to guess her prescription. If the eyes appear smaller than normal, the person is nearsighted, bigger and they're farsighted—the degree of distortion indicating prescription. This is something they teach us in dork school, I guess. But you can substitute whatever stupid shit you know to spice up the conversation; she's not going anywhere.

"Are you an optician?" she asks. My God, she has just set me up for the line of a lifetime.

"No, I just like beautiful eyes."

HITS: Two.

NUMBERS RECEIVED: One.

GIRLS DATED: One.

HOME RUNS: One. Busy woman, Kristen. Works god-awful hours at a law firm and her social life was hurting. She was happy to meet me.

ERRORS: None.

RESTAURANT DURING LUNCH

I met a friend there, planning for just this scenario. As we got up from our table, I looked around for the two prettiest girls eating together. This was my boldest move so far, but I was prepared with my best approach: honesty.

"I couldn't help noticing how adorable you two are," I say as I plop down next to the lovely ladies, who resemble the Bangles in their heyday. (By now I had learned that adorable is more of a compliment than hot.)

"I know it's a numbers game. So nine out of 10 times, you're going to blow me off," I say. "But if this is the one time you don't, we're going to have an amazing time hanging out."

Sheila and Valerie laugh out loud and we chat for 20 minutes about why guys can't be funnier and more honest when they hit on girls.

When Valerie goes to the bathroom, I order an iced tea and Sheila grabs my hand."Corey, it's been fun talking with you, but I have to tell you something," she says. "We're on a date."

Yes, Sheila and Valerie. I had stumbled into the movie *Kissing Jessica Stein*. "This is our first meeting," Sheila says, "and it would be cool if you'd let us have some time to get to know each other." "Wow!" I say when Valerie returns. "I understand."

"Understand what?" Valerie asks.

"It's all good," I tell her with a smile.

Valerie goes to look at the jukebox. (I

"Hey, Ralph. How'd you like to see these on the big screen?"

wonder which Indigo Girls tune she will select.) Then she waves me over, pretending to need help. She demands to know what Sheila told me.

"She said that?" Valerie asks. "No way! Wait, here's my number. I want you to call me."

HITS: Two.

NUMBERS RECEIVED: One.

GIRLS DATED: None. So far I haven't gotten Valerie to commit to a date. But I can't think of a cooler reason to be rejected than lesbianism.

HOME RUNS: None.

ERRORS: None. Pure confidence is good but requires a twist of humor. Another smart thing I did was to not choose one girl over the other.

LINGERIE STORE

The quickest way into a girl's panties is to have her show them to you on the rack.

I'm walking around the mall when I see a hot Latina organizing bustiers in a lingerie store. I dig nails into palm and walk in, informing her that I'm looking for a gift for my girlfriend. (I assume it's helpful to pretend another female is willing to fuck me on a regular basis.) Regina suggests some lacy bra-and-panty sets and asks my girlfriend's size.

"I have an admission," I say. "I don't have a girlfriend. I was walking by and thought you were adorable, and I just wanted to talk to you."

Adorable. It's a good word, trust me. Regina is floored, then smiles.

"Aw," she says. "I'm married, though."

Wah-wah goes the imaginary trombone. For the first time I decide to be honest about what I'm doing and get an on-the-spot evaluation of my technique.

"You were really funny," Regina says. "If I weren't married, I would have been interested because you have a sense of humor. Most guys start a conversation with 'Can I get your number?' Worse is when a guy says, 'My friend wants your number.' I'm like, 'Dude, go.' Or 'Can I buy some lingerie for you?' God, I've heard that one so many times. But you worked your whole act without my realizing it."

She starts hanging up what she took off the rack to show me. "You're still going to buy something, right?" she asks.

HITS: One.

NUMBERS RECEIVED: None.

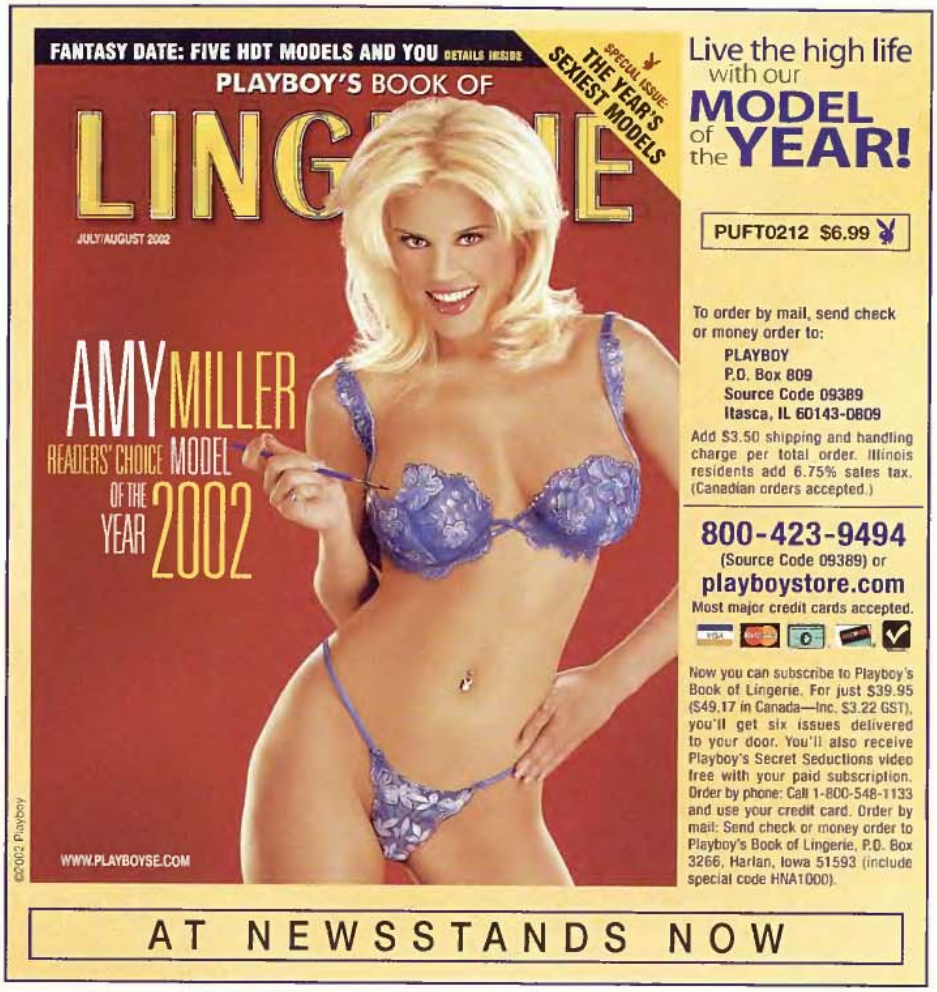
GIRLS DATED: None.

HOME RUNS: None.

ERRORS: One. Why can't I remember to scan for a wedding ring? I've wasted entire evenings on girls who loved the attention because they weren't getting any at home.

ELEVATOR

You don't have to go out to hook up if you live in an apartment. Here's one way to meet women that has its ups and downs.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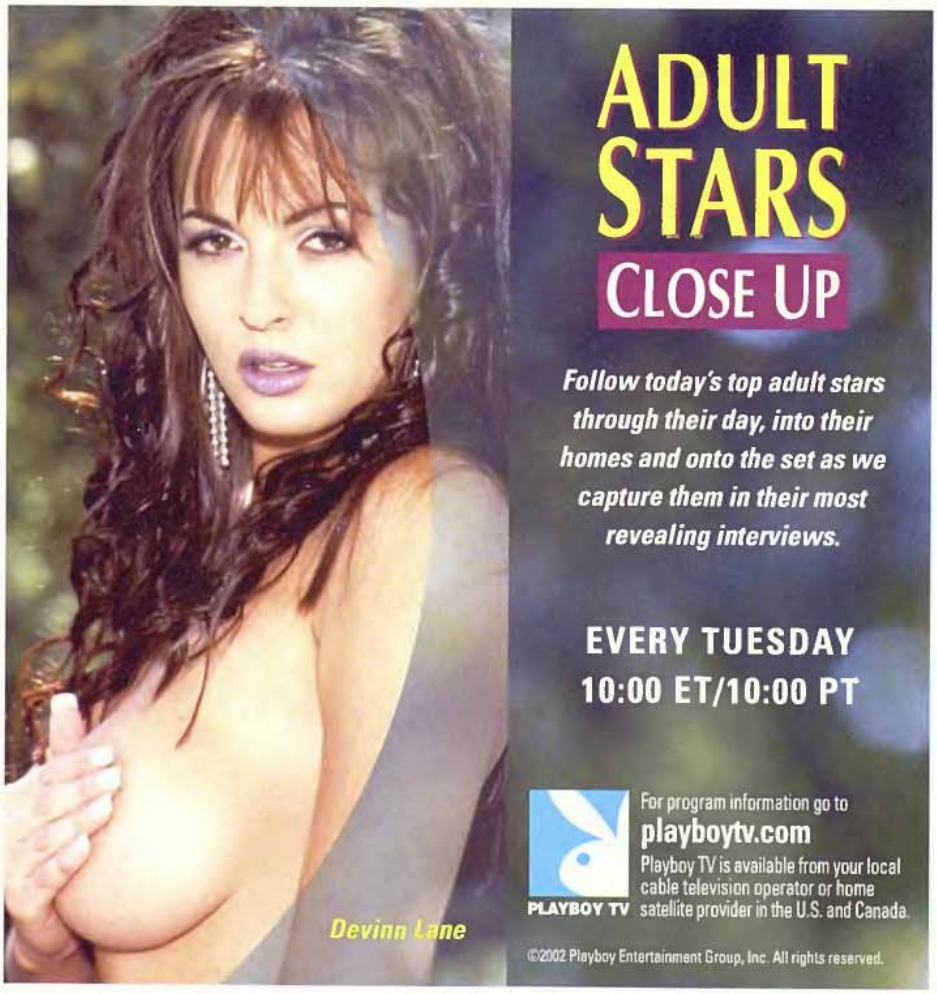
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I get into the elevator, pretending to be headed one floor above or below wherever anyone gets out.

"I didn't know you lived in this building," I tell one blonde. "I haven't seen you around."

"I've lived here three years," she says.

"I need to leave my apartment more often," I say, smiling. Then I ask her name.

What's useful about this method is that it helps build your speed, since you have only 30 seconds to work.

"So what did you buy?" I ask a redhead with shopping bags as full as her D cups. Alas, she gets off before answering. Two women enter, talking about an apartment they were just shown.

"You girls looking to live here?" I ask. "Forget what the manager told you. I'll show you the real deal."

I take them to my place, meticulously cleaned by a maid in preparation for my week of hard hitting. I answer their questions and exchange numbers with the cuter one. Then I get back into the elevator with them and stay there after they exit.

HITS: 12.

NUMBERS: One.

GIRLS DATED: None. But later in the week, the apartment hunter called and tried to set me up with her friend. (Oh well, at least your fantasy life improves after two girls walk around your bed and check out your stuff.)

HOME RUNS: None.

ERRORS: One. You should ride the elevator for only five minutes at a time, tops. I say this because the redhead with the shopping bags got on two more times. "Are you having fun?" she asked.

TRAFFIC

Instead of avoiding road congestion, seek it out if you have a couple of hours and the weather is nice. Going three miles per hour offers a great opportunity to communicate with the mysterious firebrand revving her motor next to you.

I smile at a brunette in a Lexus SUV, just enough so she notices. Then I hold up a "one second" finger and pretend to write something with a marker. The truth is I've already tailored three signs for the occasion. She sits stone-faced at YOU'RE ADORABLE. So I hold up YES, THEY ARE BUGLE BOY.

She cracks up. Then comes the kill. GIVE ME YOUR CELL NUMBER.

I plan to have a conversation in the car. She mouths "boyfriend" and angles for the exit lane.

But this isn't half as disastrous as when my friend Lloyd makes his own sign on the back of one of mine. While I hold up BUGLE BOY to the Latin girls blasting Tupac in a red Corvette next to us, he holds up FUCK US. They don't.

HITS: Twelve or 13 over the course of the week.

NUMBERS: None. This didn't work well, but getting girls to smile was an ego booster.

GIRLS DATED: None

HOME RUNS: None.

ERRORS: One. In the car I kept the signs on the center console, by my CDs. While on a date with Cheryl from the bookstore, she found them. You try explaining FUCK US.

SUPER BOWL PARTY

Unlimited alcohol and unattended women often provide an atmosphere conducive to an easy touchdown, which is why the week I chose for this assignment ended on February 2.

Normally I don't hit on beautiful cocktail waitresses. I hate unreadable girls who are paid to smile at you. But I need the warm-up because at this Super Bowl party, there will be actual Playmates. "I want to take you out," I say to a leggy brunette at the bar my friends rented in Hollywood. "What do you think of that?"

"I think my boyfriend would mind," she snaps.

Whenever a girl mentions a boyfriend, she turns into Charlie Brown's teacher. It doesn't matter what else she says. It could be, "My boyfriend just died and left me his penthouse on Central Park. Would you like to go there and have sex now?" All I would hear is, "My boyfriend *wah-wah-wah-wah-wah. . . .*"

Anyway, women are usually lying when they mention boyfriends. What kind of relationship can they have if they're in a bar by themselves with a Sea Breeze in each hand?

Suddenly five Playmates sashay in, escorted by three dudes who look like wrestlers. I climb into their reserved booth and scoot between the two who look untaken. "You know, I appear in PLAYBOY, too," I say, putting my hands on their legs.

I admit, I busted out my big guns. Fuck the article, I'm trying to get laid.

I do all right, keeping the conversation geared toward the Playmate *Fear Factor* halftime show.

"What is the scariest thing you could imagine doing?" I ask, frightened out of my mind.

"I don't like spiders," says one.

After about five minutes a silence threatens to fall. I ask if they need a drink. (They don't.) I get up to go to the bar and try to think of another topic.

Turns out, I'm as ill equipped to think of topics as I am for looking 5'10" Playmates in the eyes. It doesn't matter, though. When I go to sit back down, I find Pauly Shore in my seat.

"Hey, that's one of the girls who just blew you off," says my friend Matt, pointing at the screen. (It was.) But some good has come out of all this. A girl in the crowd has been watching me closely.

"Playmates, huh? Pretty impressive," she says before introducing herself. She's not a Playmate, but she is playful. By the final down we're dry-humping in an alley down the street from the bar.

HITS: 10.

NUMBERS: Two.

GIRLS DATED: One.

HOME RUNS: None. It's available from the dry-humper if I want it, though. She said she liked my confidence and the way I talked to everyone so easily.

ERRORS: One. Never take your eyes off Pauly Shore at a party. He is still the weasel.

"Bombs! Drugs! I'll be glad to get back to sniffing butts."

I dated one of every 10 beautiful girls I approached. That's a bad batting average for baseball, but I approached 50 women (not counting my use of sign language on the road) and juggled five of them. Does that sound bad for real life? I'm a pretty average specimen of manhood (or so I've been told during many breakup speeches).

Maybe you're wincing about making 50 hits a week. So let me tell you about my first date with Robyn from the supermarket. I told her to come to my place for some of her favorite wine before we went to a movie.

When she rang up to my apartment, I told her I was running late. I answered the door in a bathrobe and never got dressed that night.

Of course, unless you're Hef, dating five girls can be as much of a drain on the wallet as it is on the other bulge in your Levi's. And it's hard to keep track of who's who. All the phone calls that start with "Hi, it's me" get annoying.

I decided to keep index cards by the phone. Each girl had one with her name, number, how I met her and a brief description.

Sometimes things got really screwy. Kristen from the DMV had a stalker, whom she didn't mention until she called me from her cell phone en route to my apartment. The guy had tailed her for 20 miles. And get this—he was using a friend's car so she wouldn't spot him, just to see who she was seeing on a Saturday night.

"Don't be afraid of him," Kristen told me. "He won't hurt you. He's just crazy." After thanking her for confusing my intelligence for cowardice, I admonished her not to lead him to my door, no matter how many flowers I had waiting.

"Aw, you bought flowers?" she asked.

"No," I barked. "I saw *In the Bedroom*. Call the police now and get back to me after he has either killed you or gotten a new girlfriend." Ever notice how ugly girls never have these problems?

Fortunately, not only did I survive the week with my vital organs and four of my original five girls still talking to me, another one e-mailed to add herself to my harem.

"I've been buried in work, which explains why I didn't reply earlier," wrote Diana from the car wash. "Sorry about that. But if you still would like to get together, let me know."

Translation: "I've been doing another guy the whole time, but we broke up or I'm pissed at him, so now I'll settle for you."

And then there were five again.

Wow. What can I say? I wish I'd written for PLAYBOY in high school.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 19–24, 30, 32, 41–42, 80–83, 106–107, 114–116 and 159, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

AFTER HOURS

Pages 19–24: *Absolute Adventures*, sharkdiver.com. *Betty's Vaginal Barbell*, babeland.com or bettydodson.com. *Fila*, fila.com. *Hokey Spokes*, hokeyspokes.com. *Mancow*, mancow.com. *Natural Beauty*, 800-522-6657. *Norelco Advantage*, norelco.com or nivea.com. *Penis Chronicles*, uproarcomedycd.com. *Riedel*, riedelcrystal.com. *Setúbal*, rarewineco.com. *Spec Enterprises*, spectechno.com. *Amy Weber*, amyweber.net.

MUSIC

Page 30: *Aware Records*, awarerecords.com. *FS Studios*, fischerspooner.com. *Gammon*, gammonrecords.com. *Gern Blandsten*, gernblandsten.com. *Infectious*, infectiousuk.com. *Kitty-Yo*, kitty-yo.com. *Koch*, kochint.com. *Orthlorng Musork*, musork.com. *Republic*, republicrecords.com. *Self-Starter*, selfstarterfoundation.com.

WIRED

Page 32: *Foveon*, foveon.com. *O'Reilly Network System*, oreillynet.com. *Pogo Products*, pogoproducts.com. *Sierra Entertainment*, gearboxsoftware.

MANTRACK

Pages 41–42: *Lamborghini*, lamborghini.com. *Nickel*, 888-642-8289 or nickelformen.com. *Numi*, 510-567-8903. *PowerKak*, 626-480-9133. *Red Rock Press*, 800-488-8040. *Thames and Hudson*, 800-233-4830 or thamesandhudsonusa.com. *Trojan*, trojancondoms.com.

RUNWAY RUNDOWN

Pages 80–83: *Giorgio Armani*, giorgioarmani.com. *Biagiotti*, laurabiagiotti.it. *Byblos*, byblos.it. *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. *Perry Ellis*, perryellis.com. *Fendi*, 212-262-7321. *Gianfranco Ferre*, gianfrancoferre.com. *Hermes*, hermes.com. *Tommy Hilfiger*, 800-TOMMY-CARES. *Sean John*, seanjohn.com. *Krizia*, krizia.com. *Ralph Lauren*, polo.com. *J. Lindeberg*, jlindeberg.com. *Issey Miyake by Naoki Takizawa*, isseymiyake.com. *Moschino*, 212-639-9600. *Rykiel Homme*, soniarykiel.com. *Trussardi*, trussardi.com. *Valentino*, 212-772-6969.

A FISTFUL OF FAST

Pages 106–107: *Buell*, buell.com. *Ducati*, ducati.com. *Honda*, honda.com. *Kawasaki*, kawasaki.com. *Suzuki*, suzuki.com. *Triumph*, triumph.co.uk. *Yamaha*, 866-252-9253 or Chicago Cycle.com.

CATCHING A BUZZ

Pages 114–116: *Magic Recovery*, swedishbeverages.com. *Red Bull*, redbull.com. *Red Rave*, redraveenergy.com. *Red Square*, halewood-int.com. *Rockstar*, rockstar69.com. *Sobe Adrenaline Rush*, sobebev.com. *180*, anheuser-busch.com. *Abby's*, 775-322-9422, 424 E. 4th St., Reno. *Dick and Jane's*, 775-284-3657, 1537 S. Virginia St., Reno. *Garduño's of Mexico Margarita Factory*, 505-890-7000, 10031 Coors Blvd. NW, Albuquerque, NM or 702-631-7000, 2400 N. Rancho Dr., North Las Vegas. *Lola's*, 213-736-5652, 945 N. Fairfax Ave., West Hollywood. *Miyagi's*, 323-650-3524, 8225 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. *The Sound Factory*, 415-243-9645, 525 Harris St., San Francisco. *Vision Night Club*, 781-231-5111, 168 Broadway, Saugus, MA.

ON THE SCENE

Page 159: *Range Rover*, landrover.com. *Skibo Castle*, carnegieclub.co.uk.

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COUNTRY (continued from page 88)

"He's about to serve up a Lubyanka breakfast," Baranov said. "A cigarette and a bullet."

So far as Yuri knew, Sergei Anatolyvich Kozlov was an up-and-coming businessman with an unhappy marriage in Moscow and a mistress near Podolsk. And if he'd checked—something Sam knew he hadn't—Sam's cover would have been confirmed. "Long time no see," Yuri said. "How's it going?"

"Any better I couldn't stand it," Sam answered effortlessly in Moscow-accented Russian. It was a gift. Some people have an aptitude for mathematics or science. Others are innate painters or musicians. Sam had an ear for languages. He learned them quickly and retained them. He spoke Russian at a 4.86 level, in addition to 3.8-level French and workable German, Polish and Czech. To get a better rating in Russian he'd have had to be born in the Soviet Union. Sam focused on Yuri and smiled mischievously. "Anytime I escape to Podolsk for a few hours, life is great."

"I can imagine," Yuri said wistfully. He pulled himself into a sitting position and brandished the wrench. "Hey, have you a number 13 socket? This piece of shit won't catch on what's left of my tailpipe bracket bolt."

"I'll look." Sam withdrew from his pocket a bunch of keys attached to a chain clipped to his belt. He selected and unlocked a trio of padlocks the size of paperback books, and replaced the locks on their hasps. He scraped the battered door of the shed across the wet ground and disappeared inside.

There was silence for about 40 seconds. Yuri wasn't aware that Sam had retrieved a small electronic gadget from his jacket and quickly checked the car for listening devices and locator beacons. The Russian heard only the sounds of an ignition stammering, followed by the hiccuping of an engine starting. After half a dozen puffs of gray-black smoke emanated from the shed, Yuri watched as a beat-up Zhiguli coupe with local plates backed out onto the uneven dirt, sputtering and backfiring.

Sam opened the car door and eased his big frame out from behind the wheel, his hand still playing with the choke. "I'll look for the socket for your Bentley while my Ferrari warms up."

Thirty seconds later he was back from the shed. "Nothing," Sam said. "I must have taken them home." He wrestled with the shed door, slapped the hasps closed and replaced the padlocks. "Sorry, Yuri Gregorovich."

"No problem." Yuri said, watching as Sam compressed himself into the car. Lucky bastard, he thought, to have a piece of ass on the side. Then he rolled onto his back and pulled himself under the Latta, cursing the cheap Georgian wrench as he heard the Zhiguli's engine grind off into the distance.

•

1:04 P.M. Sam edged north on Prospekt Mira, caught the light and turned left. Sixty feet past the Metro, he pulled over just long enough to pick up a short, muscular man in a cheap fur hat, thick, patchwork leather hunting coat and construction worker's boots.

Sam extended a gloved hand to the Russian. "Pavel Dmitriyvich."

The Russian got into the car and slammed the door closed on his second try. "Sergei Anatolyvich," he responded, grasping the American's hand tightly.

Sam gunned the engine and spun the wheel, and the little car accelerated. "This is only our second meeting," he said in English.

"Second meeting. Got it."

Sam turned the car left onto a small side street. "You have been trying to recruit me so you can pass me along to military intelligence. I have been open to the idea, but you're dubious because you believe me to be a provocateur. Nevertheless, you suggested we get out of Moscow to escape CIA countersurveillance and talk things over."

"Dubious. Countersurveillance. Got it."

Sam made a series of turns, left, then right, along one-way streets, talking as he drove. "The Arbatskaya lamppost is dead. If you need an emergency meeting from here on, it's an 'F' on the first lamppost to the left of the Lenin Library metro stop as you're facing north."

"Lenin Library, first left as I'm facing north. Letter F. Got it."

"You remember what F is?"

"'F?'" The Russian was insulted. "Short-short-long-short, yes. My Morse is probably better than yours. In fact——"

"I'm changing the backup dead drop," Sam interrupted. This hurried tradecraft was known to case officers as the Mad Minute because it had to be completed within the first instant of an agent meeting. "Church of All Distressed. Third row from the back. Right-hand bench. Fifth seat."

"All Distressed. Third row right. Fifth seat. Got it."

"Emergency rendezvous changed to 1420 hours. The location remains the same."

"Fourteen twenty. Got it."

"I'll want to see you again in two days. There will be a message at the Menshikov Palace dead drop."

"Menshikov. Got it." Baranov paused. "Is that it?"

"Yes," Sam said, turning the car north toward Kaliningrad.

"I'm sorry, Robin—they're going to have to find some other way of keeping themselves merry. . . ."

"By the way, where are we going today?" Baranov asked.

"Zagorsk. I thought we'd take the scenic route."

"'The scenic route?' Good—no *vizirs*." Baranov removed the rabbit-fur hat, revealing cropped blond hair. The scenic route was a series of narrow, largely unused back roads that wound through thick pine forests past dachas and farms for roughly 25 kilometers to the 14th century walled town.

Sam scanned rearview and sideview mirrors and was happy with what he saw. "OK," he said, "What's your crisis, Pavel?"

"It's not my crisis, Sam," the Russian answered gravely. "It's yours." He unfastened his hunting coat, reached inside and eased a heavy envelope from the game pocket.

Baranov opened the envelope and extracted a single page from between two pieces of cardboard. He looked at Sam. "Are your hands clean?"

Sam shed his thick leather gloves, revealing latex ones beneath. He reached out eagerly. Still, Baranov withheld the sheet. "Gently, Sam."

Sam took the page, laid it atop the steering wheel and anchored it gently with the edge of his left hand. He glanced down, his eyes skipping between the road ahead and the sheet just below his line of sight. The document bore a Russian Foreign Intelligence Service logo, a top-secret stamp and the legend "Urgent: Eyes of the President." A paper patch sat at the topmost right-hand corner of the sheet.

Pavel suddenly shouted. "Sam, Sam, watch out!"

"*Ebat'kopat!*—holy shit!" Sam braked hard, barely missing the bumper of a slow-moving truck. He lifted the paper off the wheel, used his right hand to steer around the vehicle, checked the distance between the Zhiguli and the car ahead, then dropped his eyes to devour every syllable.

Devour, because Sam Waterman understood the neat lines of Cyrillic type signified the end of life as he knew it.

EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

12.10.1998

01 Source R reports that President W. Clinton held a secret meeting on 09.10.1998 with CIA director G. Tenet, Deputy Secretary of State S. Talbott and National Security Council chief S. Berger regarding terrorist threats to Americans in former Soviet Republics.

02 Clinton was advised by Tenet that American business interests in the former republics of Azerbaijan and Kazakhstan have been targeted by Al Qaeda.

03 Tenet suggested that CIA identify, isolate and neutralize the Al Qaeda threat through covert action. He was challenged by Talbott, who maintained that covert action would violate Azeri and Kazakh sovereignty and antagonize the Russian leadership. Berger argued that if the CIA's covert action program backfired, the consequences could include regional instability that would jeopardize lucrative American petroleum partnerships.

04 Clinton agreed with Talbott and Berger.

05 Analysis follows.

Sam felt as if he'd been gut-shot. If the document were real, the implications were cosmic. There's another traitor in Washington—a high-level one. This was a goddamn all-star session, not some low-level policy gang bang with 30 junior staffers drinking lattes.

And if the document was a fabrication, the implications were equally cosmic. Pavel Baranov was a double agent—probably a creation of Orville Madison's aggressive CI operation—and everything the general had been feeding Sam for the past six months, every rumor, memo, briefing paper and report, had to be reevaluated.

Sam kept his surging emotions under check. "Pavel, where did you get this?"

"I managed to get it. That should be enough."

It wasn't. Not by a mile. "Pavel——"

The Russian retrieved the sheet from Sam's hand.

"Where's the rest?" Sam asked.

The Russian placed the document atop its envelope. "At Lubyanka. In a safe." He tapped the sheet with a stubby forefinger. "Where this has to go by tonight if I want to stay alive."

"I need it, Pavel."

"No way."

"Then we go back to Moscow so I can make a copy."

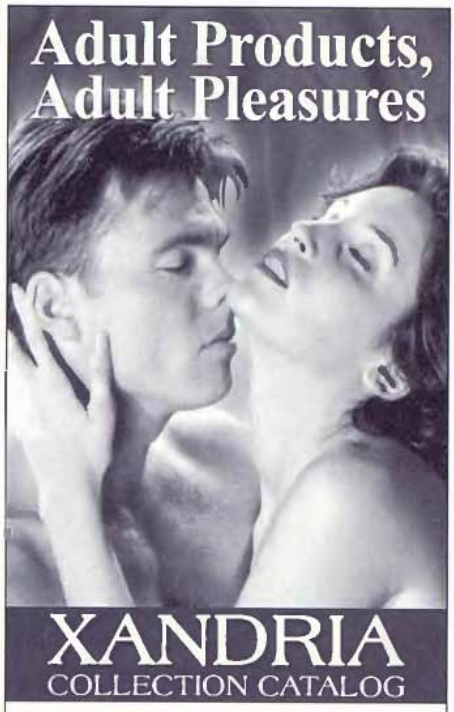
"I can't risk that." Baranov pointed at the thick paper patch. "See that? They hand-number these. I don't want you knowing whose copy I was able to get. And who knows what else they did."

Sam understood only too well. Highly classified documents were often individually typed, with minor alterations in the punctuation or the writing. Then they were numbered. If the document was leaked, the very wording that appeared in the newspapers—or was intercepted on its way to a hostile intelligence service—could lead counterintelligence to the perpetrator. If this page was genuine, there was no way Pavel would allow him to make a copy.

On the other hand, if the page was a fabrication, there was no way Pavel would allow Sam to reproduce it. It would be like handing over a signed confession.

Sam took his eyes off the road long enough to give his passenger a piercing glance. "I'll have to handwrite a copy, Pavel."

The general's jaw tightened. He rubbed his wispy mustache with his right forefinger. He bit his lip. He looked into



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Sam's eyes, trying to read what was going on in the American's brain.

Sam, opaque, gave nothing back. He kept the Zhiguli's speed even, gauged the distance between his car and the truck that he was about to overtake. He floored the accelerator and passed the vehicle, letting silence do his work for him. Silence was a great ally in intelligence. Young case officers often spoke too much—chattered like nervous birds. Better to give your target time to think. And then you'd close the deal with a few well-chosen words.

So Sam waited him out. There was, he thought as he drove, more than a little irony in the fact that it had been a battle royal to recruit Baranov in the first place. Opposition had come from an unlikely direction: Langley itself. The problem had begun in 1992, when the CIA sent a delegation headed by a senior case officer named Frank Dillard to meet with the KGB leadership and discuss common areas of interest. The sessions resulted in the formation of what Dillard described as "a symbiotic relationship with a fraternal intelligence service."

How Dillard could have called it fraternal was beyond Sam's comprehension, especially since it was clear to Sam, who was deputy chief in Paris, that the Russians would never ever stop targeting America. And yet, incredibly, three days after Dillard returned to Washington, he'd sent a cable over the signature of the deputy director for operations, instructing CIA stations worldwide that every Russian agent was to be dropped and that operations against Russian targets were to be closed down.

Dillard's cable was bad enough. Worse was that even after the Aldrich Ames and Harold Nicholson debacles (which had proved Sam's premonitions correct), neither the CIA's leadership nor the administration nor the congressional intelligence oversight committees reversed the idiotic no-recruiting-Russians rules.

Which meant, even in post-Ames 1997, Sam had had to fight tooth and nail for Pavel Baranov. He'd done so because it hadn't been EMSI—the tradecraft acronym for the vulnerabilities of ego, money, sex and ideology—that had caused the general to become a traitor. Baranov was different. He saw himself as a soldier whose mission was to rebuild a nation enslaved for more than half a century. He wanted freedom and self-determination, and he was willing to spy for his former enemy to achieve his goals.

Having uncovered this idealistic chink in the Russian's otherwise well-armored personality, Sam fought for the opportunity to exploit it in America's interests. And he had prevailed over strong resistance. It had been worth the risk to his career, too—at least until today.

Sam noted Baranov's fretful expression. Their relationship was complex. There was no ethical ambiguity, for example, in the fact that Sam honestly liked Pavel, although he often coldly manipulated the Russian. Their association was even fraternal: Both were military men. Sam, a Marine, had been awarded the Bronze Star in Vietnam; Baranov, a paratrooper, fought in Afghanistan. The experience of combat gave them common ground on which to build rapport.

But when it came to crunch time, Sam knew that despite male bonding and camaraderie, it was he, not Pavel Baranov, who had to exert control. Indeed, control was the key to all successful case officer–agent interaction. He had to run Pavel Baranov. It couldn't be the other way around.

Still, pushing—leaning on—an agent was never pleasant. Yet Sam understood he didn't always have to like what he did—he simply had to get the job done.

And so he pushed. "I have to make a copy, Pavel. I need a piece of paper in my hand. That's how things work. You know it and I know it."

Silence. He watched as the general blinked thrice, half-nodded and then said in whispered Russian, "But not the exact language, Sam, please. You must paraphrase."

"Agreed," Sam replied, his heart pounding.

Sam looked at the Russian's worried face. Was it because he really was in danger, or had Pavel sensed Sam's perception that he might be a double?

•

As the little car idled on a side street that was just south of Zagorsk's Sovietskaya Square, the two men worked out the language like a pair of lawyers hammering out a plea bargain. Beyond the square they could see past tourist buses to the walls of the 14th century fortress that held a farmer's market, half a dozen churches and a classic Russian citadel. When they'd finished, Sam locked the car and they strolled through the old kremlin gates. Pavel bought fresh vegetables that even generals found hard to come by in Moscow's sparsely stocked stores. Sam bought a decoratively painted balalaika as a thank-you gift for Tom Kennedy. Then he watched as Pavel bargained for a set of *matryoshka* dolls. Sam had never seen anything like them: five fierce-faced KGB goons in red-tabbed green uniforms and brown pistol belts.

Baranov examined the dolls. The largest carried a pistol in one hand and a pack of cigarettes in the other. "He's about to serve up a Lubyanka breakfast," Baranov said. "You know what that is, Sergei Anatolyvich?"

"A cigarette and a bullet, Pavel Dmitriyvich."

"Correct." The general agreed on a price, handed rubles to the vendor and stuffed the hollowed-out figures inside one another. Juggling his groceries, he presented the *matryoshka* to Sam. "Happy birthday, Sergei Anatolyvich."

Sam was genuinely touched by the gesture. "Thank you for remembering, Pavel Dmitriyvich."

Baranov flushed, embarrassed. "It is

"My lawyer will read the fine print."

nothing."

He still has a boyish face, Sam thought, even after having been to war. He patted the figurines. "I will treasure them. And to celebrate, why not let me buy us a late lunch?"

The general checked the thick gold Rolex on his wrist. "I think we'd best get going," he said. "I have things to do in town."

"So do I, it would seem."

•

When they were about halfway to the M8, on a winding stretch of back road bordered on both sides by thick forest, a Mercedes overtook them. It was a 500 series with the opaque windows favored by *mafiyosi*. The driving lights flashed three times in Sam's rearview mirror, and he steered toward the shoulder to let the black behemoth pass, catching a glance of the driver and the front-seat passenger as they drew close, then swerved around the Zhiguli and disappeared around the next curve.

"*Byki*," Baranov grumbled, using the idiom for *mafiyosi* muscle.

"*Da*—from the look of the ugly torpedo riding shotgun," Sam agreed.

A minute or so later, a second and a third Mercedes came up quickly behind the Zhiguli. Again, Sam edged shoulderward, but the cars stayed tight on his bumper. Then they dropped back. He glanced ahead, saw a tight curve and slowed to ease through it. As he went around it he saw the first Mercedes, not 300 yards ahead. It was blocking the road. Behind it men crouched with weapons.

Too late, Sam realized what was happening. They'd been targeted by criminals. Where had all his counterinsurgency training gone? "Shit," he shouted. "Pavel—it's a goddamn ambush."

Stay calm, he thought. You're a professional. Remember what they taught you about running roadblocks. He gauged the closing distance and measured the space between the Mercedes that sat astride the two-lane road and the narrow shoulder. Just enough, he prayed, so I can thread the needle. He floored the clutch, downshifted into second and, mindless of the Zhiguli's protesting transmission, aimed the car at the middle of the narrow gap between the Mercedes' rear quarter panel and the tree line.

That was when the big sedan behind him came up fast and smacked the left side of his rear bumper—smacked it hard.

In the eighth of a second between the time the Zhiguli was hit and Sam lost all control, he realized the maneuver had been so precisely executed that he wasn't up against gangsters but Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin's FSB professionals. The car spun out. Its front wheel caught the soft shoulder, wavered, teetered and then rolled, skidding toward the roadblock in a shower of sparks.

Sam's face made rude contact with the windshield. The impact ripped him out of his seat belt and he caromed helplessly around the interior. He smacked into the roof panel and heard himself scream as his shoulder separated. Then, his ears filled with the cacophony of shattering metal and splintering glass, all color drained away and he could see nothing but black and white. Huge bright spots appeared in front of his eyes. Finally, as if an immense drapery were being pulled from left to right across what was left of his field of vision, he slipped into blackness and disappeared into a terrible crystal funnel of white sound.

It was dusk when Sam opened his eyes. Christ, it hurt to breathe. He groaned and flopped over onto his back. He was on the shoulder of the road. He licked his split lips and tasted blood.

Behind him, the Zhiguli rested on its crumpled roof. Vegetables were strewn about, along with pieces of balalaika and glass. Eight feet away, Pavel Baranov's body lay crumpled facedown, legs at an obscene angle, arms akimbo.

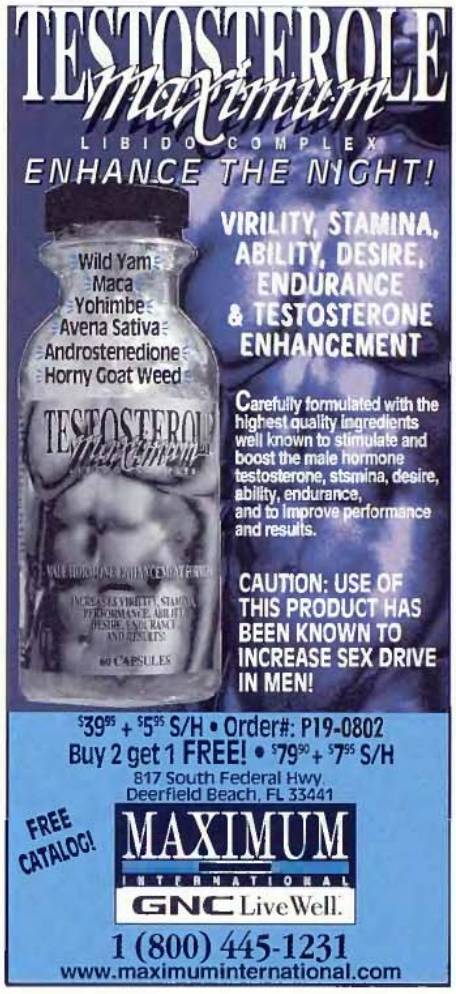
"Pavel?" Sam crawled toward the Russian. The going was slow and incredibly painful. He reached Baranov's leg and shook it. There was no response. He pulled himself alongside Baranov and rolled him onto his back by his belt.

Which is when Sam saw Baranov's open, dead eyes. And the broken cigarette stuffed into his mouth. And the bullet holes in the Russian's forehead. He forgot his own pain, raised Pavel's head and cradled it in his lap. His hands and trousers became wet with blood and skull fragments and brain matter. He brushed tobacco strands from between the Russian's lips.

Sam sat there for seconds, rocking the lifeless man in his arms. It came to him, in the way cruel memories intrude, that he'd spent a small part of his 19th birthday 25 or so miles southwest of Da Nang, holding the shredded body of a lance corporal in much the same way he was holding Pavel Baranov now. But then Sam's training took over, and he checked the Russian's corpse only to discover what he knew he'd find: Pavel still wore his gold Rolex, but the envelope with its precious page was gone. He ran his left hand up inside his jacket. The copy was gone, too.

Sam realized, even in his present state, that its disappearance didn't prove anything about the document's bona fides—or Pavel Baranov's.

But then, Sam Waterman realized something else. He remembered Pavel Baranov hadn't known they were going to Zagorsk. No one knew his destination or his route. Until, that is, he'd cabled every single detail to Langley.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tel 800.999.4438 or 515.243.1200

It generally requires eight to ten weeks for your request to become effective.

Amanda Peet

(continued from page 113)

10

PLAYBOY: We've heard you're not comfortable flying.
PEET: That's true. I'm getting a lot better, though—I flew to Vietnam by myself. Twelve and a half hours to Osaka, six and a half hours to Bangkok and one hour to Ho Chi Minh City. I'm not just a prissy actress. I've been to Nam! People need to go there soon, because it's about to change. But I think getting drunk is the key to flying comfortably. A couple of bloody marys or several glasses of champagne, and suddenly it's like you're on a roller coaster.

11

PLAYBOY: So, the mile high club is out.
PEET: No sex would be good enough or distracting enough to mitigate my fear of flying. And I've had some good sex.

12

PLAYBOY: Several of the celebrities we've interviewed have made *People* magazine's 50 most beautiful people list. You were in the 2000 issue. Did you look for yourself in the next year's issue?
PEET: No, I knew I wasn't going to be in it. I'm starting to come to terms with the fact that it was a one-shot deal, as some special things in life are. I'm just now getting over it. It took me two years and I've been through a lot of therapy. Besides, I didn't look as good in 2001—I partied too much at the millennium.

13

PLAYBOY: We understand that you are one of those gifted women who can belch beautifully. Can you do the alphabet?
PEET: I don't have attenuated burps. Mine are short and sweet.

14

PLAYBOY: Do you say words?
PEET: No. Sometimes I say "Balzac" but that's just because it's what Matthew Perry says. Balzac the writer, not ball sack.

15

PLAYBOY: Do you do impressions?
PEET: You mean in general?

16

PLAYBOY: No, while you're belching.
PEET: Just Matthew Perry.

17

PLAYBOY: When guys meet a beautiful woman, do you find that they are most often stupid or just shy?
PEET: Often they're both. I know a lot of lovely, smart men who aren't shy or stupid. If I hung out at some club for 22-year-olds, I'd probably be really upset. But you can avoid those men.

18

PLAYBOY: What advice would you give to a guy who wants to meet a beautiful woman?
PEET: Beauty is only skin deep. If you go after someone just because she's beautiful but don't have anything to talk about, it's going to get boring fast. You want to look beyond the surface and see if you can have fun or if you have anything in common with this person. Beyond that, I would say just be yourself, because it's exhausting otherwise. It's important to have a good laugh at yourself and at each other. And don't be a person who ruminates on grudges.

19

PLAYBOY: When filming a nude scene, are you more likely to be nonchalant or stressed out?
PEET: Well, I try to behave nonchalantly, but inside, I'm having embarrassing bursts of neuroses. I just try to breathe deeply and look the other way. My job is to have the imagination to pretend I have a relationship that doesn't really exist, that I have a love that doesn't exist, and that I can casually wake up next to someone with whom I don't have a relationship—and make it look real. To me that's a lot of fun, though it may sound asinine to others. It's a strange thing for a grown-up to do. A noble art.

20

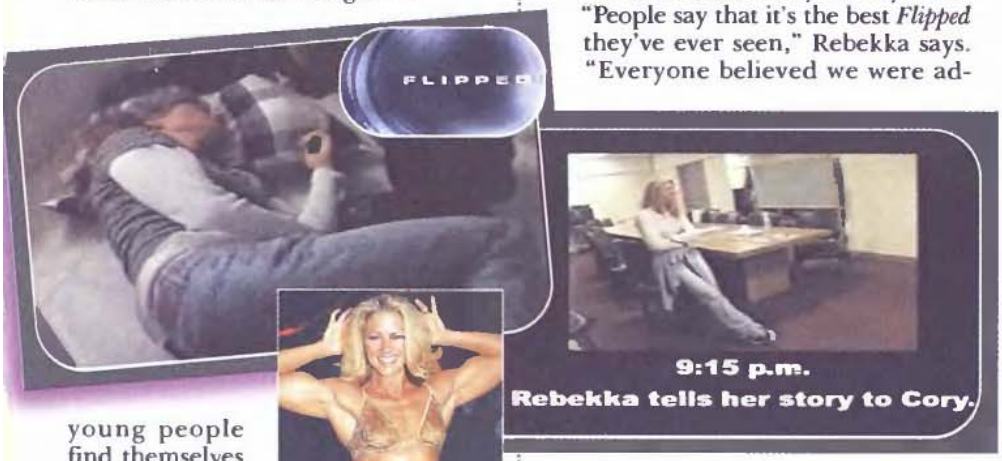
PLAYBOY: What if your boyfriend is an actor doing a love scene?
PEET: I'm on the set that day.

"All I wanted was a little rose tattoo, but he said he was inspired to do something 'worthy of the canvas.' . . ."

PLAYMATE NEWS

REBEKKA FLIPS OUT

On the MTV reality show *Flipped*—described by the network as "*Fantasy Island* meets *Scared Straight*"—young people find themselves living out their worst nightmares. For 24 hours, *Flipped* participants (a.k.a. deviant teens) surrender their lives and experience scenarios intended to make them change their ways. In "Heroin," one of the show's most talked-about episodes, Rebekka Armstrong and her friend Oliver portray junkies and demonstrate to drug user Cory how miserable life is for an addict. Rebekka and Oliver, who are clean in real life (Rebekka has spoken openly of her past drug use), dupe Cory into thinking that they are serious druggies. "My best friend died from using heroin," Rebekka says. "I remember her being dope-sick so many times. I wish I could have helped her." During the show, Cory watches Rebekka suffer from heroin withdrawal on a bathroom floor. He and Oliver then beg for money on the street to buy drugs. Later, they get arrested and go to jail. At the end of the program, Rebekka tells Cory her life story—including how she contracted HIV—and shows him the boatload of medications she has to take each day to stay alive. "People say that it's the best *Flipped* they've ever seen," Rebekka says. "Everyone believed we were addicts—my mom even fell for it. Cory was so relieved I wasn't messed up on drugs that he had to fight back tears. We keep in touch. He's stopped using. We hope he can stay on the right path." For more information about *Flipped*, go to mtv.com/onair/flipped.



Clockwise from top left: On the MTV show *Flipped*, Rebekka Armstrong plays a heroin addict who suffers withdrawal. She later comes clean to *Flipped* kid Cory. When she's not portraying a junkie, Rebekka is the picture of health and visits colleges on a speaking tour. Check out rebekkaonline.com for more info.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

August 4: Miss October 1973
Valerie Lane
August 11: Miss August 1960
Elaine Paul
August 17: Miss December 1978
Janet Quist
August 25: Miss February 1971
Willy Rey
August 30: Miss January 1985
Joan Bennett

20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Cathy St. George first came to PLAYBOY as a makeup artist for the Playmates and eventually became Miss August 1982. Cathy worked for Estée Lauder and Max Factor before putting on gals' faces for several pictorials, Playmate tests and at least 15 Centerfolds. "People tell me they feel as if I'm painting them like a canvas—which is, in fact, the way I work," she said then. In the years since, Cathy has done makeup for celebrities such as Bill Murray and fitness advocate Kathy Smith. On her Data Sheet, she confessed that her ambition was to be remembered. Clearly she is.

Cathy St. George.

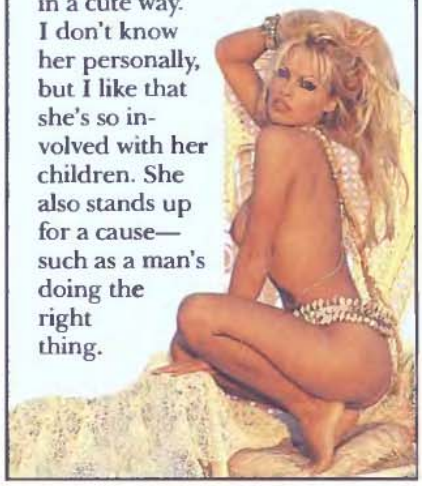
BUNNY HOPPING

With their fluffy tails and perky ears, our Bunnies hop up all over the place. Clockwise from above: Angela Little and Julie McCullough with the Amazing Johnathan at the Annual Academy of Magical Arts Awards. Nicole Narain, Jessica Lee, Jennifer Walcott, Miriam Gonzalez, Stephanie Heinrich and Neriah Davis at Playboy's Super Bowl party in New Orleans. Deanna Brooks and Jessica Lee with John Rocker at the Super Bowl. Victoria Fuller on the *Casino International* cover.

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Robin Givens

I like **Pamela Anderson.** She's adorable. She's beautiful in a cute way. I don't know her personally, but I like that she's so involved with her children. She also stands up for a cause—such as a man's doing the right thing.

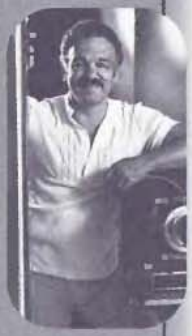


BEBE TALK

In Danny Schechter's *We Are Family*—a documentary filmed last September 22 and 23—celebrities, doctors, firefighters and police officers join to perform and discuss the aftermath of September 11. Dionne Warwick, Patti LaBelle and Diana Ross sing the theme song, a version of the Sister Sledge hit with altered lyrics. Who else took part? Bebe Buell, Spike Lee, Macaulay Culkin, Gina Gershon, Matthew Modine, Milla Jovovich, Luther Vandross, Roberta Flack and Angie Stone. "I was touched to be part of such a wonderful event," Bebe says. "After the taping, I went to ground zero. I was overwhelmed with emotion." Much of *We Are Family*'s proceeds will go to charity. Look for it in select theaters until September 2002.

MARIO CASILLI 1931–2002

Few photographers contributed more to the look and the style of PLAYBOY than Mario Casilli, who passed away in April after a long illness. He started in 1957 with a nude shooting of Jacquelyn Prescott and did his last pictoral, *Naked Nielsen*, in 1996. He shot 70 Centerfolds, countless celebrities and dozens of covers. An aficionado of good food, great cars and beautiful women, Mario was a warm gentleman who put everyone at ease in front of the camera. He once said, "It was Hef's intention to have fun. We had a lot of fun." Mario will be missed.

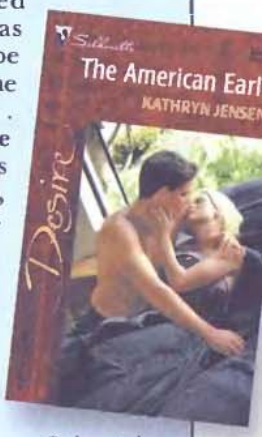


DOG DAYS OF SUMMER

Playmates need playmates, too. Left to right: Husband and wife David Boreanaz and Jaime Bergman with Rocky at the TJ Martell Racquet Rumble; Vanessa Gleason and Kelly Monaco with a canine chum at a Barq's event; Donna D'Errico and pal at the Animal Avengers charity launch party; Shannon Tweed and her daughter Saphie with Snippet at the 4 Paws for a Cure Dog Walk.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

George Clooney knows how to thrill moviegoers: His directorial debut, *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*, was filmed partly at the Mansion and includes cameos by **Victoria Fuller, Ava Fabian, Stacy Fuson, Cathy St. George, Jennifer Walcott, Deanna Brooks** and **Miriam Gonzalez**. . . . Congrats to **Pamela Anderson** and **Kid Rock**, who got engaged in the Las Vegas desert and may be married by the time you read this. . . . **Playboy X-Treme Team** troupers **Daphnee Duplaix, Jessica Lee, Danelle Folta** and **Shanna Moakler** drove cross-country in *The Gumball 3000 Rally*, a road adventure that spanned the U.S. . . . Yes, that's Daphnee as a lawyer on *Dharma and Greg* and in commercials for Eclipse gum, Ross stores and Skintimate shave cream. . . . **Shauna Sand** has a role in the flick *Circuit Two*. . . . **Dalene Kurtis** appears on the cover of the romance novel *The American Earl* (pictured above). . . . **Martha Smith** plays a "wealthy socialite with a face-lift and a drug problem" in the **Aaron Spelling** pilot *Kingpin*. . . . **Nicole Narain** has a role in the **Jet Li–DMX** action movie *Cradle to the Grave*. . . . Cheers to **Vanessa Gleason, Stacy Fuson, Julie Cialini, Karen McDougal, Laura Cover** and Jennifer Walcott (above), who bonded over cocktails at the Anheuser-Busch sales convention recently held in New Orleans.



Dalene takes cover.

Big Easy party.

PLAYBOY

VIDEO CENTERFOLD

Playmate of the Year 2002

Dalene Kurtis

California girl Dalene Kurtis achieved her childhood goal when she became Miss September 2001. Now she's exceeded her dreams as Playboy's 2002 Playmate of the Year! Let Dalene bring your fantasies to life with an all-new video collection that showcases her glistening green eyes, gorgeous blonde hair and knockout body. Own it and you'll agree that the sky's the limit for this ambitious beauty! Your choice of DVD or VHS, only $19.98.

PI1986DVD DVD
PI1986V VHS

Also Available...

2001 Playmate of the Year—Brande Roderick Breathtaking blonde Brande Roderick made the transition from teenage tomboy to Playboy's 2001 Playmate of the Year! See her golden locks and gorgeous body in this sexy video Centerfold! Full nudity. 50 min. **Your choice of DVD or VHS, only $19.98.**

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(Source Code 09378) or
playboystore.com
Most major credit cards accepted.

Also available at fye

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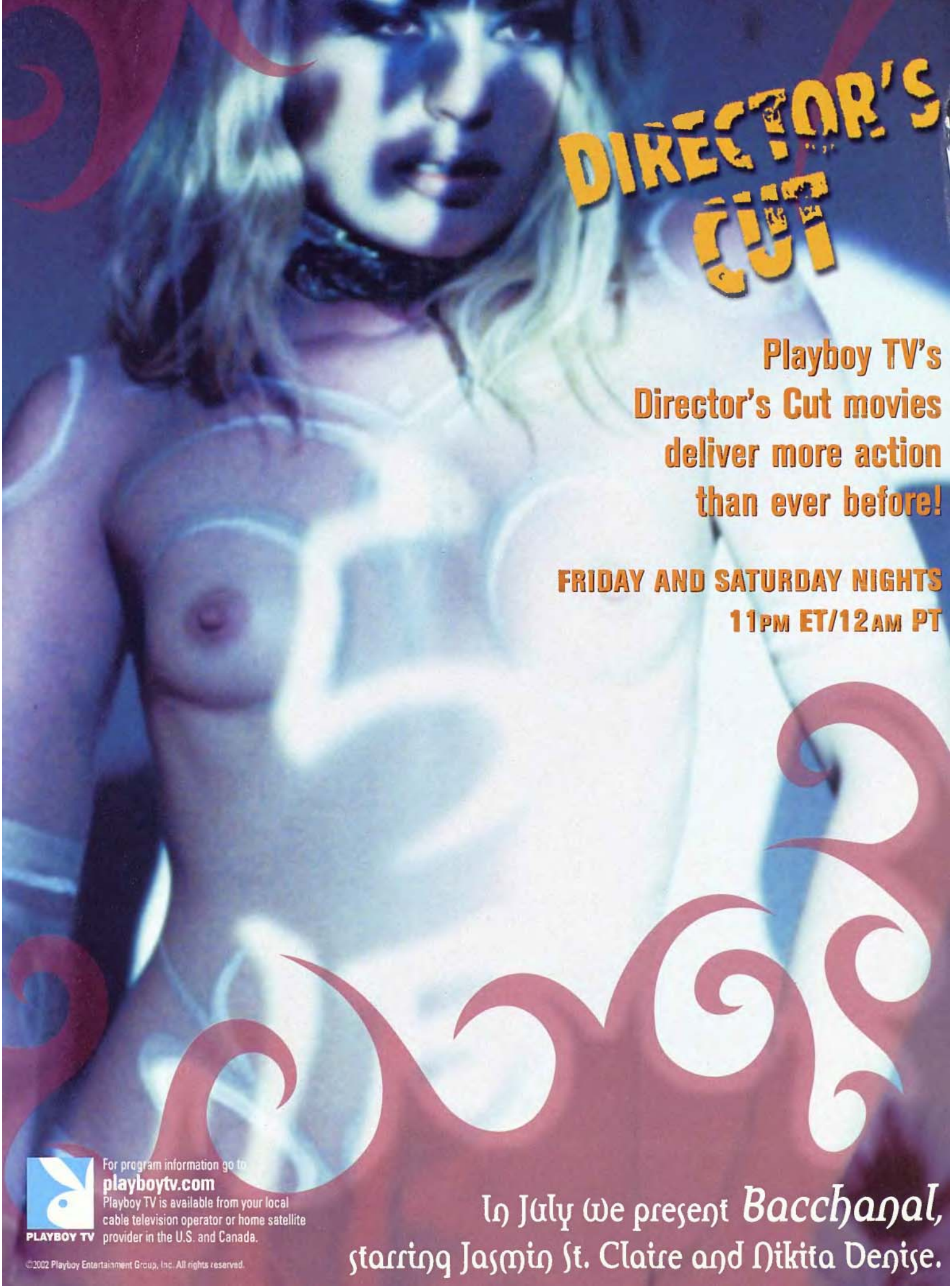
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PLAYBOY TV
In July we present Bacchanal, starring Jasmin St. Claire and Nikita Denise.

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PLAYBOY
on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HIGHLAND FLING

We're still not sure which was more fun—getting to stay at Skibo Castle, Andrew Carnegie's luxurious highland home, or flogging a new four-wheel-drive Range Rover up and down Scottish terrain. A baptism in a stream that was almost door-handle high capped one day of testing. This is Land Rover's third-generation Range Rover and it shares few components with previous models. In the States, we'll see the Range Rover fitted with a 4.4 liter V8 similar to the one BMW uses in its X5 SUV (BMW owned Rover for a short time, remember?), and Land Rover's current owner, Ford, saw no reason to scrap it. But what distinguishes this Range Rover from its predecessors is an alphabet soup of electronic goodies that includes Dynamic Stability Control and Hill Descent Control. The latter is especially impressive because it allows you to descend steep slopes with your foot off the brake. Land Rover says designer yachts and high-end stereos were the inspiration for the car's luxurious interior. If you want to take this $70,000 SUV off-road, fear not. Its electronic automatic gearbox and Steptronic two-speed gearbox with Torsen center differential should get you through anything short of a La Brea tar pit. Air suspension with three settings (access, standard and off-road) provides 11 inches of ground clearance when you're driving in low (or off-road) range. The accelerator in low is also less sensitive than when you are motoring in high, to give you greater control in rough terrain. —DAVID STEVENS

Above right and right: Andrew Carnegie described Skibo Castle as heaven on earth. The countryside surrounding it proved a hellishly effective Range Rover testing ground, complete with an ice-cold stream.

Above: The new Range Rover features a steel structure that integrates the body with the chassis. The result is better handling both off-road and on. Left: Wood and leather abound in the car's interior. Bottom far left: Is that deep trouble back in the boonies? Not at all. We survived our highland fling with nary a stall, even when navigating high water and jagged rocks.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 149.

Grapevine

Nikki Holds Her Own

NIKKI HARGROVE always has Hawaii in her sights—from *Baywatch* to *Pearl Harbor* to *Wild on Hawaii* on the E channel. Aloha.

Breast of All

CHRISTINA RICCI's new movies cover Lucrezia Borgia's Rome and Woody Allen's New York—which is more than we can say about this dress.

He's Got the Beat

Drummer JASON SCHWARTZMAN's rock group is getting as much attention as his movie career. Phantom Planet's *The Guest* is on the charts and Schwartzman's *Spun* is on the big screen.

Claire Tops Off

CLAIRE FORLANI has teamed up with Jackie Chan in *Highbinders* and with hired killers in *Triggermen*, but it's her halter that gets our attention.

Carrie's Alter Ego

CANDACE BUSHNELL lets it all hang out—and why not? She wrote the columns that became *Sex and the City*. The rest we leave to Carrie, Miranda, Charlotte and Samantha, who heat up the small screen.

Busting Out

While ANASTACIA's CD *Freak of Nature* finds its American audience, you will remember her singing this year's World Cup theme song.

Sweet Cheeks

When KERRI STOCKWELL isn't modeling or playing sports, she shows up on *Baywatch Hawaii* and *Pacific Blue*. Here she shows how to back it up.

Potpourri

SEEING RED IN AMSTERDAM

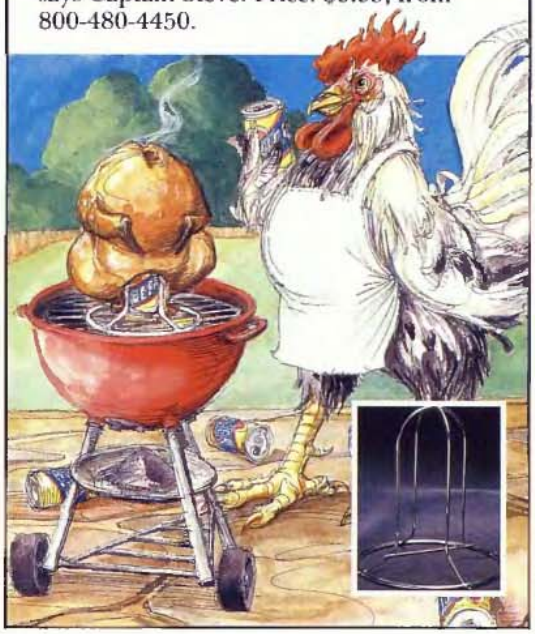
Amsterdam's de Wallen red-light district is home to those famous ladies in the windows, along with porno shops, erotic boutiques, sex shows, X-rated cinemas, casinos, pubs and coffeehouses that sell a choice of gourmet marijuana. And, of course, here's the clincher: Everything is legal. To explore Holland's netherworld, read *Closed Curtain*, a $12.50 book by journalist Bruce Harris. Chapters range from "Prostitution Is a Job" to "Top of the Ladder: Yab Yum" ("the most exclusive and pleasant men's club in the world"). Call White-Boucke Publishing at 800-382-7922 to order a copy.

WRIST ASSURED, BOND IS BACK

To celebrate the 40th anniversary of the James Bond books and the forthcoming Bond flick *Die Another Day*, Swatch Watch inked a smart deal with the Ian Fleming estate. The James Bond Collection will include 20 watches (one for each 007 film, excluding *Casino Royale*), ranging in price from $40 (*The Man With the Golden Gun*, above) to about $120 (*Goldeneye*). *Dr. No* and *The Spy Who Loved Me*, also pictured above, are $75 and $140. A metal case to hold the entire collection costs $150. (Figure $2000 for all the watches and the case.) To begin Bonding, call 800-8-SWATCH, go to swatch.com or drop by a Swatch store. A complete collection should be worth a bundle someday.

THIS BIRD'S FOR YOU

When Captain Steve called about his Beer Can Chicken Roaster, we thought he'd consumed too much brew. But we discovered the product works. "The open circular base of the Roaster keeps the bird balanced on the grill or in the oven, thus providing even heat distribution to boil the beverage and cook the meat," says Captain Steve. Price: $9.95, from 800-480-4450.

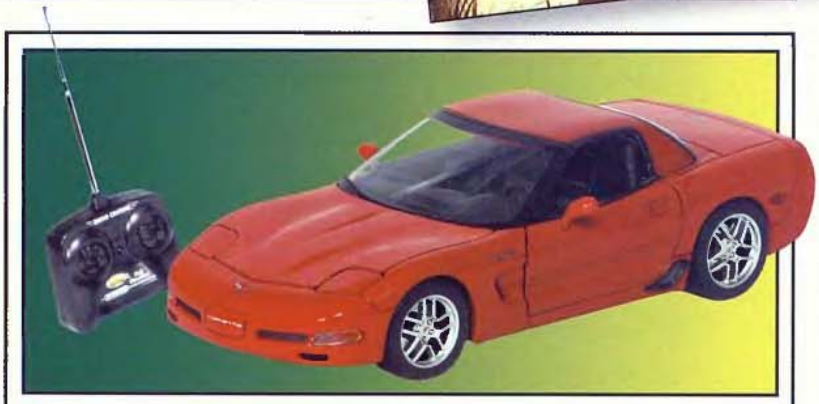


LONG MAY SHE WAVE

Artist Candice Gawne of Luminous Artworks in Rancho Dominguez, California created Flying Colors USA, a neon star and flowing stripes on an 18-inch black acrylic frame. Los Angeles residents saw it on display at the Museum of Neon Art. Now you can keep a symbolic Old Glory waving on your wall or in your window year-round. Price: $197, from 866-FLY-COLORS or go to flyingcolorsusa.com.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

Whether or not you smoke, *Love at First Light* will make you chuckle. It's a collection of 31 romantic cigarette ads from the Twenties through the Sixties, reproduced as postcards and bound into a softcover. Some of the ads are sexy and others are corny, but all offer the same message: "Light up and get laid." The headline GENTLY DOES IT for the Philip Morris advertisement pictured here is a wink that the relationship is heating up. The price: $12, available from Trafalgar Square at 800-423-4525.



HONEY, I SHRUNK THE CORVETTE

It's the 50th anniversary of the Chevrolet Corvette. To celebrate, designers at Nkok remote-control cars have created a 1:16 scale model of the current Z06 and priced it right—$40. The little runner has wonderful details, including a beautiful interior. Available colors are red and yellow. Go to nkok.com to order yours, and while you're there, check out other Nkok remote cars.

COUNT ON MONTECRISTO

When it comes to cigars, the name Montecristo is at the top of the list. With the introduction of 80 proof Montecristo rum, you now have a rich, velvety beverage to accompany your premium puff. After touring distilleries for a rum worthy of the name, the Montecristo team selected a blend of 12- and 23-year-old Guatemalan rums aged in oak barrels. Sidebar Spirits in Las Vegas is marketing the brand. Price: about $30. Go to montecristorum.com for a list of retailers.

HOT FOR A COCKTAIL

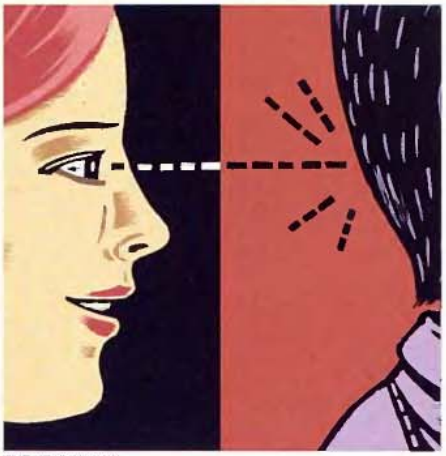
So many warm-weather cocktails, so little time to enjoy them. Do what we did and add the DVD *Summer Quenchers* to your library. On it, Los Angeles bartender Kyle Branche tells how to make more than 50 great drinks for the great outdoors. To order, send a check for $19 to Cocktail Art, 22817 Ventura Boulevard, PMB 902, Woodland Hills, California 91364.

IN A MELLOW MOOD

Sony Classical and Legacy Records has introduced a series of classical and jazz CDs under the title *Music for You*. The eclectic mix of artists includes Yo-Yo Ma, Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck and Philip Glass. The mood is late-night listening, and most of the tracks are compilations of previous recordings. Davis' CD, shown below, includes *Summertime*, *Round Midnight* and *Old Folks*—all from separate sessions. The price: $12 each. Check record stores.

Next Month

JORDAN



THE PERSONALS

FOOTBALL PREVIEW

MISS SEPTEMBER

JORDAN—THE BAD-GIRL BRITISH SUPERMODEL SHOWS OFF HER VOLUPTUOUS PHYSIQUE FOR STATESIDE FANS. HEF MET HER IN LONDON AND SUGGESTED THAT SHE POSE. YOU'LL SEE WHY

SEX AND SANCTITY—AMID THE SCANDAL AND INNUENDO, WHAT'S LIFE LIKE IN THE SEMINARY? **CHARLES O'BYRNE,** STUDYING TO BE A CATHOLIC PRIEST, LEARNED THE TRUTH ABOUT BIGOTRY, SEX AND HYPOCRISY. HIS TRUE STORY COULD SHAKE YOUR FAITH

LARRY ELLISON—THE ORACLE FOUNDER AND MULTIBILLIONAIRE RIPS INTO BILL GATES, DISSECTS THE DOT-COM BUST AND VOWS TO WIN THE NEXT AMERICA'S CUP. PLUS, WHY BILL CLINTON IS MORE FUN TO HANG OUT WITH THAN GEORGE W. BUSH. A PROVOCATIVE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

THE PERSONALS—DO YOU BELIEVE IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT? HERE'S A STRING OF HOT HELLOS FROM MEN AND WOMEN WHO CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THEIR NEXT BIG ROMANCE. BUT WHO WAS WATCHING WHOM? TERRIFIC SUMMER FICTION BY **RON CARLSON**

THE BRAT HITS THE BIG TIME—**STEVE SPURRIER** IS THE HIGHEST-PAID COACH IN THE NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE—AND THAT'S BEFORE HIS FIRST SEASON STARTS. THE NEW REDSKIN IS A COCKY HEISMAN WINNER WHOSE CRITICS CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIM FUMBLE. BY **GEOFFREY NORMAN**

LENNY KRAVITZ—THE STYLISH ROCK STAR YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS CRAZY ABOUT TALKS TO **WARREN KALBACKER** IN 20Q. DISCUSSED: LIFE ON THE ROAD, HIS MIAMI CRIB, DATING CELEBRITIES AND WHY HE STILL BELIEVES IN LETTING LOVE RULE

KITCHEN CONFIDENTIAL—SHE'S FINALLY BACK AT YOUR APARTMENT. NOW WHAT? THE DISH ON MAKING QUICK MEALS THAT LOOK GOURMET—AND GETTING HER TO STAY FOR BREAKFAST. BY **JOHN REZEK**

POWER CHORDS—MAKING MUSIC ROCKS WITH THESE NEW DIGITAL GADGETS, INCLUDING A POCKET RECORDING STUDIO AND AN AMPLIFIER THAT WILL BLOW YOUR NEIGHBORS AWAY. BY **JASON BUHRMESTER**

ANITA MARKS—A WOMEN'S PRO FOOTBALL QUARTERBACK TO FANTASIZE ABOUT? NO, WE'RE NOT KIDDING. WE'VE GOT HER PADLESS AND HELMET FREE IN A GREAT PICTORIAL

FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST—WE'RE IN A NEW YORK STATE OF MIND WITH A LOVE STORY STARRING R&B SINGER **EURICKA** AND SOME STYLISH SUITS

PLUS: OUR ANNUAL NFL PREVIEW (READ IT BEFORE INVESTING IN THE OFFICE POOL), IN BED WITH CENTERFOLD **ELKE JEINSEN,** TAKING THE MEASURE OF BIG-SCREEN TVS, AWESOME SCUBA GEAR AND MISS SEPTEMBER **SHALLAN MEIERS**—ANOTHER FINALIST FROM OUR FOX TV SPECIAL